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THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

VOL. IV.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

— *Mores hominum multorum vidit* —

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THE

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two Days.

CHAP. I.

An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having some Knowledge of the Subject on which he writes.

AS several Gentlemen in these Times, by the wonderful Force of Genius only, without the least Assistance of Learning, perhaps, without being well able to read, have made a considerable Figure in the Republic of Letters; the modern Critics, I am told, have lately begun to assert, that all Kind of Learning is entirely useless to a Writer; and, indeed, no

other than a Kind of Fetters on the natural Sprightliness and Activity of the Imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from soaring to those high Flights which otherwise it would be able to reach.

This Doctrine, I am afraid, is, at present, carried much too far: For why should Writing differ so much from all other Arts? The Nimbleness of a Dancing-Master is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any Mechanic, I believe, exercise his Tools the worse by knowing how to use them. For my own Part, I cannot conceive that *Homer* or *Virgil* would have writ with more Fire, if, instead of being Masters of all the Learning of their Times, they had really been as ignorant as most of the Authors of the present Age. Nor do I believe that all the Imagination, Fire, and Judgment of *Pitt* could have produced those Orations that have made the Senate of *England* in these our Times a Rival in Eloquence to *Greece* and *Rome*, if he had not been so well read in the Writings of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, as to have transfused their whole Spirit into his Speeches, and with their Spirit, their Knowledge too.

I would not here be understood to insist on the same Fund of Learning in any of my Brethren, as *Cicero* persuades us is necessary to the Composition of an Orator. On the contrary, very little Reading is, I conceive, necessary to the Poet, less to the Critic, and the least of all to the Politician. For the first, perhaps, *Bysshe's* Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern Poets, may suffice; for the second, a moderate Heap of Plays; and for the last, an indifferent Collection of political Journals.

To

To say the Truth, I require no more than that a Man should have some little Knowledge of the Subject on which he treats, according to the old Maxim of Law, *Quam quisque norit artem in eâ se exerceat*. With this alone a Writer may sometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other Learning in the World will stand him in little stead.

For Instance, let us suppose that *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Aristotle* and *Cicero*, *Thucydides* and *Livy*, could have met all together, and have clubbed their several Talents to have composed a Treatise on the Art of Dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent Treatise which *Mr. Essex* hath given us on that Subject, entitled, *The Rudiments of genteel Education*. And, indeed, should the excellent *Mr. Broughton* be prevailed on to set *Fist* to Paper, and to complete the abovesaid Rudiments, by delivering down the true Principles of Athletics, I question whether the World will have any Cause to lament, that none of the great Writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and useful Art.

To avoid a Multiplicity of Examples in so plain a Case, and to come at once to my Point, I am apt to conceive, that one Reason why many *English* Writers have totally failed in describing the Manners of upper Life, may possibly be, that in Reality they know nothing of it.

This is a Knowledge unhappily not in the Power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect Idea of it; nor will the Stage a much better: The fine Gentleman formed upon reading the former will almost always

turn out a Pedant, and he who forms himself upon the latter, a Coxcomb.

Nor are the Characters drawn from these Models better supported. *Vanbrugh* and *Congreve* copied Nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the present Age, as *Hogarth* would do if he was to paint a Rout or a Drum in the Dresses of *Titian* and of *Vandyke*. In short, Imitation here will not do the Business. The Picture must be after Nature herself. A true Knowledge of the World is gained only by Conversation, and the Manners of every Rank must be seen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher Order of Mortals is not to be seen, like all the rest of the Human Species, for nothing, in the Streets, Shops, and Coffee-houses: Nor are they shewn like the upper Rank of Animals, for so much a Piece. In short, this is a Sight to which no Persons are admitted, without one or other of these Qualifications, *viz.* either Birth or Fortune, or what is equivalent to both, the honourable Profession of a Gamester. And, very unluckily for the World, Persons so qualified very seldom care to take upon themselves the bad Trade of Writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer Sort, as it is a Trade which many think requires no Kind of Stock to set up with.

Hence those strange Monsters in Lace and Embroidery, in Silks and Brocades, with vast Wigs and Hoops; which, under the Name of Lords and Ladies, strut the Stage, to the great Delight of Attornies and their Clerks in the Pit, and of the Citizens and their Apprentices in the Galleries; and which are no more to be found
in

in real Life, than the Centaur, the Chimera, or any other Creature of mere Fiction. But, to let my Reader into a Secret, this Knowledge of upper Life, though very necessary for the preventing Mistakes; is no very great Resource to a Writer whose Province is Comedy, or that Kind of Novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic Class.

What Mr. *Pope* says of Women is very applicable to most in this Station, who are indeed so entirely made up of Form and Affectation, that they have no Character at all, at least, none which appears. I will venture to say the highest Life is much the dullest, and affords very little Humour or Entertainment. The various Callings in lower Spheres produce the great Variety of humorous Characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the Pursuit of Ambition, and the fewer still who have a Relish for Pleasure, all is Vanity and servile Imitation. Dressing and Cards, eating and drinking, bowing and courtesying, make up the Business of their Lives.

Some there are however of this Rank, upon whom Passion exercises its Tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the Bounds which Decorum prescribes; of these, the Ladies are as much distinguished by their noble Intrepidity, and a certain superior Contempt of Reputation, from the frail ones of meaner Degree, as a virtuous Woman of Quality is by the Elegance and Delicacy of her Sentiments from the honest Wife of a Yeoman or Shopkeeper. Lady *Bellauston* was of this intrepid Character; but let not my Country Readers conclude from her, that this is the general Conduct of Women of Fashion, or that we mean to represent them as such. They might

as well suppose that every Clergyman was represented by *Thwackum*, or every Soldier by Ensign *Northerton*.

There is not indeed a greater Error than that which universally prevails among the Vulgar; who borrowing their Opinion from some ignorant Satirists, have affixed the Character of Lewdness to these Times. On the contrary, I am convinced there never was less of Love Intrigue carried on among Persons of Condition, than now. Our present Women have been taught by their Mothers to fix their Thoughts only on Ambition and Vanity, and to despise the Pleasures of Love as unworthy their Regard; and being afterwards, by the Care of such Mothers, married without having Husbands, they seem pretty well confirmed in the Justness of those Sentiments; whence they content themselves, for the dull Remainder of Life, with the Pursuit of more innocent, but I am afraid more childish Amusements, the bare mention of which would ill suit with the Dignity of this History. In my humble Opinion, the true Characteristic of the present *Beau Monde*, is rather Folly than Vice, and the only Epithet which it deserves is that of *Frivolous*.

CHAP. II.

Containing Letters and other Matters which attend Amours.

FONES had not long been at Home, before he received the following Letter.

‘ I was never more surprized than when I
‘ found you was gone. When you left the
‘ Room,

‘ Room, I little imagined you intended to have
‘ left the House without seeing me again. Your
‘ Behaviour is all of a Piece, and convinces me
‘ how much I ought to despise a Heart which
‘ can doat upon an Idiot; though I know not
‘ whether I should not admire her Cunning more
‘ than her Simplicity: Wonderful both! For
‘ though she understood not a Word of what
‘ passed between us, she yet had the Skill, the
‘ Assurance, the —— what shall I call it? to de-
‘ ny to my Face, that she knows you, or ever
‘ saw you before. —— Was this a Scheme laid
‘ between you, and have you been base enough
‘ to betray me? —— O how I despise her, you,
‘ and all the World, but chiefly myself! for—I
‘ dare not write what I should afterwards run
‘ mad to read; but remember, I can detest as
‘ violently as I have loved.’

Jones had but little Time given him to reflect
on this Letter, before a second was brought him
from the same Hand; and this, likewise, we shall
set down in the precise Words.

‘ When you consider the Hurry of Spirits in
‘ which I must have writ, you cannot be sur-
‘ prized at any Expressions in my former Note.
‘ —— Yet, perhaps, on Reflection, they were
‘ rather too warm. At least I would, if possible,
‘ think all owing to the odious Playhouse, and to
‘ the Impertinence of a Fool, which detained
‘ me beyond my Appointment. —— How easy is it
‘ to think well of those we love? —— Perhaps
‘ you desire I should think so. I have resolved
‘ to see you To-night; so come to me imme-
‘ diately.

‘ P. S. I have ordered to be at Home to none
‘ but yourself.

‘ P. S. Mr. *Jones* will imagine I shall assist
‘ him in his Defence; for I believe he
‘ cannot desire to impose on me more than
‘ I desire to impose on myself.

‘ P. S. Come immediately.’

To the Men of Intrigue I refer the Determination, whether the angry or the tender Letter gave the greatest Uneasiness to *Jones*. Certain it is, he had no violent Inclination to pay any more Visits that Evening, unless to one single Person. However he thought his Honour engaged, and had not this been Motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the Temper of Lady *Bellafton* into that Flame of which he had Reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the Consequence might be a Discovery to *Sophia*, which he dreaded. After some discontented Walks therefore about the Room, he was preparing to depart, when the Lady kindly prevented him, not by another Letter, but by her own Presence. She entered the Room very disordered in her Dress, and very discomposed in her Looks, and threw herself into a Chair, where having recovered her Breath, she said,—‘ You
‘ see, Sir, when Women have gone one Length
‘ too far, they will stop at none. If any Person
‘ would have sworn this to me a Week ago, I
‘ would not have believed it of myself.’ ‘ I
‘ hope, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘ my charming Lady
‘ *Bellafton* will be as difficult to believe any Thing
‘ against

‘ against one who is so sensible of the many Ob-
 ‘ ligations she hath conferred upon him.’ ‘ In-
 ‘ deed!’ says she, ‘ sensible of Obligations! Did I
 ‘ expect to hear such cold Language from Mr.
 ‘ *Jones*?’ ‘ Pardon me, my dear Angel,’ said he,
 ‘ if after the Letters I have received, the Ter-
 ‘ rors of your Anger, though I know not how
 ‘ I have deserved it’——‘ And have I then,’
 says she with a Smile, ‘ so angry a Countenance?’
 ‘ —Have I really brought a chiding Face with
 ‘ me?’——‘ If there be Honour in Man,’ said
 he, ‘ I have done nothing to merit your Anger.
 ‘ — You remember the Appointment you sent
 ‘ me—I went in Pursuance’——‘ I beseech you,’
 cried she, ‘ do not run through the odious Re-
 ‘ cital——Answer me but one Question, and I
 ‘ shall be easy—Have you not betrayed my Ho-
 ‘ nour to her?’——*Jones* fell upon his Knees, and
 began to utter the most violent Protestations,
 when *Partridge* came dancing and capering in-
 to the Room, like one drunk with Joy, crying
 out, ‘ She’s found! she’s found!——Here, Sir,
 ‘ here, she’s here:—Mrs. *Honour* is upon the
 ‘ Stairs.’ ‘ Stop her a Moment,’ cries *Jones*.—
 ‘ Here, Madam, step behind the Bed, I have
 ‘ no other Room nor Closet, nor Place on Earth
 ‘ to hide you in; sure never was so damn’d an
 ‘ Accident.’——‘ D—n’d indeed!’ said the Lady,
 as she went to her Place of Concealment; and
 presently afterwards in came Mrs. *Honour*. ‘ Hey-
 ‘ day!’ says she, ‘ Mr. *Jones*, what’s the Matter?’
 ‘ —That impudent Rascal your Servant, would
 ‘ scarce let me come up Stairs. I hope he hath
 ‘ not the same Reason now to keep me from you as
 ‘ he had at *Upton*.—I suppose you hardly expected
 ‘ to see me; but you have certainly bewitch-

'ed my Lady. Poor dear young Lady! To
 'be sure, I loves her as tenderly as if she was
 'my own Sister. Lord have Mercy upon you,
 'if you don't make her a good Husband; and
 'to be sure if you do not, nothing can be bad
 'enough for you.' *Jones* begged her only to whis-
 per, for that there was a Lady dying in the next
 Room. 'A Lady!' cries she; 'ay, I suppose
 'one of your Ladies.—O Mr. *Jones*, there are
 'too many of them in the World; I believe we
 'are got into the House of one, for my Lady
 '*Bellafton* I darst to say is no better than she
 'should be.'—'Hush! hush!' cries *Jones*, 'every
 'Word is over-heard in the next Room.' 'I
 'don't care a Farthing,' cries *Honour*, 'I speaks
 'no Scandal of any one; but to be sure the
 'Servants makes no Scruple of saying as how
 'her Ladyship meets Men at another Place—
 'where the House goes under the Name of a
 'poor Gentlewoman, but her Ladyship pays the
 'Rent, and many's the good Thing besides,
 'they say, she hath of her.'—Here *Jones*, after
 expressing the utmost Uneasiness, offered to stop
 her Mouth.—'Hey-day! why sure Mr. *Jones*
 'you will let me speak, I speaks no Scandal, for
 'I only says what I heard from others,—and
 'thinks I to myself much good may it do the
 'Gentlewoman with her Riches, if she comes
 'by it in such a wicked Manner. To be sure
 'it is better to be poor and honest.' 'The Ser-
 'vants are Villains,' cries *Jones*, 'and abuse their
 'Lady unjustly.'—'Ay to be sure, Servants are
 'always Villains, and so my Lady says, and won't
 'hear a Word of it.'—'No, I am convinced,'
 says *Jones*, 'my *Sophia* is above listening to such
 'base Scandal.' 'Nay, I believe it is no Scandal
 'neither,'

‘neither,’ cries *Honour*, ‘for why should she meet Men at another House?—It can never be for any Good: For if she had a lawful Design of being courted, as to be sure any Lady may lawfully give her Company to Men upon that Account; why, where can be the Sense’—‘I protest,’ cries *Jones*, ‘I can’t hear all this of a Lady of such Honour, and a Relation of *Sophia*; besides you will distract the poor Lady in the next Room——Let me intreat you to walk with me down Stairs.’—‘Nay, Sir, if you won’t let me speak, I have done—Here, Sir, is a Letter from my young Lady,—what would some Men give to have this? But, Mr. *Jones*, I think you are not over and above generous, and yet I have heard some Servants say—but I am sure you will do me the Justice to own I never saw the Colour of your Money.’ Here *Jones* hastily took the Letter, and presently after slip’d five Pieces into her Hand. He then returned a thousand Thanks to his dear *Sophia* in a Whisper, and begged her to Leave him to read her Letter; she presently departed, not without expressing much grateful Sense of his Generosity.

Lady *Bellafton* now came from behind the Curtain. How shall I describe her Rage? Her Tongue was at first incapable of Utterance; but Streams of Fire darted from her Eyes, and well indeed they might, for her Heart was all in a Flame. And now as soon as her Voice found Way, instead of expressing any Indignation against *Honour*, or her own Servants, she began to attack poor *Jones*. ‘You see,’ said she, ‘what I have sacrificed to you, my Reputation, my Honour,—gone for ever! And what Return have I found? Neglected, slighted for a Coun-

‘try Girl, for an Idiot,’—‘What Neglect, Madam, or what Slight,’ cries *Jones*, ‘have I been guilty of?’—‘Mr. *Jones*,’ said she, ‘it is in vain to dissemble; if you will make me easy, you must entirely give her up; and as a Proof of your Intention, shew me the Letter.’——

‘What Letter, Madam?’ said *Jones*. ‘Nay, surely,’ said she, ‘you cannot have the Confidence to deny your having received a Letter by the Hands of that Trollop.’ ‘And can your Ladyship,’ cries he, ‘ask of me what I must part with my Honour before I grant? Have I acted in such a Manner by your Ladyship? Could I be guilty of betraying this poor innocent Girl to you, what Security could you have, that I should not act the same Part by yourself? A Moment’s Reflection will, I am sure, convince you, that a Man with whom the Secrets of a Lady are not safe, must be the most contemptible of Wretches.’ ‘Very well,’ said she—‘I need not insist on your becoming this contemptible Wretch in your own Opinion; for the Inside of the Letter could inform me of nothing more than I know already. I see the Footing you are upon.’—Here ensued a long Conversation, which the Reader, who is not too curious, will thank me for not inserting at length. It shall suffice therefore to inform him, that Lady *Bellaſton* grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his Protestations, that his meeting with *Sophia* that Evening was merely accidental, and every other Matter which the Reader already knows, and which as *Jones* set before her in the strongest Light, it is plain that she had in Reality no Reason to be angry with him.

She

She was not however in her Heart perfectly satisfied with his Refusal to shew her the Letter; so deaf are we to the clearest Reason, when it argues against our prevailing Passions. She was indeed well convinced that *Sophia* possessed the first Place in *Jones's* Affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this Lady was, she submitted at last to bear the second Place; or to express it more properly in a legal Phrase, was contented with the Possession of that of which another Woman had the Reversion.

It was at length agreed, that *Jones* should for the future visit at the House: For that *Sophia*, her Maid, and all the Servants would place these Visits to the Account of *Sophia*; and that she herself would be considered as the Person imposed upon.

This Scheme was contrived by the Lady, and highly relished by *Jones*, who was indeed glad to have a Prospect of seeing his *Sophia* at any Rate; and the Lady herself was not a little pleased with the Imposition on *Sophia*, which *Jones*, she thought, could not possibly discover to her for his own Sake.

The next Day was appointed for the first Visit, and then, after proper Ceremonials, the Lady *Bellafton* returned Home.

CHAP. III.

Containing various Matters.

JONES was no sooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his Letter, and read as follows.

‘ Sir,

‘ Sir, it is impossible to express what I have
‘ suffered since you left this House; and as I have
‘ Reason to think you intend coming here again,
‘ I have sent *Honour*, though so late at Night,
‘ as she tells me she knows your Lodgings, to
‘ prevent you. I charge you, by all the Regard
‘ you have for me, not to think of visiting here;
‘ for it will certainly be discovered; nay, I al-
‘ most doubt from some Things which have dropt
‘ from her Ladyship, that she is not already with-
‘ out some Suspicion. Something favourable per-
‘ haps may happen; we must wait with Patience;
‘ but I once more intreat you, if you have any
‘ Concern for my Ease, do not think of returning
‘ hither.’

This Letter administered the same Kind of Con-
solation to poor *Jones*, which *Job* formerly re-
ceived from his Friends. Besides disappointing
all the Hopes which he promised to himself from
seeing *Sophia*, he was reduced to an unhappy Di-
lemma, with Regard to Lady *Bellaſton*; for there
are some certain Engagements, which, as he well
knew, do very difficultly admit of any Excuse for
the Failure; and to go, after the strict Prohibition
from *Sophia*, he was not to be forced by any
human Power. At length, after much Delibera-
tion, which during that Night supplied the Place
of Sleep, he determined to feign himself sick:
For this suggested itself as the only Means of
failing the appointed Visit, without incensing Lady
Bellaſton, which he had more than one Reason of
desiring to avoid.

The first Thing however which he did in the
Morning was to write an Answer to *Sophia*,
which he enclosed in one to *Honour*. He then
dis-

dispatched another to Lady *Bellaſton*, containing the above mentioned Excuse; and to this he soon received the following Answer.

‘ I am vexed that I cannot see you here this Afternoon, but more concerned for the Occasion; take great Care of yourself, and have the best Advice, and I hope there will be no Danger.—I am so tormented all this Morning with Fools, that I have scarce a Moment’s Time to write to you. Adieu.’

‘ P. S. I will endeavour to call on you this Evening at nine.—Be sure to be alone.’

Mr. *Jones* now received a Visit from Mrs. *Miller*, who, after some formal Introduction, began the following Speech. ‘ I am very sorry, Sir, to wait upon you on such an Occasion; but I hope you will consider the ill Consequence which it must be to the Reputation of my poor Girls, if my House should once be talked of as a House of ill Fame. I hope you won’t think me therefore guilty of Impertinence, if I beg you not to bring any more Ladies in at that Time of Night. The Clock had struck two before one of them went away.’ ‘ I do assure you, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘ the Lady who was here last Night, and who staid the latest (for the other only brought me a Letter) is a Woman of very great Fashion, and my near Relation.’ ‘ I don’t know what Fashion she is of,’ answered Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ but I am sure no Woman of Virtue, unless a very near Relation indeed, would visit a young Gentleman at ten at Night, and stay four Hours in his Room with him alone; besides, Sir, the Behaviour of her Chairmen shews what she was; for they did nothing
‘ but

‘ but make Jests all the Evening in the Entry,
‘ and asked Mr. *Partridge* in the hearing of my
‘ own Maid, if Madam intended to stay with
‘ his Master all Night ; with a great deal of Stuff
‘ not proper to be repeated. I have really a
‘ great Respect for you, Mr. *Jones*, upon your
‘ own Account, nay, I have a very high Obliga-
‘ tion to you for your Generosity to my Cousin.
‘ Indeed I did not know how very good you had
‘ been till lately. Little did I imagine to what
‘ dreadful Courses the poor Man’s Distress had
‘ driven him. Little did I think when you gave
‘ me the ten Guineas, that you had given them
‘ to a Highwayman ! O Heavens ! What Good-
‘ ness have you shewn ! How have you preserv-
‘ ed this Family.—The Character which Mr.
‘ *Allworthy* hath formerly given me of you, was,
‘ I find, strictly true.—And indeed if I had no
‘ Obligation to you, my Obligations to him are
‘ such, that, on his Account, I should shew you
‘ the utmost Respect in my Power.—Nay, be-
‘ lieve me, dear Mr. *Jones*, if my Daughters
‘ and my own Reputation were out of the Case,
‘ I should for your own Sake, be sorry that so
‘ pretty a young Gentleman should converse with
‘ these Women ; but if you are resolved to do
‘ it, I must beg you to take another Lodging ;
‘ for I do not myself like to have such Things
‘ carried on under my Roof ; but more especially
‘ upon the Account of my Girls, who have little,
‘ Heaven knows, besides their Characters to re-
‘ commend them.’ *Jones* started and changed
‘ Colour at the Name of *Allworthy*. ‘ Indeed,
‘ Mrs. *Miller*,’ answered he a little warmly, ‘ I
‘ do not take this at all kind. I will never bring
‘ any Slander on your House ; but I must insist
‘ on

‘on seeing what Company I please in my own Room; and if that gives you any Offence, I shall, as soon as I am able, look for another Lodging.’ ‘I am sorry we must part then,’ Sir,’ said she, ‘but I am convinced Mr. *Allworthy* himself would never come within my Doors, if he had the least Suspicion of my keeping an ill House.’—‘Very well, Madam,’ said *Jones*.—‘I hope, Sir,’ said she, ‘you are not angry; for I would not for the World offend any of Mr. *Allworthy*’s Family. I have not slept a wink all Night about this Matter.’—‘I am sorry I have disturbed your Rest,’ Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘but I beg you will send *Partridge* up to me immediately;’ which she promised to do, and then with a very low Court’sy retired.

As soon as *Partridge* arrived, *Jones* fell upon him in the most outrageous Manner.—‘How often,’ said he, ‘am I to suffer for your Folly, or rather for my own in keeping you? Is that Tongue of yours resolved upon my Destruction?’—‘What have I done, Sir?’ answered affrighted *Partridge*. ‘Who was it gave you Authority to mention the Story of the Robbery, or that the Man you saw here was the Person?’—‘I, Sir?’ cries *Partridge*. ‘Now don’t be guilty of a Falshood in denying it,’ said *Jones*.—‘If I did mention such a Matter,’ answers *Partridge*, ‘I am sure, I thought no Harm: For I should not have opened my Lips, if it had not been to his own Friends and Relations, who, I imagined, would have let it go no farther.’—‘But I have a much heavier Charge against you,’ cries *Jones*, ‘than this. How durst you, after all the Precautions I gave you,
‘men-

' mention the Name of Mr. *Allworthy* in this
 ' House?' *Partridge* denied that he ever had,
 with many Oaths. 'How else,' said *Jones*,
 ' should Mrs. *Miller* be acquainted that there
 ' was any Connection between him and me?
 ' And it is but this Moment she told me, she
 ' respected me on this Account.'—'O Lord,
 ' Sir,' said *Partridge*, 'I desire only to be heard
 ' out; and to be sure, never was any Thing so
 ' unfortunate; hear me but out, and you will
 ' own how wrongfully you have accused me.
 ' When Mrs. *Honour* came down Stairs last
 ' Night, she met me in the Entry, and asked
 ' me when my Master had heard from Mr. *All-*
 ' *worthy*; and to be sure Mrs. *Miller* heard the
 ' very Words; and the Moment Madam *Ho-*
 ' *nour* was gone, she called me into the Parlour
 ' to her.' 'Mr. *Partridge*,' says she, 'What
 ' Mr. *Allworthy* is that the Gentlewoman men-
 ' tioned? Is it the great Mr. *Allworthy* of *So-*
 ' *merfetshire*?' 'Upon my Word, Madam, says
 ' I, I know nothing of the Matter.'—'Sure,
 ' says she, your Master is not the Mr. *Jones*
 ' I have heard Mr. *Allworthy* talk of?' 'Upon
 ' my Word, Madam,' says I, 'I know nothing
 ' of the Matter.'—'Then,' says she, turning
 ' to her Daughter *Nancy*, says she, 'as sure as
 ' ten Pence this is the very young Gentleman,
 ' and he agrees exactly with the Squire's De-
 ' scription.' 'The Lord above knows who it
 ' was told her; for I am the arrantest Villain
 ' that ever walked upon two Legs if ever it
 ' came out of my Mouth.—I promise you, Sir,
 ' I can keep a Secret when I am desired.—Nay,
 ' Sir, so far was I from telling her any Thing
 ' about Mr. *Allworthy*, that I told her the very
 ' direct

‘ direct contrary: For tho’ I did not contradict
 ‘ it at that Moment, yet, as second Thoughts,
 ‘ they say, are best; so when I came to consider
 ‘ that somebody must have informed her, thinks
 ‘ I to myself, I will put an End to the Story;
 ‘ and so I went back again into the Parlour some
 ‘ Time afterwards, and says I, Upon my Word,
 ‘ says I, whoever, says I, told you that this Gentleman was Mr. Jones; that is, says I, that
 ‘ this Mr. Jones was that Mr. Jones, told you a
 ‘ confounded Lie: And I beg, says I, you will
 ‘ never mention any such Matter, says I; for my
 ‘ Master, says I, will think I must have told you
 ‘ so; and I defy any body in the House, ever to
 ‘ say, I mentioned any such Word. To be cer-
 ‘ tain, Sir, it is a wonderful Thing, and I have
 ‘ been thinking with myself ever since, how it
 ‘ was she came to know it; not but I saw an
 ‘ old Woman here t’other Day a begging at the
 ‘ Door, who looked as like her we saw in *War-*
 ‘ *wickshire*, that caused all that Mischief to us.
 ‘ To be sure it is never good to pass by an old
 ‘ Woman without giving her something, especi-
 ‘ ally if she looks at you; for all the World shall
 ‘ never persuade me but that they have a great
 ‘ Power to do Mischief, and to be sure I shall
 ‘ never see an old Woman again, but I shall think
 ‘ to myself *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare Do-*
 ‘ *lorem.*’

The Simplicity of *Partridge* set *Jones* a laugh-
 ing, and put a final End to his Anger, which had
 indeed seldom any long Duration in his Mind; and
 instead of commenting on his Defence, he told
 him he intended presently to leave those Lodgings,
 and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him
 others.

CHAP. IV.

*Which we hope will be very attentively perused by
young People of both Sexes.*

*P*ARTRIDGE had no sooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. *Nightingale*, with whom he had now contracted a great Intimacy, came to him, and after a short Salutation, said, ‘ So, *Tom*, I hear you had Company very late last Night. Upon my Soul, you are a happy Fellow, who have not been in Town above a Fortnight, and can keep Chairs waiting at your Door till two in the Morning.’ He then ran on with much common-place Raillery of the same Kind, till Jones at last interrupted him, saying, ‘ I suppose you have received all this Information from Mrs. *Miller*, who hath been up here a little while ago to give me Warning. The good Woman is afraid, it seems of the Reputation of her Daughters.’ ‘ O she is wonderfully nice,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘ upon that Account; if you remember, she would not let *Nancy* go with us to the Masquerade.’ ‘ Nay upon my Honour, I think she’s in the Right of it,’ says Jones; ‘ however I have taken her at her Word, and have sent *Partridge* to look for another Lodging.’ ‘ If you will,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘ we may, I believe, be again together; for to tell you a Secret, which I desire you won’t mention in the Family, I intend to quit the House To-day.’—‘ What, hath Mrs. *Miller* given you Warning too, my Friend?’ cries Jones. ‘ No,’ answered the other; ‘ but the Rooms are not convenient enough,—Besides, I am grown weary.’

‘ry of this Part of the Town. I want to be nearer the Places of Diversion; so I am going to *Pall-mall*.’—‘And do you intend to make a Secret of your going away?’ said *Jones*. ‘I promise you,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘I don’t intend to bilk my Lodgings; but I have a private Reason for not taking a formal Leave.’ ‘Not so private,’ answered *Jones*; ‘I promise you, I have seen it ever since the second Day of my coming to the House.—Here will be some wet Eyes on your Departure.—Poor *Nancy*, I pity her, faith!—Indeed, *Jack* you have played the Fool with that Girl.—You have given her a Longing, which, I am afraid, nothing will ever cure her of.’—*Nightingale* answered, ‘What the Devil would you have me do? Would you have me marry her to cure her?’—‘No,’ answered *Jones*, ‘I would not have had you make Love to her, as you have often done in my Presence. I have been astonished at the Blindness of her Mother in never seeing it.’ ‘Pugh, see it!’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘What the Devil should she see?’ ‘Why see,’ said *Jones*, ‘that you have made her Daughter distractedly in Love with you. The poor Girl cannot conceal it a Moment, her Eyes are never off from you, and she always colours every Time you come into the Room. Indeed, I pity her heartily; for she seems to be one of the best natured, and honestest of human Creatures.’ ‘And so,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘according to your Doctrine, one must not amuse one’s self by any common Gallantries with Women, for fear they should fall in Love with us.’ ‘Indeed, *Jack*,’ said *Jones*, ‘you wilfully misunderstand me; I do not fancy Women are so apt to fall in Love; but

‘ but you have gone far beyond common Gallan-
 ‘ tries.’—‘ What do you suppose,’ says *Nightingale*, ‘ that we have been a-bed together?’ ‘ No,
 ‘ upon my Honour,’ answered *Jones*, very seri-
 ‘ ously, ‘ I do not suppose so ill of you ; nay, I
 ‘ will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid
 ‘ a regular premeditated Scheme for the Destruc-
 ‘ tion of the Quiet of a poor little Creature, or
 ‘ have even foreseen the Consequence: For I am
 ‘ sure thou art a very good-natured Fellow ; and
 ‘ such a one can never be guilty of a Cruelty of
 ‘ that Kind ; but at the same Time you have
 ‘ pleased your own Vanity, without considering
 ‘ that this poor Girl was made a Sacrifice to it ;
 ‘ and while you have had no Design but of amu-
 ‘ sing an idle Hour, you have actually given her
 ‘ Reason to flatter herself, that you had the most
 ‘ serious Designs in her Favour. Prithee, *Jack*,
 ‘ answer me honestly: To what have tended all
 ‘ those elegant and luscious Descriptions of Hap-
 ‘ piness arising from violent and mutual Fond-
 ‘ ness ; all those warm Professions of Tenderness,
 ‘ and generous, disinterested Love ? Did you
 ‘ imagine she would not apply them ? Or, speak
 ‘ ingenuously, did not you intend she should ?’
 ‘ Upon my Soul, *Tom*,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘ I did
 ‘ not think this was in thee. Thou wilt make an
 ‘ admirable Parson.—So, I suppose, you would
 ‘ not go to Bed to *Nancy* now, if she would let
 ‘ you ?’—‘ No,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ may I be d—n’d
 ‘ if I would.’ ‘ *Tom, Tom*,’ answered *Nightin-*
gale, ‘ last Night ; remember last Night ;

‘ —When ev’ry Eye was clos’d, and the pale Moon,
 ‘ And silent Stars shone conscious of the Theft.’

‘ Looke, Mr. *Nightingale*,’ said *Jones*, ‘ I am
 ‘ no canting Hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the
 ‘ Gift of Chastity, more than my Neighbours.
 ‘ I have been guilty with Women, I own it; but
 ‘ am not conscious that I have ever injured any.
 ‘ ---Nor would I, to procure Pleasure to myself,
 ‘ be knowingly the Cause of Misery to any hu-
 ‘ man Being.’

‘ Well, well,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ I believe you,
 ‘ and I am convinced you acquit me of any such
 ‘ Thing.’

‘ I do, from my Heart,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ of
 ‘ having debauched the Girl, but not from hav-
 ‘ ing gained her Affections.’

‘ If I have,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ I am sorry for
 ‘ it; but Time and Absence will soon wear off
 ‘ such Impressions. It is a Receipt I must take
 ‘ myself: for to confess the Truth to you,---I
 ‘ never liked any Girl half so much in my whole
 ‘ Life; but I must let you into the whole Secret,
 ‘ *Tom*. My Father hath provided a Match for
 ‘ me, with a Woman I never saw; and she is
 ‘ now coming to Town, in order for me to make
 ‘ my Addresses to her.’

At these Words *Jones* burst into a loud Fit of
 Laughter; when *Nightingale* cried,---‘ Nay, pri-
 ‘ thee don’t turn me into Ridicule. The Devil
 ‘ take me if I am not half mad about this Mat-
 ‘ ter! my poor *Nancy*! Oh *Jones*, *Jones*, I wish
 ‘ I had a Fortune in my own Possession.’

‘ I heartily wish you had,’ cries *Jones*; ‘ for if
 ‘ this be the Case, I sincerely pity you both: But
 ‘ surely you don’t intend to go away without tak-
 ‘ ing your Leave of her?’

‘ I would not,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘ under-
 ‘ go the Pain of taking Leave for ten thousand
 ‘ Pound;

‘ Pound ; besides, I am convinced, instead of answering any good Purpose, it would only serve to inflame my poor *Nancy* the more. I beg therefore, you would not mention a Word of it. To-day, and in the Evening, or To-morrow Morning, I intend to depart.’

Jones promised he would not ; and said, upon Reflection he thought, as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the most prudent Method. He then told *Nightingale*, he should be very glad to lodge in the same House with him ; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that *Nightingale* should procure him either the Ground Floor, or the two Pair of Stairs ; for the young Gentleman himself was to occupy that which was between them.

This *Nightingale*, of whom we shall be presently obliged to say a little more, was in the ordinary Transactions of Life a Man of strict Honour, and what is more rare among young Gentlemen of the Town, one of strict Honesty too ; yet in Affairs of Love he was somewhat looser in his Morals ; not that he was even here as void of Principle as Gentlemen sometimes are, and oftener affect to be ; but it is certain he had been guilty of some indefensible Treachery to Women, and had in a certain Mystery, called *Making Love*, practised many Deceits, which, if he had used in Trade, he would have been counted the greatest Villain upon Earth.

But as the World, I know not well for what Reason, agree to see this Treachery in a better Light, he was so far from being ashamed of his Iniquities of this Kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boast of his Skill in gaining of Women, and his Triumphs over their Hearts, for

which he had before this Time received some Rebukes from *Jones*, who always exprest great Bitterness against any Misbehaviour to the fair Part of the Species, who, if considered, he said, as they ought to be, in the Light of the dearest Friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and caressed with the utmost Love and Tenderneſs; but, if regarded as Enemies, were a Conquest of which a Man ought rather to be aſhamed than to value himſelf upon it.

C H A P. V.

A ſhort Account of the Hiſtory of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this Day ate a pretty good Dinner for a ſick Man, that is to ſay, the larger Half of a Shoulder of Mutton. In the Afternoon he received an Invitation from Mrs. *Miller* to drink Tea: For that good Woman having learnt, either by Means of *Partridge*, or by ſome other Means natural or ſupernatural, that he had a Connection with Mr. *Allworthy*, could not endure the Thoughts of parting with him in an angry Manner.

Jones accepted the Invitation; and no ſooner was the Tea-kettle removed, and the Girls ſent out of the Room, than the Widow, without much Preface, began as follows: ‘ Well, there are
 ‘ very ſurprizing Things happen in this World;
 ‘ but certainly it is a wonderful Buſineſs, that I
 ‘ ſhould have a Relation of Mr. *Allworthy* in my
 ‘ Houſe, and never know any thing of the Mat-
 ‘ ter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what a Friend
 ‘ that beſt of Gentlemen hath been to me and
 ‘ mine. Yes, Sir, I am not aſhamed to own it;

‘ it is owing to his Goodness, that I did not long
‘ since perish for Want, and leave my poor little
‘ Wretches, two destitute, helpless, friendless Or-
‘ phans, to the Care, or rather to the Cruelty of
‘ the World.

‘ You must know, Sir, though I am now
‘ reduced to get my Living by letting Lodgings,
‘ I was born and bred a Gentlewoman. My Fa-
‘ ther was an Officer of the Army, and died in a
‘ considerable Rank: But he lived up to his Pay;
‘ and as that expired with him, his Family, at
‘ his Death, became Beggars. We were three
‘ Sisters. One of us had the good luck to die
‘ soon after of the Small-pox: A Lady was so
‘ kind as to take the second out of Charity, as
‘ she said, to wait upon her. The Mother of
‘ this Lady had been a Servant to my Grandmo-
‘ ther; and having inherited a vast Fortune from
‘ her Father, which he had got by Pawnbroking,
‘ was married to a Gentleman of great Estate
‘ and Fashion. She used my Sister so barbarously,
‘ often upbraiding her with her Birth and Poverty,
‘ calling her in Derision a Gentlewoman, that
‘ I believe she at length broke the Heart of the
‘ poor Girl. In short, she likewise died with-
‘ in a Twelvemonth after my Father. Fortune
‘ thought proper to provide better for me, and
‘ within a Month from his Decease I was mar-
‘ ried to a Clergyman, who had been my Lover
‘ a long Time before, and who had been very
‘ ill used by my Father on that Account: For
‘ though my poor Father could not give any of
‘ us a Shilling, yet he bred us up as delicately,
‘ considered us, and would have had us consider
‘ ourselves as highly, as if we had been the richest
‘ Heiresses. But my dear Husband forgot all this
‘ Usage,

‘ Usage, and the Moment we were become fatherless, he immediately renewed his Addresses to me so warmly, that I, who always liked, and now more than ever esteemed him, soon complied. Five Years did I live in a State of perfect Happiness with that best of Men, ’till at last — Oh! cruel, cruel Fortune that ever separated us, that deprived me of the kindest of Husbands, and my poor Girls of the tenderest Parent. — O my poor Girls! you never knew the Blessing which ye lost. — I am ashamed, Mr. Jones, of this womanish Weakness; but I shall never mention him without Tears.’ — ‘ I ought rather, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ to be ashamed that I do not accompany you.’ — ‘ Well, Sir,’ continued she, ‘ I was now left a second Time in a much worse Condition than before; besides the terrible Affliction I was to encounter, I had now two Children to provide for; and was, if possible, more penniless than ever, when that great, that good, that glorious Man, Mr. Allworthy, who had some little Acquaintance with my Husband, accidentally heard of my Distress, and immediately writ this Letter to me. Here, Sir, — here it is; I put it into my Pocket to shew it you. This is the Letter, Sir; I must and will read it to you.

“ Madam,
 “ I Heartily condole with you on your late
 “ grievous Loss, which your own good Sense,
 “ and the excellent Lessons you must have learnt
 “ from the worthiest of Men, will better enable
 “ you to bear, than any Advice which I am capable of giving. Nor have I any Doubt that
 “ you, whom I have heard to be the tenderest of

“ Mothers, will suffer any immoderate Indulgence
 “ of Grief to prevent you from discharging your
 “ Duty to those poor Infants, who now alone
 “ stand in need of your Tenderneſs.

“ However, as you muſt be ſuppoſed at preſent
 “ to be incapable of much worldly Conſideration,
 “ you will pardon my having ordered a Perſon to
 “ wait on you, and to pay you Twenty Guineas,
 “ which I beg you will accept ’till I have the
 “ Pleaſure of ſeeing you, and believe me to be,
 “ Madam, &c.”

“ This Letter, Sir, I received within a Fort-
 “ night after the irreparable Loſs I have men-
 “ tioned, and within a Fortnight afterwards, Mr.
 “ *Allworthy*,—the bleſſed Mr. *Allworthy*, came to
 “ pay me a Viſit, when he placed me in the Houſe
 “ where you now ſee me, gave me a large Sum
 “ of Money to furniſh it, and ſettled an Annuity
 “ of 50*l.* a Year upon me, which I have con-
 “ ſtantly received ever ſince. Judge then, Mr.
 “ *Jones*, in what Regard I muſt hold a Benefac-
 “ tor, to whom I owe the Preſervation of my
 “ Life, and of thoſe dear Children, for whoſe
 “ Sake alone my Life is valuable.—Do not, there-
 “ fore, think me impertinent, Mr. *Jones*, (ſince
 “ I muſt eſteem one for whom I know Mr. *All-*
 “ *worthy* hath ſo much Value) if I beg you not
 “ to conſe with theſe wicked Women. You
 “ are a young Gentleman, and do not know half
 “ their artful Wiles. Do not be angry with me,
 “ Sir, for what I ſaid upon account of my Houſe;
 “ you muſt be ſenſible it would be the Ruin of my
 “ poor dear Girls. Beſides, Sir, you cannot but
 “ be acquainted, that Mr. *Allworthy* himſelf would
 “ never

' never forgive my conniving at such Matters, and particularly with you.'

' Upon my Word, Madam,' said *Jones*, ' you need make no farther Apology; nor do I in the least take any Thing ill you have said: But give me Leave, as no one can have more Value than myself for Mr. *Allworthy*, to deliver you from one Mistake, which, perhaps, would not be altogether for his Honour: I do assure you, I am no Relation of his.'

' Alas! Sir,' answered she, ' I know you are not. I know very well who you are; for Mr. *Allworthy* hath told me all: But I do assure you, had you been twenty Times his Son, he could not have expressed more Regard for you, than he hath often expressed in my Presence. You need not be ashamed, Sir, of what you are; I promise you no good Person will esteem you the less on that Account. No, Mr. *Jones*; the Words 'dishonourable Birth' are Nonsense, as my dear, dear Husband used to say, unless the Word 'dishonourable' be applied to the Parents; for the Children can derive no real Dishonour from an Act of which they are intirely innocent.'

Here *Jones* heaved a deep Sigh, and then said, ' Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, and Mr. *Allworthy* hath thought proper to mention my Name to you; and since you have been so explicit with me as to your own Affairs, I will acquaint you with some more Circumstances concerning myself.' And these Mrs. *Miller* having expressed great Desire and Curiosity to hear, he began and related to her his whole History, without once mentioning the Name of *Sophia*.

There is a Kind of Sympathy in honest Minds, by Means of which they give an easy Credit to each other. Mrs. *Miller* believed all which *Jones* told her to be true, and exprest much Pity and Concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the Story, but *Jones* interrupted her: For as the Hour of Affignation now drew nigh, he began to stipulate for a second Interview with the Lady that Evening, which he promised should be the last at her House; swearing, at the same Time, that she was one of great Distinction, and that nothing but what was intirely innocent was to pass between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his Word.

Mrs. *Miller* was at length prevailed on, and *Jones* departed to his Chamber, where he sat alone till twelve o'Clock, but no Lady *Bellafton* appeared.

As we have said that this Lady had a great Affection for *Jones*, and as it must have appeared that she really had so, the Reader may perhaps wonder at the first Failure of her Appointment, as she apprehended him to be confined by Sicknes, a Season when Friendship seems most to require such Visits. This Behaviour, therefore, in the Lady, may by some be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our Fault; for our Business is only to record Truth.

C H A P. VI.

Containing a Scene which we doubt not will affect all our Readers.

MR. Jones closed not his Eyes during all the former Part of the Night; not owing to any Uneasiness which he conceived at being disappointed by Lady *Bellaſton*; nor was *Sophia* herself, though most of his waking Hours were justly to be charged to her Account, the present Cause of dispelling his Slumbers. In Fact, poor Jones was one of the best-natured Fellows alive, and had all that Weakness which is called Compassion, and which distinguishes this imperfect Character from that noble Firmness of Mind, which rolls a Man, as it were, within himself, and, like a polished Bowl, enables him to run through the World, without being once stopped by the Calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compassionating the Situation of poor *Nancy*, whose Love for Mr. *Nightingale* seemed to him so apparent, that he was astonished at the Blindness of her Mother, who had more than once, the preceding Evening, remarked to him the great Change in the Temper of her Daughter, ‘who from being,’ she said, ‘one of the liveliest, merriest Girls in the World, was, on a sudden, become all Gloom and Melancholy.’

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all Resistance; and now, as if he had really been a Deity, as the Antients imagined, and an offended one too, he seemed to enjoy his dear-bought Conquest.—To speak simply, and without any Meta-

phor, Mr. *Jones* slept 'till Eleven the next Morning, and would, perhaps, have continued in the same quiet Situation much longer, had not a violent Uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now summoned, who, being asked what was the Matter, answered, ' That
' there was a dreadful Hurricane below Stairs;
' that Miss *Nancy* was in Fits; and that the other
' Sister and the Mother, were both crying and
' lamenting over her.' *Jones* expressed much Concern at this News, which *Partridge* endeavoured to relieve, by saying, with a Smile, ' He
' fancied the young Lady was in no Danger of
' Death; for that *Susan* (which was the Name of
' the Maid) had given him to understand, it was
' nothing more than a common Affair. In short,' said he, ' Miss *Nancy* hath had a Mind to be as
' wise as her Mother; that's all. She was a little
' hungry, it seems, and so sat down to Dinner
' before Grace was said; and so there is a Child
' coming for the *Foundling-Hospital*.'—' Prithee
' leave thy stupid jesting,' cries *Jones*, ' is the
' Misery of these poor Wretches a Subject of
' Mirth? Go immediately to Mrs. *Miller*, and
' tell her, I beg Leave—— Stay, you will make
' some Blunder; I will go myself; for she de-
' fired me to breakfast with her.' He then rose, and dressed himself as fast as he could: And while he was dressing, *Partridge*, notwithstanding many severe Rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain Pieces of Brutality, commonly called Jest; on this Occasion. *Jones* was no sooner dressed than he walked down Stairs, and knocking at the Door was presently admitted, by the Maid, into the outward Parlour, which was as empty of Company as it was of any Apparatus for eat-
ing

ing. Mrs. *Miller* was in the inner Room with her Daughter, whence the Maid presently brought a Message to Mr. *Jones*, 'that her Mistress hoped ' he would excuse the Disappointment, but an ' Accident had happened, which made it impossible ' for her to have the Pleasure of his Company at ' Breakfast that Day; and begged his Pardon for ' not sending him up Notice sooner.' *Jones* desired ' she would give herself no Trouble about ' any Thing so trifling as his Disappointment; ' that he was heartily sorry for the Occasion; and ' that if he could be of any Service to her, she ' might command him.'

He had scarce spoke these Words, when Mrs. *Miller*, who heard them all, suddenly threw open the Door, and coming out to him, in a Flood of Tears, said, ' O Mr. *Jones*, you are ' certainly one of the best young Men alive. I ' give you a Thousand Thanks for your kind Offer of your Service; but, alas! Sir, it is out ' of your Power to preserve my poor Girl.—O ' my Child, my Child! She is undone, she is ' ruined for ever!' ' I hope, Madam,' said *Jones*, ' no Villain'—' O Mr. *Jones*,' said she, ' that Villain who Yesterday left my Lodgings, ' hath betrayed my poor Girl; hath destroyed ' her.—I know you are a Man of Honour. You ' have a good—a noble Heart, Mr. *Jones*. The ' Actions to which I have been myself a Witness, ' could proceed from no other. I will tell you ' all: Nay, indeed, it is impossible, after what ' hath happened, to keep it a Secret. That ' *Nightingale*, that barbarous Villain, hath undone my Daughter. She is—She is—oh! Mr. ' *Jones*, my Girl is with Child by him; and in ' that Condition he hath deserted her. Here!

C 5

here,

‘ here, Sir, is his cruel Letter; read it, Mr. Jones, and tell me if such another Monster lives.’

The Letter was as follows :

‘ *Dear Nancy,*

‘ **A**S I found it impossible to mention to you what, I am afraid, will be no less shocking to you than it is to me, I have taken this Method to inform you, that my Father insists upon my immediately paying my Addressee to a young Lady of Fortune, whom he hath provided for my——I need not write the detested Word. Your own good Understanding will make you sensible, how entirely I am obliged to an Obedience by which I shall be for ever excluded from your dear Arms. The Fondness of your Mother may encourage you to trust her with the unhappy Consequence of our Love, which may be easily kept a Secret from the World, and for which I will take Care to provide, as I will for you. I wish you may feel less on this Account than I have suffered: But summon all your Fortitude to your Assistance, and forgive and forget the Man, whom nothing but the Prospect of certain Ruin could have forced to write this Letter. I bid you forget me, I mean only as a Lover; but the best of Friends you shall ever find in

‘ *Your faithful, though unhappy*

‘ J. N.’

When Jones had read this Letter, they both stood silent during a Minute, looking at each other; at last he began thus: ‘ I cannot express,
‘ Madam,

‘Madam, how much I am shocked at what I have read; yet let me beg you, in one Particular, to take the Writer’s Advice. Consider the Reputation of your Daughter.’——‘It is gone, it is lost, Mr. Jones,’ cry’d she, ‘as well as her Innocence. She received the Letter in a Room full of Company, and immediately swooning away upon opening it, the Contents were known to every one present. But the Loss of her Reputation, bad as it is, is not the worst; I shall lose my Child; she hath attempted twice to destroy herself already: And though she hath been hitherto prevented, vows she will not out-live it; nor could I myself out-live any Accident of that Nature.—What then will become of my little *Betsy*, a helpless infant Orphan? And the poor little Wretch will, I believe, break her Heart at the Miseries with which she sees her Sister and myself distracted, while she is ignorant of the Cause.—O ’tis the most sensible, and best natured little Thing. The barbarous cruel——hath destroyed us all. O my poor Children! Is this the Reward of all my Cares? Is this the Fruit of all my Prospects? Have I so cheerfully undergone all the Labours and Duties of a Mother? Have I been so tender of their Infancy, so careful of their Education? Have I been toiling so many Years, denying myself even the Conveniencies of Life to provide some little Sustenance for them, to lose one or both in such a Manner?’ ‘Indeed, Madam,’ said Jones, with Tears in his Eyes, ‘I pity you from my Soul.’——‘O Mr. Jones,’ answered she, ‘even you, though I know the Goodness of your Heart, can have no Idea of what I feel. The best,

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‘the

' the kindest, the most dutiful of Children! O
 ' my poor *Nancy*, the Darling of my Soul! the
 ' Delight of my Eyes; the Pride of my Heart:
 ' Too much, indeed, my Pride; for to those
 ' foolish, ambitious Hopes, arising from her
 ' Beauty, I owe her Ruin. Alas! I saw with
 ' Pleasure the Liking which this young Man had
 ' for her. I thought it an honourable Affection;
 ' and flattered my foolish Vanity with the
 ' Thoughts of seeing her married to one so much
 ' her Superior. And a thousand Times in my
 ' Presence, nay, often in yours, he hath endea-
 ' voured to sooth and encourage these Hopes by
 ' the most generous Expressions of disinterested
 ' Love, which he hath always directed to my poor
 ' Girl, and which I, as well as she, believed to
 ' be real. Could I have believed that these were
 ' only Snares laid to betray the Innocence of my
 ' Child, and for the Ruin of us all?'—At these
 Words little *Betsy* came running into the Room,
 crying, ' Dear Mamma, for Heaven's Sake come
 ' to my Sister; for she is in another Fit, and my
 ' Cousin can't hold her.' Mrs. *Miller* immedi-
 ately obeyed the Summons; but first ordered *Betsy*
 to stay with Mr. *Jones*, and begged him to enter-
 tain her a few Minutes, saying, in the most pathet-
 ic Voice, ' Good Heaven! let me preserve one
 ' of my Children at least.'

Jones, in Compliance with this Request, did all
 he could to comfort the little Girl, though he
 was, in Reality, himself very highly affected
 with Mrs. *Miller*'s Story. He told her, ' her
 ' Sister would be soon very well again: That by
 ' taking on in that Manner, she would not only
 ' mak her Sister worse, but make her Mother
 ' ill too.' ' Indeed, Sir,' says she, ' I would
 ' not

‘not do any Thing to hurt them for the World.
‘I would burst my Heart rather than they should
‘see me cry.—But my poor Sister can’t see me
‘cry.—I am afraid she will never be able to see
‘me cry any more. Indeed, I can’t part with
‘her; indeed I can’t.—And then poor Mamma
‘too, what will become of her!—She says
‘she will die too, and leave me: But I am re-
‘solved I won’t be left behind.’ ‘And are you
‘not afraid to die, my little *Betsy*?’ said *Jones*.
‘Yes,’ answered she, ‘I was always afraid to
‘die; because I must have left my Mamma, and
‘my Sister; but I am not afraid of going any
‘where with those I love.’

Jones was so pleased with this Answer, that he eagerly kissed the Child; and soon after Mrs. *Miller* returned, saying, ‘She thanked Heaven, ‘*Nancy* was now come to herself. And now, ‘*Betsy*,’ says she, ‘you may go in; for your ‘Sister is better, and longs to see you.’ She then turned to *Jones*, and began to renew her Apologies for having disappointed him of his Breakfast.

‘I hope, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘I shall have
‘a more exquisite Repast than any you could
‘have provided for me. This, I assure you, will
‘be the Case, if I can do any Service to this
‘little Family of Love. But whatever Success
‘may attend my Endeavours, I am resolved to
‘attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr.
‘*Nightingale*, if, notwithstanding what hath hap-
‘pened, he hath not much Goodness of Heart at
‘the Bottom, as well as a very violent Affection
‘for your Daughter. If this be the Case, I think
‘the Picture which I shall lay before him, will
‘affect him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort
‘yourself,

‘ yourself, and Miss *Nancy*, as well as you can.
 ‘ I will go instantly in quest of Mr. *Nightingale*;
 ‘ and I hope to bring you good News.’

Mrs. *Miller* fell upon her Knees, and invoked all the Blessings of Heaven upon Mr. *Jones*; to which she afterwards added the most passionate Expressions of Gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. *Nightingale*, and the good Woman returned to comfort her Daughter, who was somewhat cheered at what her Mother told her; and both joined in resounding the Praises of Mr. *Jones*.

C H A P. VII.

The Interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE Good or Evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as Men of a benign Disposition enjoy their own Acts of Beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any Natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing Injuries, without paying themselves some Pangs, for the Ruin which they bring on their Fellow Creatures.

Mr. *Nightingale*, at least, was not such a Person. On the contrary, *Jones* found him in his new Lodgings, sitting melancholy by the Fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy Situation in which he had placed poor *Nancy*. He no sooner saw his Friend appear, than he rose hastily to meet him; and after much Congratulation said, ‘ No-
 ‘ thing could have been more opportune than this
 ‘ kind

‘ kind Visit; for I was never more in the Spleen
‘ in my Life.’

‘ I am sorry,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ that I bring
‘ News very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what
‘ I am convinced must, of all other, shock you
‘ the most. However, it is necessary you should
‘ know it. Without further Preface then, I come
‘ to you, Mr. *Nightingale*, from a worthy Family,
‘ which you have involved in Misery and Ruin.’
Mr. *Nightingale* changed Colour at these Words;
but *Jones*, without regarding it, proceeded, in the
liveliest Manner, to paint the tragical Story, with
which the Reader was acquainted in the last
Chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the Narra-
tion, though he discovered violent Emotions at
many Parts of it. But when it was concluded,
after fetching a deep Sigh, he said ‘ What you
‘ tell me, my Friend, affects me in the tenderest
‘ Manner. Sure there never was so cursed an
‘ Accident as the poor Girl’s betraying my Let-
‘ ter. Her Reputation might otherwise have been
‘ safe, and the Affair might have remained a pro-
‘ found Secret; and then the Girl might have
‘ gone off never the worse; for many such Things
‘ happen in this Town: And if the Husband
‘ should suspect a little, when it is too late, it will
‘ be his wiser Conduct to conceal his Suspicion
‘ both from his Wife and the World.’

‘ Indeed, my Friend,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ this
‘ could not have been the Case with your poor
‘ *Nancy*. You have so entirely gained her Affec-
‘ tions, that it is the Loss of you, and not of her
‘ Reputation, which afflicts her, and will end
‘ in the Destruction of her and her Family.’
‘ Nay, for that Matter, I promise you,’ cries
Nightingale,

Nightingale, 'she hath my Affections so absolutely, that my Wife, whoever she is to be, will have very little Share in them.' 'And is it possible then,' said *Jones*, 'you can think of deserting her?' 'Why what can I do?' answered the other. 'Ask Miss *Nancy*,' replied *Jones*, warmly. 'In the Condition to which you have reduced her, I sincerely think she ought to determine what Reparation you shall make her. Her Interest alone, and not yours, ought to be your sole Consideration. But if you ask me what you shall do? What can you do less,' cries *Jones*, 'than fulfil the Expectations of her Family, and her own. Nay, I sincerely tell you, they were mine too, ever since I first saw you together. You will pardon me, if I presume on the Friendship you have favoured me with, moved as I am with Compassion for those poor Creatures. But your own Heart will best suggest to you, whether you have never intended, by your Conduct, to persuade the Mother, as well as the Daughter, into an Opinion, that you designed honourably: And if so, though there may have been no direct Promise of Marriage in the Case, I will leave to your own good Understanding, how far you are bound to proceed.'

'Nay, I must not only confess what you have hinted,' said *Nightingale*; 'but, I am afraid, even that very Promise you mention I have given.' 'And can you, after owning that,' said *Jones*, 'hesitate a Moment?' 'Consider, my Friend,' answered the other; 'I know you are a Man of Honour, and would advise no one to act contrary to its Rules; if there were no other Objection, can I, after this Publica-

‘tion of her Disgrace, think of such an Alliance
‘with Honour?’ ‘Undoubtedly,’ replied *Jones*,
‘and the very best and truest Honour, which is
‘Goodness, requires it of you. As you men-
‘tion a Scruple of this Kind, you will give me
‘Leave to examine it. Can you, with Honour,
‘be guilty of having, under false Pretences, de-
‘ceived a young Woman and her Family, and
‘of having, by these Means, treacherously rob-
‘bed her of her Innocence? Can you, with
‘Honour, be the knowing, the wilful, nay, I
‘must add, the artful Contriver of the Ruin of
‘a human Being? Can you, with Honour, de-
‘stroy the Fame, the Peace, nay, probably both
‘the Life and Soul too of this Creature? Can
‘Honour bear the Thought, that this Creature is
‘a tender, helpless, defenceless young Woman?
‘A young Woman who loves, who deats on you,
‘who dies for you; who hath placed the utmost
‘Confidence in your Promises; and to that Con-
‘fidence hath sacrificed every Thing which is
‘dear to her? Can Honour support such Con-
‘templations as these a Moment?’

‘Common Sense, indeed,’ said *Nightingale*,
‘warrants all you say; but yet you well know
‘the Opinion of the World is so much the con-
‘trary, that was I to marry a Whore, though my
‘own, I should be ashamed of ever showing my
‘Face again.’

‘Fie upon it, Mr. *Nightingale*,’ said *Jones*,
‘do not call her by so ungenerous a Name:
‘When you promised to marry her, she became
‘your Wife; and she hath sinned more against
‘Prudence than Virtue. And what is this World,
‘which you would be ashamed to face, but the
‘Vile, the Foolish, and the Profligate? Forgive
‘me,

me, if I say such a Shame must proceed from
false Modesty, which always attends false Honour as its Shadow.—But I am well assured there is not a Man of real Sense and Goodness in the World, who would not honour and applaud the Action. But admit no other would, would not your own Heart, my Friend, applaud it? And do not the warm, rapturous Sensations, which we feel from the Consciousness of an honest, noble, generous, benevolent Action, convey more delight to the Mind, than the undeserved Praise of Millions? Set the Alternative fairly before your Eyes. On the one Side, see this poor, unhappy, tender, believing Girl, in the Arms of her wretched Mother, breathing her last. Hear her breaking Heart in Agonies, sighing out your Name; and lamenting, rather than accusing, the Cruelty which weighs her down to Destruction. Paint to your Imagination the Circumstances of her fond, despairing Parent, driven to Madness, or, perhaps, to Death, by the Loss of her lovely Daughter. View the poor, helpless, Orphan-Infant: And when your Mind hath dwelt a Moment only on such Ideas, consider yourself as the Cause of all the Ruin of this poor, little, worthy, defenceless Family. On the other Side, consider yourself as relieving them from their temporary Sufferings. Think with what Joy, with what Transports, that lovely Creature will fly to your Arms. See her Blood returning to her pale Cheeks, her Fire to her languid Eyes, and Raptures to her tortured Breast. Consider the Exultations of her Mother, the Happiness of all. Think of this little Family made, by one Act of yours, completely
happy.

‘ happy. Think of this Alternative, and sure
 ‘ I am mistaken in my Friend, if it requires any
 ‘ long Deliberation, whether he will sink these
 ‘ Wretches down for ever, or, by one generous,
 ‘ noble Resolution, raise them all from the Brink
 ‘ of Misery and Despair, to the highest Pitch of
 ‘ human Happiness. Add to this but one Consi-
 ‘ deration more; the Consideration that it is your
 ‘ Duty so to do.—That the Misery from which
 ‘ you will relieve these poor People, is the Misery
 ‘ which you yourself have wilfully brought upon
 ‘ them.’

‘ O my dear Friend,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘ I
 ‘ wanted not your Eloquence to rouse me. I pity
 ‘ poor *Nancy* from my Soul, and would willingly
 ‘ give any Thing in my Power, that no Famili-
 ‘ arities had ever passed between us. Nay, believe
 ‘ me, I had many Struggles with my Passion be-
 ‘ fore I could prevail with myself to write that
 ‘ cruel Letter, which hath caused all the Misery
 ‘ in that unhappy Family. If I had no Inclina-
 ‘ tions to consult but my own, I would marry her
 ‘ To-morrow Morning: I would, by Heaven;
 ‘ but you will easily imagine how impossible it
 ‘ would be to prevail on my Father to consent to
 ‘ such a Match; besides, he hath provided another
 ‘ for me; and To-morrow, by his express Com-
 ‘ mand, I am to wait on the Lady.’

‘ I have not the Honour to know your Father,’
 said *Jones*; ‘ but suppose he could be persuaded,
 ‘ would you yourself consent to the only Means
 ‘ of preserving these poor People?’ ‘ As eagerly
 ‘ as I would pursue my Happiness,’ answered
Nightingale; ‘ for I never shall find it in any
 ‘ other Woman—O my dear Friend, could you
 ‘ imagine what I have felt within these twelve
 ‘ Hours

‘ Hours for my poor Girl, I am convinced she would not engross all your Pity. Passion leads me only to her; and if I had any foolish Scruples of Honour, you have fully satisfied them: Could my Father be induced to comply with my Desires, nothing would be wanting to compleat my own Happiness, or that of my *Nancy*.’

‘ Then I am resolved to undertake it,’ said *Jones*. ‘ You must not be angry with me, in whatever Light it may be necessary to set this Affair, which, you may depend on it, could not otherwise be long hid from him: For Things of this Nature make a quick Progress, when once they get abroad, as this unhappily hath already. Besides, should any fatal Accident follow, as upon my Soul I am afraid will, unless immediately prevented, the Public would ring of your Name in a Manner which, if your Father hath common Humanity, must offend him. If you will therefore tell me where I may find the old Gentleman, I will not lose a Moment in the Business; which while I pursue, you cannot do a more generous Action than by paying a Visit to the poor Girl. You will find I have not exaggerated in the Account I have given of the Wretchedness of the Family.’

Nightingale immediately consented to the Proposal; and now having acquainted *Jones* with his Father’s Lodging, and the Coffee-house where he would most probably find him, he hesitated a Moment, and then said, ‘ My dear *Tom*, you are going to undertake an Impossibility. If you knew my Father, you would never think of obtaining his Consent.—— Stay, there is one Way—— Suppose you told him I was already
‘ married,

‘ married, it might be easier to reconcile him to
 ‘ the Fact after it was done; and, upon my Ho-
 ‘ nour, I am so affected with what you have said,
 ‘ and I love my *Nancy* so passionately, I almost
 ‘ wish it was done, whatever might be the Conse-
 ‘ quence.’

Jones greatly approved the Hint, and promised to pursue it. They then separated, *Nightingale* to visit his *Nancy*, and *Jones* in quest of the old Gentleman.

C H A P. VIII.

What passed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the Arrival of a Person not yet mentioned in this History.

NOtwithstanding the Sentiment of the *Roman* Satirist, which denies the Divinity of *Fortune*, and the Opinion of *Seneca* to the same Purpose; *Cicero*, who was, I believe, a wiser Man than either of them, expressly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are some Incidents in Life so very strange and unaccountable, that it seems to require more than human Skill and Foresight in producing them.

Of this Kind was what now happened to *Jones*, who found Mr. *Nightingale* the Elder in so critical a Minute, that *Fortune*, if she was really worthy all the Worship she received at *Rome*, could not have contrived such another. In short, the old Gentleman and the Father of the young Lady whom he intended for his Son, had been hard at it for many Hours; and the latter was just now gone, and had left the former delighted with the Thoughts that he had succeeded in a long Contention,

tention, which had been between the two Fathers of the future Bride and Bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in such Cases, both had retreated fully satisfied of having obtained the Victory.

This Gentleman whom Mr. *Jones* now visited, was what they call a Man of the World; that is to say, a Man who directs his Conduct in this World, as one who being fully persuaded there is no other, is resolved to make the most of this. In his early Years he had been bred to Trade; but having acquired a very good Fortune, he had lately declined his Business; or, to speak more properly, had changed it from dealing in Goods, to dealing only in Money, of which he had always a plentiful Fund at Command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful Advantage, sometimes of the Necessities of private Men, and sometimes of those of the Public. He had indeed conversed so entirely with Money, that it may be almost doubted, whether he imagined there was any other Thing really existed in the World: This at least may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing else to have any real Value.

The Reader will, I fancy, allow, that Fortune could not have culled out a more improper Person for Mr. *Jones* to attack with any Probability of Success; nor could the whimsical Lady have directed this Attack at a more unseasonable Time.

As Money then was always uppermost in this Gentleman's Thoughts, so the Moment he saw a Stranger within his Doors, it immediately occurred to his Imagination, that such Stranger was either come to bring him Money, or to fetch it
from

from him. And according as one or other of these Thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable Idea of the Person who approached him.

Unluckily for *Jones*, the latter of these was the Ascendant at present; for as a young Gentleman had visited him the Day before, with a Bill from his Son for a Play Debt, he apprehended, at the first Sight of *Jones*, that he was come on such another Errand. *Jones* therefore had no sooner told him, that he was come on his Son's Account, than the old Gentleman, being confirmed in his Suspicion, burst forth into an Exclamation, 'That he would lose his Labour.' 'Is it then possible, Sir,' answered *Jones*, 'that you can guess my Business?' 'If I do guess it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to you, you will lose your Labour. What, I suppose you are one of those Sparks who lead my Son into all those Scenes of Riot and Debauchery, which will be his Destruction; but I shall pay no more of his Bills I promise you. I expect he will quit all such Company for the future. If I had imagined otherwise, I should not have provided a Wife for him; for I would be instrumental in the Ruin of nobody.' 'How, Sir,' said *Jones*, 'and was this Lady of your providing?' 'Pray, Sir,' answered the old Gentleman, 'how comes it to be any Concern of yours?' — 'Nay, dear Sir,' replied *Jones*, 'be not offended that I interest myself in what regards your Son's Happiness, for whom I have so great an Honour and Value. It was upon that very Account I came to wait on you. I can't express the Satisfaction you have given me by what you say; for I do assure you your Son is

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‘ a Person for whom I have the highest Honour.
‘ —Nay, Sir, it is not easy to express the Esteem
‘ I have for you, who could be so generous, so
‘ good, so kind, so indulgent to provide such a
‘ Match for your Son; a Woman, who, I dare
‘ swear, will make him one of the happiest Men
‘ upon Earth.’

There is scarce any Thing which so happily introduces Men to our good Liking, as having conceived some Alarm at their first Appearance; when once those Apprehensions begin to vanish, we soon forget the Fears which they occasioned, and look on ourselves as indebted for our present Ease, to those very Persons who at first raised our Fears.

Thus it happened to *Nightingale*, who no sooner found that *Jones* had no Demand on him, as he suspected, than he began to be pleased with his Presence. ‘ Pray, good Sir,’ said he, ‘ be
‘ pleased to sit down. I do not remember to
‘ have ever had the Pleasure of seeing you before; but if you are a Friend of my Son, and
‘ have any Thing to say concerning this young
‘ Lady, I shall be glad to hear you. As to her
‘ making him happy, it will be his own Fault if
‘ she doth not. I have discharged my Duty, in
‘ taking Care of the main Article. She will
‘ bring him a Fortune capable of making any
‘ reasonable, prudent, sober Man happy.’ ‘ Undoubtedly,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ for she is in herself a
‘ Fortune; so beautiful, so genteel, so sweet-tempered, and so well educated; she is indeed
‘ a most accomplished young Lady; sings admirably well, and hath a most delicate Hand
‘ at the Harpsichord.’ ‘ I did not know any of
‘ these Matters,’ answered the old Gentleman,
‘ for

‘ for I never saw the Lady ; but I do not like her
‘ the worse for what you tell me ; and I am the
‘ better pleased with her Father for not laying
‘ any Stress on these Qualifications in our Bar-
‘ gain. I shall always think it a Proof of his
‘ Understanding. A silly Fellow would have
‘ brought in these Articles as an Addition to her
‘ Fortune ; but to give him his Due, he never
‘ mentioned any such Matter ; though to be sure
‘ they are no Disparagements to a Woman.’ ‘ I
‘ do assure you, Sir,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ she hath them
‘ all in the most eminent Degree : For my Part, I
‘ own I was afraid you might have been a little
‘ backward, a little less inclined to the Match :
‘ For your Son told me you had never seen the
‘ Lady ; therefore I came, Sir, in that Case, to
‘ entreat you, to conjure you, as you value the
‘ Happiness of your Son, not to be averse to his
‘ Match with a Woman who hath not only all
‘ the good Qualities I have mentioned, but many
‘ more.’——‘ If that was your Business, Sir,’
said the old Gentleman, ‘ we are both obliged
‘ to you ; and you may be perfectly easy ; for I
‘ give you my Word I was very well satisfied
‘ with her Fortune.’ ‘ Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘ I
‘ honour you every Moment more and more.
‘ To be so easily satisfied, so very moderate on
‘ that Account, is a Proof of the Soundness of
‘ your Understanding, as well as the Nobleness
‘ of your Mind.’——‘ Not so very moderate,
‘ young Gentleman, not so very moderate,’ an-
swered the Father.——‘ Still more and more,
‘ noble,’ replied *Jones*, ‘ and give me Leave to
‘ add, sensible : For sure it is little less than Mad-
‘ ness to consider Money as the sole Foundation
‘ of Happiness. Such a Woman as this, with
VOL. IV. D ‘ her

‘her little, her nothing of a Fortune.’—‘I find,’ cries the old Gentleman, ‘you have a pretty just Opinion of Money, my Friend, or else you are better acquainted with the Person of the Lady than with her Circumstances. Why pray, what Fortune do you imagine this Lady to have?’—‘What Fortune?’ cries *Jones*, ‘why too contemptible a one to be named for your Son.’ ‘Well, well, well,’ said the other, ‘perhaps he might have done better.’—‘That I deny,’ said *Jones*, ‘for she is one of the best of Women.’ ‘Ay, ay, but in Point of Fortune I mean’—answered the other. —‘And yet as to that now, how much do you imagine your Friend is to have?’—‘How much,’ cries *Jones*, ‘how much!—Why at the utmost, perhaps, 200 l.’ ‘Do you mean to banter me, young Gentleman?’ said the Father, a little angry.—‘No, upon my Soul,’ answered *Jones*, ‘I am in earnest; nay, I believe I have gone to the utmost Farthing. If I do the Lady an Injury, I ask her Pardon.’ ‘Indeed you do,’ cries the Father. ‘I am certain she hath fifty Times that Sum, and she shall produce fifty to that, before I consent that she shall marry my Son.’ ‘Nay,’ said *Jones*, ‘it is too late to talk of Consent now—If she hath not fifty Farthings, your Son is married.’—‘My Son married!’ answered the old Gentleman with Surprise. ‘Nay,’ said *Jones*, ‘I thought you was unacquainted with it.’—‘My Son married to Miss *Harris*!’ answered he again.—‘To Miss *Harris*!’ said *Jones*; ‘no, Sir, to Miss *Nancy Miller*, the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*, at whose House he lodged; a young Lady, who, though her Mother is reduced to let Lodgings’—‘Are you
‘bantering,

‘bantering, or are you in Earnest?’ cries the Father, with a most solemn Voice. ‘Indeed, Sir,’ answered *Jones*, ‘I scorn the Character of a Banterer, I came to you in most serious Earnest, imagining, as I find true, that your Son had never dared acquaint you with a Match so much inferior to him in Point of Fortune, though the Reputation of the Lady will suffer it no longer to remain a Secret.’

While the Father stood like one struck suddenly dumb at this News, a Gentleman came into the Room, and saluted him by the Name of Brother.

But though these two were in Consanguinity so nearly related, they were in their Dispositions almost the Opposites to each other. The Brother who now arrived had likewise been bred to Trade, in which he no sooner saw himself worth 6000 *l.* than he purchased a small Estate with the greatest Part of it, and retired into the Country; where he married the Daughter of an unbeneficed Clergyman; a young Lady who, though she had neither Beauty nor Fortune, had recommended herself to his Choice, entirely by her good Humour, of which she possessed a very large Share.

With this Woman he had, during twenty-five Years, lived a Life more resembling the Model which certain Poets ascribe to the Golden Age, than any of those Patterns which are furnished by the present Times. By her he had four Children, but none of them arrived at Maturity except only one Daughter, whom in vulgar Language he and his Wife had spoiled; that is, had educated with the utmost Tendernefs and Fondnefs; which she returned to such a Degree, that she had actually refused a very extraordinary Match with

a Gentleman a little turned of forty, because she could not bring herself to part with her Parents.

The young Lady whom Mr. *Nightingale* had intended for his Son was a near Neighbour of his Brother, and an Acquaintance of his Niece; and in reality it was upon the Account of this projected Match, that he was now come to Town; not indeed to forward, but to dissuade his Brother from a Purpose which he conceived would inevitably ruin his Nephew; for he foresaw no other Event from a Union with Miss *Harris*, notwithstanding the Largeness of her Fortune, as neither her Person nor Mind seemed to him to promise any Kind of matrimonial Felicity; for she was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very silly, and very ill-natured.

His Brother therefore no sooner mentioned the Marriage of his Nephew with Miss *Miller*, than he expressed the utmost Satisfaction; and when the Father had very bitterly reviled his Son, and pronounced Sentence of Beggary upon him, the Uncle began in the following Manner:

‘ If you was a little cooler, Brother, I would ask you whether you love your Son for his Sake, or for your own. You would answer, I suppose, and so I suppose you think, for his Sake; and doubtless it is his Happiness which you intended in the Marriage you proposed for him.

‘ Now, Brother, to prescribe Rules of Happiness to others, hath always appeared to me very absurd, and to insist on doing this very tyrannical. It is a vulgar Error I know; but it is nevertheless an Error. And if this be absurd in other Things, it is mostly so in the Affair of Marriage, the Happiness of which depends

‘ pends entirely on the Affection which subsists
‘ between the Parties.

‘ I have therefore always thought it unreasonable
‘ in Parents to desire to chuse for their Children
‘ on this Occasion; since to force Affection is an
‘ impossible Attempt; nay, so much doth Love
‘ abhor Force, that I know not whether, through
‘ an unfortunate but incurable Perverseness in our
‘ Natures, it may not be even impatient of Per-
‘ suasion.

‘ It is, however, true, that though a Parent
‘ will not, I think, wisely prescribe, he ought to
‘ be consulted on this Occasion; and in Strict-
‘ ness, perhaps, should at least have a negative
‘ Voice. My Nephew, therefore, I own, in
‘ marrying without asking your Advice, hath
‘ been guilty of a Fault. But honestly speaking,
‘ Brother, have you not a little promoted this
‘ Fault? Have not your frequent Declarations on
‘ this Subject, given him a moral Certainty of
‘ your Refusal, where there was any Deficiency
‘ in Point of Fortune? Nay, doth not your pre-
‘ sent Anger arise solely from that Deficiency?
‘ And if he hath failed in his Duty here, did you
‘ not as much exceed that Authority, when you
‘ absolutely bargained with him for a Woman
‘ without his Knowledge, whom you yourself
‘ never saw, and whom, if you had seen and
‘ known as well as I, it must have been Madness
‘ in you, to have ever thought of bringing into
‘ your Family.

‘ Still I own my Nephew in a Fault; but
‘ surely it is not an unpardonable Fault. He
‘ hath acted indeed without your Consent, in a
‘ Matter in which he ought to have asked it;
‘ but it is in a Matter in which his Interest is

‘ principally concerned; you yourself must and
‘ will acknowledge, that you consulted his In-
‘ terest only; and if he unfortunately differed
‘ from you, and hath been mistaken in his
‘ Notion of Happiness, will you, Brother, if you
‘ love your Son, carry him still wider from the
‘ Point? Will you increase the ill Consequences
‘ of his simple Choice? Will you endeavour to
‘ make an Event certain Misery to him, which
‘ may accidentally prove so? In a Word, Bro-
‘ ther, because he hath put it out of your Power
‘ to make his Circumstances as affluent as you
‘ would, will you distress them as much as you
‘ can?’

By the Force of the true Catholick Faith, St. *Antony* won upon the Fishes. *Orpheus* and *Amphion* went a little farther, and by the Charms of Music enchanted Things merely inanimate. Wonderful both. But neither History nor Fable have ever yet ventured to record an Instance of any one, who by Force of Argument and Reason hath triumphed over habitual Avarice.

Mr. *Nightingale*, the Father, instead of attempting to answer his Brother, contented himself with only observing, that they had always differed in their Sentiments concerning the Education of their Children. ‘ I wish,’ said he, ‘ Brother, ‘ you would have confined your Care to your ‘ own Daughter, and never have troubled your- ‘ self with my Son, who hath, I believe, as little ‘ profited by your Precepts, as by your Example.’ For young *Nightingale* was his Uncle’s Godson, and had lived more with him than with his Father. So that the Uncle had often declared, he loved his Nephew almost equally with his own Child.

Jones

Jones fell into Raptures with this good Gentleman; and when, after much Persuasion, they found the Father grew still more and more irritated, instead of appeased, *Jones* conducted the Uncle to his Nephew at the House of Mrs. *Miller*.

C H A P. IX.

Containing strange Matters.

AT his Return to his Lodgings, *Jones* found the Situation of Affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his Departure. The Mother, the two Daughters, and young Mr. *Nightingale*, were now sat down to Supper together, when the Uncle was, at his own Desire, introduced without any Ceremony into the Company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had several Times visited his Nephew at that House.

The old Gentleman immediately walked up to Miss *Nancy*, saluted and wished her Joy, as he did afterwards the Mother and the other Sister; and lastly, he paid the proper Compliments to his Nephew, with the same good Humour and Courtesy, as if his Nephew had married his equal or superior in Fortune, with all the previous Requisites first performed.

Miss *Nancy* and her supposed Husband both turned pale, and looked rather foolish than otherwise on the Occasion; but Mrs. *Miller* took the first Opportunity of withdrawing; and having sent for *Jones* into the Dining Room, she threw herself at his Feet, and in a most passionate Flood of Tears, called him her good Angel, the

Preserver of her poor little Family, with many other respectful and endearing Appellations, and made him every Acknowledgment which the highest Benefit can extract from the most grateful Heart.

After the first Gust of her Passion was a little over, which she declared, if she had not vented, would have burst her, she proceeded to inform Mr. *Jones*, that all Matters were settled between Mr. *Nightingale* and her Daughter, and that they were to be married the next Morning: At which Mr. *Jones* having expressed much Pleasure, the poor Woman fell again into a Fit of Joy and Thanksgiving, which he at length with Difficulty silenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the Company, whom they found in the same good Humour in which they had left them.

This little Society now past two or three very agreeable Hours together, in which the Uncle, who was a very great Lover of his Bottle, had so well ply'd his Nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be somewhat flustered; and now Mr. *Nightingale* taking the old Gentleman with him up Stairs into the Apartment he had lately occupied, unbosomed himself as follows:

‘ As you have been always the best and kindest
 ‘ of Uncles to me, and as you have shewn such
 ‘ unparalleled Goodness in forgiving this Match,
 ‘ which to be sure may be thought a little im-
 ‘ provident; I should never forgive myself if I
 ‘ attempted to deceive you in any Thing.’ He
 then confessed the Truth, and opened the whole
 Affair.

‘ How, *Jack!*’ said the old Gentleman, ‘ and
 ‘ are you really then not married to this young
 ‘ Woman?’ ‘ No, upon my Honour,’ answered
Nightingale,

Nightingale, ‘ I have told you the simple Truth.’
 ‘ My dear Boy,’ cries the Uncle kissing him, ‘ I
 ‘ am heartily glad to hear it. I never was better
 ‘ pleased in my Life. If you had been married,
 ‘ I should have assisted you as much as was in
 ‘ my Power, to have made the best of a bad
 ‘ Matter; but there is a great Difference be-
 ‘ tween considering a Thing which is already
 ‘ done and irrecoverable, and that which is yet
 ‘ to do. Let your Reason have fair Play, *Jack*,
 ‘ and you will see this Match in so foolish and
 ‘ preposterous a Light, that there will be no
 ‘ Need of any dissuasive Arguments.’ ‘ How,
 ‘ Sir!’ replies young *Nightingale*, ‘ is there this
 ‘ Difference between having already done an Act,
 ‘ and being in Honour engaged to do it?’ ‘ Pugh,’
 said the Uncle, ‘ Honour is a Creature of the
 ‘ World’s making, and the World hath the
 ‘ Power of a Creator over it, and may govern and
 ‘ direct it as they please. Now you well know
 ‘ how trivial these Breaches of Contract are
 ‘ thought; even the grossest make but the Won-
 ‘ der and Conversation of a Day. Is there a
 ‘ Man who will be afterwards more backward
 ‘ in giving you his Sister or Daughter? Or is
 ‘ there any Sister or Daughter who would be
 ‘ more backward to receive you? Honour is not
 ‘ concerned in these Engagements.’ ‘ Pardon
 ‘ me, dear Sir,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘ I can never
 ‘ think so; and not only Honour, but Con-
 ‘ science and Humanity are concerned. I am
 ‘ well satisfied, that was I now to disappoint the
 ‘ young Creature, her Death would be the Con-
 ‘ sequence, and I should look on myself as her
 ‘ Murderer; nay, as her Murderer by the cruel-
 ‘ lest of all Methods, by breaking her Heart.’

‘ Break her Heart, indeed ! no, no, *Jack*,’ cries the Uncle, ‘ the Hearts of Women are not so soon broke ; they are tough, Boy, they are tough.’ ‘ But, Sir,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘ my own Affections are engaged, and I never could be happy with any other Woman. How often have I heard you say, that Children should be always suffered to chuse for themselves, and that you would let my Cousin *Harriet* do so !’ ‘ Why, ay,’ replied the old Gentleman, ‘ so I would have them ; but then I would have them chuse wisely.—Indeed, *Jack*, you must and shall leave this Girl.’——‘ Indeed, Uncle,’ cries the other, ‘ I must and will have her.’ ‘ You will, young Gentleman ?’ said the Uncle ; ‘ I did not expect such a Word from you. I should not wonder if you had used such Language to your Father, who hath always treated you like a Dog, and kept you at the Distance which a Tyrant preserves over his Subjects ; but I, who have lived with you upon an equal Footing, might surely expect better Usage : But I know how to account for it all ! It is all owing to your preposterous Education, in which I have had too little Share. There is my Daughter now, whom I have brought up as my Friend, never doth any thing without my Advice, nor ever refuses to take it when I give it her.’ ‘ You have never yet given her Advice in an Affair of this Kind,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ for I am greatly mistaken in my Cousin, if she would be very ready to obey even your most positive Commands in abandoning her Inclinations.’ ‘ Don’t abuse my Girl,’ answered the old Gentleman with some Emotion ; ‘ don’t abuse my *Harriet*. I have brought her up to have no Inclinations
‘ contrary

‘ contrary to my own. By suffering her to do
 ‘ whatever she pleases, I have enured her to a
 ‘ Habit of being pleased to do whatever I like.’
 ‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ I have not
 ‘ the least Design to reflect on my Cousin, for
 ‘ whom I have the greatest Esteem; and indeed
 ‘ I am convinced you will never put her to so
 ‘ severe a Trial, or lay such hard Commands on
 ‘ her, as you would do on me.—But, dear Sir,
 ‘ let us return to the Company; for they will
 ‘ begin to be uneasy at our long Absence. I must
 ‘ beg one Favour of my dear Uncle, which is,
 ‘ that he would not say any thing to shock the
 ‘ poor Girl or her Mother.’ ‘ O you need not
 ‘ fear me,’ answered he, ‘ I understand myself
 ‘ too well to affront Women; so I will readily
 ‘ grant you that Favour; and in Return I must
 ‘ expect another of you.’ ‘ There are but few
 ‘ of your Commands, Sir,’ said *Nightingale*,
 ‘ which I shall not very cheerfully obey.’ ‘ Nay,
 ‘ Sir, I ask nothing,’ said the Uncle, ‘ but the
 ‘ Honour of your Company home to my Lodg-
 ‘ ing, that I may reason the Case a little more
 ‘ fully with you: For I would, if possible, have
 ‘ the Satisfaction of preserving my Family, not-
 ‘ withstanding the headstrong Folly of my Bro-
 ‘ ther, who, in his own Opinion, is the wisest
 ‘ Man in the whole World.’

Nightingale, who well knew his Uncle to be as
 headstrong as his Father, submitted to attend him
 Home, and then they both returned back into the
 Room, where the old Gentleman promised to
 carry himself with the same Decorum which he
 had before maintained.

C H A P. X.

A short Chapter, which concludes the Book.

THE long Absence of the Uncle and Nephew had occasioned some Disquiet in the Minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding Dialogue, the Uncle had more than once elevated his Voice, so as to be heard down Stairs; which, though they could not distinguish what he said, had caused some evil Foreboding in Nancy and her Mother, and even in Jones himself.

When the good Company therefore again assembled, there was a visible Alteration in all their Faces; and the good Humour which, at their last Meeting, universally shone forth in every Countenance, was now changed into a much less agreeable Aspect. It was a Change indeed common enough to the Weather in this Climate, from Sunshine to Clouds, from June to December.

This Alteration was not however greatly remarked by any present; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own Thoughts, and to act a Part, they became all too busily engaged in the Scene to be Spectators of it. Thus neither the Uncle nor Nephew saw any Symptoms of Suspicion in the Mother or Daughter; nor did the Mother or Daughter remark the overacted Complaisance of the old Man, nor the counterfeited Satisfaction which grinned in the Features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe, frequently happens, where the whole Attention of two Friends being engaged in the Part which each is to act,
in

in order to impose on the other, neither sees nor suspects the Art practised against himself; and thus the Thrust of both (to borrow no improper Metaphor on the Occasion) alike takes Place.

From the same Reason it is no unusual Thing for both Parties to be over-reached in a Bargain, though the one must be always the greater Loser; as was he who sold a blind Horse, and received a bad Note in Payment.

Our Company in about Half an Hour broke up, and the Uncle carried off his Nephew; but not before the latter had assured Miss *Nancy*, in a Whisper, that he would attend her early in the Morning, and fulfil all his Engagements.

Jones, who was the least concerned in this Scene, saw the most. He did indeed suspect the very Fact; for besides observing the great Alteration in the Behaviour of the Uncle, the Distance he assumed, and his overstrained Civility to Miss *Nancy*; the carrying off a Bridegroom from his Bride at that Time of Night, was so extraordinary a Proceeding, that it could be only accounted for, by imagining that young *Nightingale* had revealed the whole Truth, which the apparent Openness of his Temper, and his being flustered with Liquor, made too probable.

While he was reasoning with himself, whether he should acquaint these poor People with his Suspicion, the Maid of the House informed him, that a Gentlewoman desired to speak with him.—He went immediately out, and taking the Candle from the Maid, ushered his Visitant up Stairs, who, in the Person of Mrs. *Honour*, acquainted him with such dreadful News concerning his *Sophia*, that he immediately lost all Consideration
for

for every other Person ; and his whole Stock of Compassion was entirely swallowed up in Reflections on his own Misery, and on that of his unfortunate Angel.

What this dreadful Matter was, the Reader will be informed, after we have first related the many preceding Steps which produced it, and those will be the Subject of the following Book.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XV.

In which the History advances about two Days.

CHAP. I.

Too short to need a Preface.

THERE are a Set of Religious, or rather Moral Writers, who teach that Virtue is the certain Road to Happiness, and Vice to Misery, in this World. A very wholesome and comfortable Doctrine, and to which we have but one Objection, namely, That it is not true.

Indeed, if by Virtue these Writers mean the Exercise of those Cardinal Virtues, which like good Housewives stay at Home, and mind only the Business of their own Family, I shall very readily

readily concede the Point: For so surely do all these contribute and lead to Happiness, that I could almost wish, in Violation of all the ancient and modern Sages, to call them rather by the Name of Wisdom, than by that of Virtue: For with Regard to this Life, no System, I conceive, was ever wiser than that of the ancient *Epicureans*, who held this Wisdom to constitute the chief Good; nor foolisher than that of their Opposites, those modern *Epicures*, who place all Felicity in the abundant Gratification of every sensual Appetite.

But if by Virtue is meant (as I almost think it ought) a certain relative Quality, which is always busying itself without Doors, and seems as much interested in pursuing the Good of others as its own: I cannot so easily agree that this is the surest Way to human Happiness; because I am afraid we must then include Poverty and Contempt, with all the Mischiefs which Backbiting, Envy, and Ingratitude, can bring on Mankind, in our Idea of Happiness; nay, sometimes perhaps we shall be obliged to wait upon the said Happiness to a Gaol; since many, by the above Virtue, have brought themselves thither.

I have not now Leisure to enter upon so large a Field of Speculation, as here seems opening upon me; my Design was to wipe off a Doctrine that lay in my Way; since while Mr. *Jones* was acting the most virtuous Part imaginable, in labouring to preserve his Fellow-creatures from Destruction, the Devil, or some other evil Spirit, one perhaps clothed in human Flesh, was hard at work to make him completely miserable in the Ruin of his *Sophia*.

This

This therefore would seem an Exception to the above Rule, if indeed it was a Rule; but as we have in our Voyage through Life seen so many other Exceptions to it, we chuse to dispute the Doctrine on which it is founded, which we don't apprehend to be Christian, which we are convinced is not true, and which is indeed destructive of one of the noblest Arguments that Reason alone can furnish for the Belief of Immortality.

But as the Reader's Curiosity (if he hath any) must be now awake, and hungry, we shall provide to feed it as fast as we can.

C H A P. II.

In which is opened a very black Design against Sophia.

I Remember a wise old Gentleman, who used to say, 'When Children are doing Nothing, they are doing Mischief.' I will not enlarge this quaint Saying to the most beautiful Part of the Creation in general; but so far I may be allowed, that when the Effects of Female Jealousy do not appear openly in their proper Colours of Rage and Fury, we may suspect that mischievous Passion to be at work privately, and attempting to undermine, what it doth not attack above Ground.

This was exemplified in the Conduct of Lady *Bellaſton*, who, under all the Smiles which she wore in her Countenance, concealed much Indignation against *Sophia*; and as she plainly saw that this young Lady stood between her and the full Indulgence of her Desires, she resolved to get rid of her by some Means or other; nor was it long
before

before a very favourable Opportunity of accomplishing this presented itself to her.

The Reader may be pleased to remember, that when *Sophia* was thrown into that Consternation at the Play-house, by the Wit and Humour of a Set of young Gentlemen who call themselves the Town, we informed him, that she had put herself under the Protection of a young Nobleman, who had very safely conducted her to her Chair.

This Nobleman, who frequently visited Lady *Bellafton*, had more than once seen *Sophia* there, since her Arrival in Town, and had conceived a very great Liking to her; which Liking, as Beauty never looks more amiable than in Distress, *Sophia* had in this Fright so increased, that he might now, without any great Impropriety, be said to be actually in Love with her.

It may easily be believed, that he would not suffer so handsome an Occasion of improving his Acquaintance with the beloved Object as now offered itself, to elapse, when even Good-breeding alone might have prompted him to pay her a Visit.

The next Morning, therefore, after this Accident, he waited on *Sophia*, with the usual Compliments, and Hopes that she had received no Harm from her last Night's Adventure.

As Love, like Fire, when once thoroughly kindled, is soon blown into a Flame; *Sophia* in a very short Time completed her Conquest. Time now flew away unperceived, and the noble Lord had been two Hours in Company with the Lady, before it entered into his Head that he had made too long a Visit. Though this Circumstance alone would have alarmed *Sophia*, who was somewhat more a Mistress of Computation at present; she had

had indeed much more pregnant Evidence from the Eyes of her Lover of what past within his Bosom; nay, though he did not make any open Declaration of his Passion, yet many of his Expressions were rather too warm, and too tender, to have been imputed to Complaisance, even in the Age when such Complaisance was in Fashion; the very Reverse of which is well known to be the reigning Mode at present.

Lady *Bellaſton* had been apprised of his Lordship's Visit at his first Arrival; and the Length of it very well satisfied her, that Things went as she wished, and as indeed she had suspected the second Time she saw this young Couple together. This Business she rightly, I think, concluded, that she should by no Means forward by mixing in the Company while they were together; she therefore ordered her Servants, that when my Lord was going, they should tell him, she desired to speak with him; and employed the intermediate Time in meditating how best to accomplish a Scheme which she made no Doubt but his Lordship would very readily embrace the Execution of.

Lord *Fellamar* (for that was the Title of this young Nobleman) was no sooner introduced to her Ladyship, than she attacked him in the following Strain: 'Bless me, my Lord, are you here yet? I thought my Servants had made a Mistake, and let you go away; and I wanted to see you about an Affair of some Importance.'— 'Indeed, Lady *Bellaſton*,' said he, 'I don't wonder you are astonished at the Length of my Visit: For I have staid above two Hours, and I did not think I had staid above half a one.'— 'What am I to conclude from thence, my Lord?' said

said she. 'The Company must be very agreeable
 ' which can make Time slide away so very deceit-
 ' fully.'—'Upon my Honour,' said he, 'the most
 ' agreeable I ever saw. Pray tell me, Lady
 ' *Bellafton*, who is this blazing Star which you
 ' have produced among us all of a sudden?'—
 'What blazing Star, my Lord?' said she, affect-
 ing a Surprize. 'I mean,' said he, 'the Lady
 ' I saw here the other Day, whom I had last
 ' Night in my Arms at the Play-house, and to
 ' whom I have been making that unreasonable
 ' Visit.'—'O my Cousin *Western*!' said she;
 'why that blazing Star, my Lord, is the Daugh-
 ' ter of a Country Booby Squire, and hath been
 ' in Town about a Fortnight, for the first Time.'
 —'Upon my Soul,' said he, 'I should swear she
 ' had been bred in a Court; for besides her
 ' Beauty, I never saw any Thing so genteel, so
 ' sensible, so polite.'—'O brave!' cries the
 Lady, 'my Cousin hath you, I find.'—'Upon
 ' my Honour,' answered he, 'I wish she had:
 ' For I am in Love with her to Distraction.'—
 'Nay, my Lord,' said she, 'it is not wishing
 ' yourself very ill neither, for she is a very great
 ' Fortune: I assure you she is an only Child, and
 ' her Father's Estate is a good 3000 *l.* a Year.'—
 'Then I can assure you, Madam,' answered the
 Lord, 'I think her the best Match in *England*.'
 'Indeed, my Lord,' replied she, 'if you like
 ' her, I heartily wish you had her.' 'If you
 ' think so kindly of me, Madam,' said he, 'as
 ' she is a Relation of yours, will you do me the
 ' Honour to propose it to her Father?' 'And
 ' are you really then in earnest?' cries the Lady,
 with an affected Gravity. 'I hope, Madam,' an-
 swered he, 'you have a better Opinion of me,
 ' than

‘ than to imagine I would jest with your Lady-
 ‘ ship in an Affair of this Kind.’ ‘ Indeed then,’
 said the Lady, ‘ I will most readily propose your
 ‘ Lordship to her Father ; and I can, I believe,
 ‘ assure you of his joyful Acceptance of the Pro-
 ‘ posal ; but there is a Bar, which I am almost
 ‘ ashamed to mention ; and yet it is one you will
 ‘ never be able to conquer. You have a Rival,
 ‘ my Lord, and a Rival who, though I blush to
 ‘ name him, neither you, nor all the World will
 ‘ ever be able to conquer.’ ‘ Upon my Word,
 ‘ Lady *Bellafton*,’ cries he, ‘ you have struck a
 ‘ Damp to my Heart, which hath almost deprived
 ‘ me of Being.’ ‘ Fie ! my Lord,’ said she, ‘ I
 ‘ should rather hope I had struck Fire into you.
 ‘ A Lover, and talk of Damps in your Heart ! I
 ‘ rather imagined you would have asked your
 ‘ Rival’s Name, that you might have immediately
 ‘ entered the Lists with him.’ ‘ I promise you,
 ‘ Madam,’ answered he, ‘ there are very few
 ‘ Things I would not undertake for your charm-
 ‘ ing Cousin : But pray, who is this happy Man ?’
 — ‘ Why he is,’ said she, ‘ what I am sorry to
 ‘ say most happy Men with us are, one of the
 ‘ lowest Fellows in the World. He is a Beggar,
 ‘ a Bastard, a Foundling, a Fellow in meaner
 ‘ Circumstances than one of your Lordship’s
 ‘ Footmen.’ ‘ And is it possible,’ cried he,
 ‘ that a young Creature with such Perfections,
 ‘ should think of bestowing herself so unworthily ?’
 ‘ Alas ! my Lord,’ answered she, ‘ consider the
 ‘ Country — the Bane of all young Women is
 ‘ the Country. There they learn a Set of ro-
 ‘ mantic Notions of Love, and I know not what
 ‘ Folly, which this Town and good Company
 ‘ can scarce eradicate in a whole Winter.’ ‘ In-
 ‘ deed,

' deed, Madam,' replied my Lord, ' your Cousin
 ' is of too immense a Value to be thrown away :
 ' Such Ruin as this must be prevented.' ' Alas !'
 cries she, ' my Lord, how can it be prevented ?
 ' The Family have already done all in their
 ' Power ; but the Girl is, I think, intoxicated,
 ' and nothing less than Ruin will content her.
 ' And to deal more openly with you, I expect
 ' every Day to hear she is run away with him.'
 ' What you tell me, Lady *Bellafton*,' answered
 his Lordship, ' affects me most tenderly, and
 ' only raises my Compassion instead of lessening
 ' my Adoration of your Cousin. Some Means
 ' must be found to preserve so inestimable a
 ' Jewel. Hath your Ladyship endeavoured to
 ' reason with her?' Here the Lady affected a
 Laugh, and cried, ' My dear Lord, sure you
 ' know us better than to talk of reasoning a
 ' young Woman out of her Inclinations ? These
 ' inestimable Jewels are as deaf as the Jewels they
 ' wear : Time, my Lord, Time is the only Me-
 ' dicine to cure their Folly ; but this is a Medi-
 ' cine, which I am certain she will not take ;
 ' nay, I live in hourly Horrors on her Account.
 ' In short, nothing but violent Methods will do.'
 ' What is to be done?' cries my Lord, ' What
 ' Methods are to be taken?——Is there any
 ' Method upon Earth?——Oh ! Lady *Bellafton* !
 ' there is nothing which I would not undertake
 ' for such a Reward.'——' I really know not,' an-
 swered the Lady, after a Pause ; and then pausing
 again, she cried out,——' Upon my Soul, I am
 ' at my Wit's End on this Girl's Account.——
 ' If she can be preserved, something must be
 ' done immediately ; and, as I say, nothing but
 ' violent Methods will do.——If your Lordship
 ' hath

‘ hath really this Attachment to my Cousin (and
 ‘ to do her Justice, except in this silly Inclination,
 ‘ of which she will soon see her Folly, she is every Way
 ‘ deserving) I think there may be one Way, indeed it is a
 ‘ very disagreeable one, and what I am almost afraid to think
 ‘ of.— It requires great Spirit, I promise you.’ ‘ I am
 ‘ not conscious, Madam,’ said he, ‘ of any Defect there;
 ‘ nor am I, I hope, suspected of any such. It must be an
 ‘ egregious Defect indeed, which could make me backward
 ‘ on this Occasion.’ ‘ Nay, my Lord,’ answered she, ‘ I
 ‘ am far from doubting you. I am much more inclined to
 ‘ doubt my own Courage; for I must run a monstrous
 ‘ Risque. In short, I must place such a Confidence in
 ‘ your Honour, as a wise Woman will scarce ever place
 ‘ in a Man on any Consideration.’ In this Point likewise
 ‘ my Lord very well satisfied her; for his Reputation was
 ‘ extremely clear, and common Fame did him no more
 ‘ than Justice, in speaking well of him. ‘ Well then,’
 ‘ said she, ‘ my Lord—I—I vow, I can’t bear the Apprehension
 ‘ of it.—No, it must not be.—At least every other
 ‘ Method shall be tried. Can you get rid of your Engagements,
 ‘ and dine here To-day? Your Lordship will have an
 ‘ Opportunity of seeing a little more of Miss *Western*.—
 ‘ I promise you we have no Time to lose. Here will
 ‘ be nobody but Lady *Betty*, and Miss *Eagle*, and
 ‘ Colonel *Hamstead*, and *Tom Edwards*; they will all go
 ‘ soon, and I shall be at home to nobody. Then your
 ‘ Lordship may be a little more explicit. Nay, I will
 ‘ contrive some Method to convince you of her Attachment
 ‘ to this Fellow.’ My Lord made proper Compliments,
 ‘ accepted the Invitation, and then

then they parted to dress, it being now past three in the Morning, or to reckon by the old Style, in the Afternoon.

C H A P. III.

A further Explanation of the foregoing Design.

THOUGH the Reader may have long since concluded Lady *Bellaſton* to be a Member (and no inconsiderable one) of the Great World, she was in reality a very considerable Member of the *Little World*; by which Appellation was distinguished a very worthy and honourable Society which not long since flourished in this Kingdom.

Among other good Principles upon which this Society was founded, there was one very remarkable: For as it was a Rule of an honourable Club of Heroes, who assembled at the Close of the late War, that all the Members should every Day fight once at least; so 'twas in this, that every Member should, within the twenty-four Hours, tell at least one merry Fib, which was to be propagated by all the Brethren and Sisterhood.

Many idle Stories were told about this Society, which from a certain Quality may be, perhaps not unjustly, supposed to have come from the Society themselves. As, that the Devil was the President; and that he sat in Person in an Elbow-Chair at the upper End of the Table: But upon very strict Enquiry, I find there is not the least Truth in any of those Tales, and that the Assembly consisted in reality of a Set of very good Sort of People, and the Fibs which they propagated were of a harmless Kind, and tended only to produce Mirth and good Humour.

Edwards was likewise a Member of this comical Society. To him therefore *Lady Bellaſton* applied as a proper Instrument for her Purpoſe, and furniſhed him with a Fib, which he was to vent whenever the Lady gave him her Cue; and this was not to be till the Evening, when all the Company but *Lord Fellamar* and himſelf were gone, and while they were engaged in a Rubbers at Whiſt.

To this Time then, which was between Seven and Eight in the Evening, we will convey our Reader; when *Lady Bellaſton*, *Lord Fellamar*, *Miſs Weſtern*, and *Tom*, being engaged at Whiſt, and in the laſt Game of their Rubbers, *Tom* received his Cue from *Lady Bellaſton*, which was, ' I proteſt, *Tom*, you are grown intolerable lately; ' you uſed to tell us all the News of the Town, ' and now you know no more of the World than ' if you lived out of it.'

Mr. Edwards then began as follows: ' The ' Fault is not mine, Madam; it lies in the Dul- ' neſs of the Age, that doth nothing worth talk- ' ing of.---O la! though now I think on't, there ' hath a terrible Accident befallen poor Colonel ' *Wilcox*.---Poor *Ned*.--You know him, my Lord, ' every Body knows him; faith! I am very much ' concerned for him.'

' What is it, pray?' ſays *Lady Bellaſton*.

' Why, he hath killed a Man this Morning in ' a Duel, that's all.'

His Lordſhip, who was not in the Secret, aſked gravely, whom he had killed? To which *Edwards* answered, ' A young Fellow we none of ' us know; a *Somerſetſhire* Lad juſt come to ' Town, one *Jones* his Name is; a near Relation to one *Mr. Allworthy*, of whom your ' Lord-

‘ Lordship I believe hath heard. I saw the Lad
‘ lie dead in a Coffee-house---Upon my Soul he is
‘ one of the finest Corpses I ever saw in my Life.’

Sophia, who just began to deal as *Tom* had mentioned that a Man was killed, stopt her Hand, and listened with Attention (for all Stories of that Kind affected her) but no sooner had he arrived at the latter Part of the Story, than she began to deal again; and having dealt three Cards to one, and seven to another, and ten to a third, at last dropt the rest from her Hand, and fell back in her Chair.

The Company behaved as usually on these Occasions. The usual Disturbance ensued, the usual Assistance was summoned, and *Sophia* at last, as it is usual, returned again to Life, and was soon after, at her earnest Desire, led to her own Apartment; where, at my Lord’s Request, Lady *Bellafton* acquainted her with the Truth, attempted to carry it off as a Jest of her own, and comforted her with repeated Assurances, that neither his Lordship, nor *Tom*, though she had taught him the Story, were in the true Secret of the Affair.

There was no farther Evidence necessary to convince Lord *Fellamar* how justly the Case had been represented to him by Lady *Bellafton*; and now at her Return into the Room, a Scheme was laid between these two noble Persons, which, though it appeared in no very heinous Light to his Lordship (as he faithfully promised, and faithfully resolved too, to make the Lady all the subsequent Amends in his Power by Marriage;) yet many of our Readers, we doubt not, will see with just Detestation.

The next Evening at Seven was appointed for the fatal Purpose, when Lady *Bellafton* undertook that

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that *Sophia* should be alone, and his Lordship should be introduced to her. The whole Family were to be regulated for the Purpose, most of the Servants dispatched out of the House; and for Mrs. Honour, who, to prevent Suspicion, was to be left with her Mistress till his Lordship's Arrival, Lady *Bellaston* herself was to engage her in an Apartment as distant as possible from the Scene of the intended Mischief, and out of the Hearing of *Sophia*.

Matters being thus agreed on, his Lordship took his Leave, and her Ladyship retired to Rest, highly pleased with a Project, of which she had no Reason to doubt the Success, and which promised so effectually to remove *Sophia* from being any future Obstruction to her Amour with *Jones*, by a Means of which she should never appear to be guilty, even if the Fact appeared to the World; but this she made no doubt of preventing by huddling up a Marriage, to which she thought the ravished *Sophia* would easily be brought to consent, and at which all the rest of her Family would rejoice.

But Affairs were not in so quiet a Situation in the Bosom of the other Conspirator: His Mind was tost in all the distracting Anxiety so nobly described by *Shakespeare*.

*Between the acting of a dreadful Thing,
And the first Motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:
The Genius and the mortal Instruments
Are then in Council; and the State of Man,
Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The Nature of an Insurrection. —*

Though the Violence of his Passion had made him eagerly embrace the first Hint of this Design, especially as it came from a Relation of the Lady, yet when that Friend to Reflection, a Pillow, had placed the Action itself in all its natural black Colours before his Eyes, with all the Consequences which must, and those which might probably attend it; his Resolution began to abate, or rather indeed to go over to the other Side; and after a long Conflict which lasted a whole Night between Honour and Appetite, the former at length prevailed, and he determined to wait on Lady *Bellaſton*, and to relinquish the Design.

Lady *Bellaſton* was in Bed, though very late in the Morning, and *Sophia* sitting by her Bed-side, when the Servant acquainted her that Lord *Fellamar* was below in the Parlour; upon which her Ladyship desired him to stay, and that she would see him presently; but the Servant was no sooner departed than poor *Sophia* began to intreat her Cousin not to encourage the Visits of that odious Lord (so she called him, though a little unjustly) upon her Account. ‘I see his Design,’ said she; ‘for he made downright Love to me Yesterday Morning; but as I am resolved never to admit it, I beg your Ladyship not to leave us alone together any more, and to order the Servants that, if he enquires for me, I may be always denied to him.’

‘La! Child,’ says Lady *Bellaſton*, ‘you Country Girls have nothing but Sweethearts in your Heads; you fancy every Man who is civil to you is making Love. He is one of the most gallant young Fellows about Town, and I am convinced means no more than a little Gallantry. Make Love to you indeed! I wish with
‘ all

‘ all my Heart he would, and you must be an
 ‘ arrant mad Woman to refuse him.’

‘ But as I shall certainly be that mad Woman,’
 cries *Sophia*, ‘ I hope his Visits will not be in-
 ‘ truded upon me.’

‘ O Child,’ said Lady *Bellafton*, ‘ you need not
 ‘ be so fearful; if you resolve to run away with
 ‘ that *Jones*, I know no Person who can hinder
 ‘ you.’

‘ Upon my Honour, Madam,’ cries *Sophia*,
 ‘ your Ladyship injures me. I will never run
 ‘ away with any Man; nor will I ever marry
 ‘ contrary to my Father’s Inclinations.’

‘ Well, Miss *Western*,’ said the Lady, ‘ if
 ‘ you are not in a Humour to see Company this
 ‘ Morning, you may retire to your own Apart-
 ‘ ment; for I am not frightened at his Lordship,
 ‘ and must send for him up into my Dressing-
 ‘ Room.’

Sophia thanked her Ladyship, and withdrew;
 and presently afterwards *Fellamar* was admitted up
 Stairs.

C H A P. IV.

*By which it will appear how dangerous an Advo-
 cate a Lady is, when she applies her Eloquence to
 an ill Purpose.*

WHEN Lady *Bellafton* heard the young
 Lord’s Scruples, she treated them with
 the same Disdain with which one of those Sages
 of the Law, called *Newgate* Solicitors, treats the
 Quails of Conscience in a young Witness. ‘ My
 ‘ dear Lord,’ said she, ‘ you certainly want a
 ‘ Cordial. I must send to Lady *Edgey* for one

‘ of her best Drams. Fie upon it! have more
 ‘ Resolution. Are you frightened by the Word
 ‘ *Rape*? Or are you apprehensive?—Well! if
 ‘ the Story of *Helen* was modern, I should think
 ‘ it unnatural. I mean the Behaviour of *Paris*,
 ‘ not the Fondness of the Lady; for all Women
 ‘ love a Man of Spirit. There is another Story
 ‘ of the *Sabine* Ladies,---and that too, I thank
 ‘ Heaven, is very antient. Your Lordship, per-
 ‘ haps, will admire my Reading; but I think
 ‘ Mr. *Hook* tells us, they made tolerable good
 ‘ Wives afterwards. I fancy few of my married
 ‘ Acquaintance were ravished by their Husbands.’
 ‘ Nay, dear Lady *Bellaston*,’ cried he, ‘ don’t ri-
 ‘ dicule me in this Manner.’ ‘ Why, my good
 ‘ Lord,’ answered she, ‘ do you think any Wo-
 ‘ man in *England* would not laugh at you in her
 ‘ Heart, whatever Prudery she might wear in her
 ‘ Countenance?---You force me to use a strange
 ‘ Kind of Language, and to betray my Sex most
 ‘ abominably: But I am contented with know-
 ‘ ing my Intentions are good, and that I am en-
 ‘ deavouring to serve my Cousin; for I think
 ‘ you will make her a Husband notwithstanding
 ‘ this; or, upon my Soul, I would not even per-
 ‘ suade her to fling herself away upon an empty
 ‘ Title. She should not upbraid me hereafter
 ‘ with having lost a Man of Spirit; for that his
 ‘ Enemies allow this poor young Fellow to be.’

Let those who have had the Satisfaction of hear-
 ing Reflections of this Kind from a Wife or a
 Mistress, declare whether they are at all sweet-
 ened by coming from a female Tongue. Certain
 it is, they sunk deeper into his Lordship than any
 Thing which *Demosthenes* or *Cicero* could have said
 on the Occasion.

Lady

Lady *Bellafton*, perceiving ſhe had fired the young Lord's Pride, began now, like a true Orator, to rouse other Paſſions to its Aſſiſtance. 'My Lord,' ſays ſhe, in a graver Voice, 'you will be pleaſed to remember, you mentioned this Matter to me firſt; for I would not appear to you in the Light of one who is endeavouring to put off my Couſin upon you. Fourscore thouſand Pounds do not ſtand in need of an Advocate to recommend them.' 'Nor doth Miſs *Western*,' ſaid he, 'require any Recommendation from her Fortune; for in my Opinion, no Woman ever had Half her Charms.' 'Yes, yes, my Lord,' replied the Lady, looking in the Glaſs, 'there have been Women with more than Half her Charms, I aſſure you; not that I need leſſen her on that Account: She is a moſt delicious Girl, that's certain; and within theſe few Hours ſhe will be in the Arms of one, who ſurely doth not deſerve her, though I will give him his Due, I believe he is truly a Man of Spirit.'

'I hope ſo, Madam,' ſaid my Lord; 'though I muſt own he doth not deſerve her; for unleſs Heaven, or your Ladyſhip diſappoint me, ſhe ſhall within that Time be in mine.'

'Well ſpoken, my Lord,' answered the Lady, 'I promiſe you no Diſappointment ſhall happen from my Side; and within this Week I am convinced I ſhall call your Lordſhip my Couſin in Public.'

The Remainder of this Scene conſiſted entirely of Raptures, Excuses, and Compliments, very pleaſant to have heard from the Parties; but rather dull when related at ſecond Hand. Here, therefore, we ſhall put an End to this Dialogue,

and hasten to the fatal Hour, when every thing was prepared for the Destruction of poor *Sophia*.

But this being the most tragical Matter in our whole History, we shall treat it in a Chapter by itself.

CHAP. V.

Containing some Matters which may affect, and others which may surprize the Reader.

THE Clock had now struck Seven, and poor *Sophia*, alone and melancholy, sat reading a Tragedy. It was *The Fatal Marriage*; and she was now come to that Part where the poor distressed *Isabella* disposes of her Wedding Ring.

Here the Book dropt from her Hand, and a Shower of Tears ran down into her Bosom. In this Situation she had continued a Minute, when the Door opened, and in came Lord *Fellamar*. *Sophia* started from her Chair at his Entrance; and his Lordship advancing forwards, and making a low Bow, said, 'I am afraid, Miss *Western*, I break in upon you abruptly.' 'Indeed, my Lord,' says she, 'I must own myself a little surprized at this unexpected Visit.' 'If this Visit be unexpected, Madam,' answered Lord *Fellamar*, 'my Eyes must have been very faithless Interpreters of my Heart, when last I had the Honour of seeing you: For surely you could not otherwise have hoped to detain my Heart in your Possession, without receiving a Visit from its Owner.' *Sophia*, confused as she was, answered this Bombast (and very properly, I think) with a Look of inconceivable Disdain. My Lord then

then made another and a longer Speech of the same Sort. Upon which *Sophia*, trembling, said, 'Am I really to conceive your Lordship to be out of your Senses? Sure, my Lord, there is no other Excuse for such Behaviour.'---'I am, indeed, Madam, in the Situation you suppose,' cries his Lordship; 'and sure you will pardon the Effects of a Frenzy which you yourself have occasioned: For Love hath so totally deprived me of Reason, that I am scarce accountable for any of my Actions.' 'Upon my Word, my Lord,' said *Sophia*, 'I neither understand your Words nor your Behaviour.'---'Suffer me then, Madam,' cries he, 'at your Feet to explain both, by laying open my Soul to you, and declaring that I doat on you to the highest Degree of Distraction. O most adorable, most divine Creature! what Language can express the Sentiments of my Heart?' 'I do assure you, my Lord,' said *Sophia*, 'I shall not stay to hear any more of this.' 'Do not,' cries he, 'think of leaving me thus cruelly: Could you know half the Torments which I feel, that tender Bosom must pity what those Eyes have caused.' Then fetching a deep Sigh, and laying hold of her Hand, he ran on for some Minutes in a Strain which would be little more pleasing to the Reader than it was to the Lady; and at last concluded with a Declaration, 'That if he was Master of the World, he would lay it at her Feet.' *Sophia* then forcibly pulling away her Hand from his, answered with much Spirit, 'I promise you, Sir, your World and its Master, I should spurn from me with equal Contempt.' She then offered to go, and Lord *Fellamar* again laying hold of her Hand, said,

* Pardon me, my beloved Angel, Freedoms which
 * nothing but Despair could have tempted me to
 * take.---Believe me, could I have had any Hope
 * that my Title and Fortune, neither of them
 * inconsiderable, unless when compared with your
 * Worth, would have been accepted, I had, in
 * the humblest Manner, presented them to your
 * Acceptance.---But I cannot lose you,---By Hea-
 * ven, I will sooner part with my Soul.---You
 * are, you must, you shall be only mine.' 'My
 * Lord,' said she, 'I intreat you to desist from
 * a vain Pursuit; for, upon my Honour, I will
 * never hear you on this Subject. Let go my
 * Hand, my Lord; for I am resolved to go from
 * you this Moment; nor will I ever see you
 * more.' 'Then, Madam,' cries his Lordship,
 * 'I must make the best Use of this Moment; for,
 * I cannot, nor will not live without you.'---
 * 'What do you mean, my Lord?' said *Sophia*;
 * 'I will raise the Family.' 'I have no Fear,
 * Madam,' answered he, 'but of losing you, and
 * that I am resolved to prevent, the only Way
 * which Despair points to me.'---He then caught
 her in his Arms: Upon which she screamed so
 loud, that she must have alarmed some one to her
 Assistance, had not Lady *Bellafton* taken Care to
 remove all Ears.

But a more lucky Circumstance happened for
 poor *Sophia*: Another Noise now broke forth,
 which almost drowned her Cries; for now the
 whole House rung with, 'Where is she? D---n
 me, I'll unkennel her this Instant. Shew me
 her Chamber, I say. Where is my Daughter?'
 'I know she's in the House, and I'll see her if
 she's above Ground. Shew me where she is.'
 At which last Words the Door flew open, and
 in

in came Squire *Western*, with his Parson, and a set of Myrmidons at his Heels.

How miserable must have been the Condition of poor *Sophia*, when the enraged Voice of her Father was welcome to her Ears? Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come; for it was the only Accident upon Earth which could have preserved the Peace of her Mind from being forever destroyed.

Sophia, notwithstanding her Fright, presently knew her Father's Voice; and his Lordship, notwithstanding his Passion, knew the Voice of Reason, which peremptorily assured him, it was not now a Time for the Perpetration of his Villany. Hearing, therefore, the Voice approach, and hearing likewise whose it was; (for as the Squire more than once roared forth the Word Daughter, so *Sophia*, in the midst of her Struggling, cried out upon her Father;) he thought proper to relinquish his Prey, having only disordered her Handkerchief, and with his rude Lips committed Violence on her lovely Neck.

If the Reader's Imagination doth not assist me, I shall never be able to describe the Situation of these two Persons when *Western* came into the Room. *Sophia* tottered into a Chair, where she sat disordered, pale, breathless, bursting with Indignation at Lord *Fellamar*; affrighted, and yet more rejoiced at the Arrival of her Father.

His Lordship sat down near her, with the Bag of his Wig hanging over one of his Shoulders, the rest of his Dress being somewhat disordered, and rather a greater Proportion of Linen than is usual appearing at his Bosom. As to the rest, he was amazed, affrighted, vexed, and ashamed.

As to Squire *Western*, he happened, at this Time, to be overtaken by an Enemy, which very frequently pursues, and seldom fails to overtake, most of the Country Gentlemen in this Kingdom. He was, literally speaking, drunk; which Circumstance, together with his natural Impetuosity, could produce no other Effect, than his running immediately up to his Daughter, upon whom he fell foul with his Tongue in the most inveterate Manner; nay, he had probably committed Violence with his Hands, had not the Parson interposed, saying, ‘For Heaven’s Sake, Sir, animadvert that you are in the House of a great Lady. Let me beg you to mitigate your Wrath; it should minister a Fullness of Satisfaction that you have found your Daughter; for as to Revenge, it belongeth not unto us. I discern great Contrition in the Countenance of the young Lady. I stand assured, if you will forgive her, she will repent her of all past Offences, and return unto her Duty.’

The Strength of the Parson’s Arms had at first been of more Service than the Strength of his Rhetoric. However, his last Words wrought some Effect, and the Squire answered, ‘I’ll forgee her if she wull ha un. If wot ha un, *Sophy*, I’ll forgee thee all. Why dost unt speak? Shat ha un? D---n me, shat ha un? Why dost unt answer? Was ever such a stubborn Tuoad?’

‘Let me intreat you, Sir, to be a little more moderate,’ said the Parson; ‘you frighten the young Lady so, that you deprive her of all Power of Utterance.’

‘Power of mine A---,’ answered the Squire. ‘You take her Part then, you do? A pretty Parson

‘ Parson truly, to side with an undutiful Child.
 ‘ Yes, yes, I will gee you a Living with a Pox,
 ‘ I’ll gee un to the Devil sooner.’

‘ I humbly crave your Pardon,’ said the Parson; ‘ I assure your Worship, I meant no such Matter.’

My Lady *Bellafton* now entered the Room, and came up to the Squire, who no sooner saw her, than resolving to follow the Instructions of his Sister, he made her a very civil Bow, in the rural Manner, and paid her some of his best Compliments. He then immediately proceeded to his Complaints, and said, ‘ There, my Lady Cousin; there stands the most undutiful Child in the World: She hankers after a beggarly Rascal, and won’t marry one of the greatest Matches in all *England*, that we have provided for her.’

‘ Indeed, Cousin *Western*,’ answered the Lady, ‘ I am persuaded you wrong my Cousin. I am sure she hath a better Understanding. I am convinced she will not refuse what she must be sensible is so much to her Advantage.’

This was a wilful Mistake in Lady *Bellafton*; for she well knew whom Mr. *Western* meant; though perhaps she thought he would easily be reconciled to his Lordship’s Proposals.

‘ Do you hear there,’ quoth the Squire, ‘ what her Ladyship says? All your Family are for the Match. Come, *Sophy*, be a good Girl, and be dutiful, and make your Father happy.’

‘ If my Death will make you happy, Sir,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ you will shortly be so.’

‘ It’s a Lie, *Sophy*; it’s a d—n’d Lie, and you know it,’ said the Squire.

‘ Indeed,

‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*,’ said Lady *Bellaston*, ‘ you injure your Father; he hath nothing in View but your Interest in this Match; and I and all your Friends must acknowledge the highest Honour done to your Family in the Proposal.’

‘ Ay, all of us,’ quoth the Squire: ‘ Nay, it was no Proposal of mine. She knows it was her Aunt proposed it to me first.— Come, *Sophy*, once more let me beg you to be a good Girl, and gee me your Consent before your Cousin.’

‘ Let me give him your Hand, Cousin,’ said the Lady. ‘ It is the Fashion now a-days to dispense with Time and long Courtships.’

‘ Pugh,’ said the Squire, ‘ what signifies Time; wo’nt they have Time enough to court afterwards? People may court very well after they have been a bed together.’

As Lord *Fellamar* was very well assured, that he was meant by Lady *Bellaston*, so never having heard nor suspected a Word of *Bliss*, he made no Doubt of his being meant by the Father. Coming up therefore to the Squire, he said, ‘ Though I have not the Honour, Sir, of being personally known to you; yet, as I find I have the Happiness to have my Proposals accepted, let me intercede, Sir, in Behalf of the young Lady, that she may not be more solicited at this Time.’

‘ You intercede, Sir!’ said the Squire, ‘ why, who the Devil are you?’

‘ Sir, I am Lord *Fellamar*,’ answered he, ‘ and am the happy Man, whom I hope you have done the Honour of accepting for a Son-in-law.’

‘ You

‘ You are a Son of a B---,’ replied the Squire,
 ‘ for all your laced Coat. You my Son-in-law,
 ‘ and be d---n’d to you !’

‘ I shall take more from you, Sir, than from
 ‘ any Man,’ answered the Lord ; ‘ but I must
 ‘ inform you, that I am not used to hear such
 ‘ Language without Resentment.’

‘ Resent my A---,’ quoth the Squire. ‘ Don’t
 ‘ think I am afraid of such a Fellow as thee art !
 ‘ Because hast a got a Spit there dangling at thy
 ‘ Side. Lay by your Spit, and I’ll give thee
 ‘ enough of meddling with what doth not belong
 ‘ to thee.---I’ll teach you to Father-in-law me.
 ‘ I’ll lick thy Jacket.’

‘ It’s very well, Sir,’ said my Lord, ‘ I shall
 ‘ make no Disturbance before the Ladies. I am
 ‘ very well satisfied. Your humble Servant, Sir ;
 ‘ Lady *Bellaſton*, your most obedient.’

His Lordship was no sooner gone, than Lady
Bellaſton coming up to Mr. *Western*, said, ‘ Bless
 ‘ me, Sir, what have you done ? You know not
 ‘ whom you have affronted ; he is a Nobleman
 ‘ of the first Rank and Fortune, and Yesterday
 ‘ made Proposals to your Daughter ; and such as
 ‘ I am sure you must accept with the highest Plea-
 ‘ sure.’

‘ Answer for yourself, Lady Cousin,’ said the
 Squire, ‘ I will have nothing to do with any of
 ‘ your Lords. My Daughter shall have an honest
 ‘ Country Gentleman ; I have pitched upon one
 ‘ for her,---and she shall ha’ un.---I am sorry
 ‘ for the Trouble she hath given your Ladyship
 ‘ with all my Heart.’ Lady *Bellaſton* made a
 civil Speech upon the Word Trouble, to which
 the Squire answered, ‘ Why that’s kind,---and I
 ‘ would do as much for your Ladyship. To be
 ‘ sure

‘ sure Relations should do for one another. So I
 ‘ with your Ladyship a good Night.—Come,
 ‘ Madam, you must go along with me by fair
 ‘ Means, or I’ll have you carried down to the
 ‘ Coach.’

Sophia said she would attend him without Force; but begged to go in a Chair, for she said she should not be able to ride any other Way.

‘ Prithee,’ cries the Squire, ‘ wout unt persuade me can’st not ride in a Coach, would’st? That’s a pretty Thing surely! No, no, I’ll never let thee out of my Sight any more till art married, that I promise thee.’ *Sophia* told him she saw he was resolved to break her Heart. ‘ O break thy Heart and be d—n’d,’ quoth he, ‘ if a good Husband will break it. I don’t value a Brass Varden, not a Hapenny of any undutiful B— upon Earth.’ He then took violently hold of her Hand; upon which the Parson once more interfered, begging him to use gentle Methods. At that the Squire thundered out a Curse, and bid the Parson hold his Tongue, saying, ‘ At’n’t in Pulpit now? when art a got up there I never mind what dost say; but I won’t be Priest-ridden, nor taught how to behave myself by thee. I wish your Ladyship a good Night. Come along, *Sophy*; be a good Girl, and all shall be well. Snat ha un, d—n me snat ha un.’

Mrs. *Honour* appeared below Stairs, and with a low Courtesy to the Squire, offered to attend her Mistress; but he pushed her away, saying, ‘ Hold, Madam, hold, you come no more near my House.’ ‘ And will you take my Maid away from me?’ said *Sophia*. ‘ Yes, indeed, Ma-
 ‘ dam,

‘dam, will I,’ cries the Squire: ‘You need not fear being without a Servant; I will get you another Maid, and a better Maid than this, who, I’d lay five Pound to a Crown, is no more a Maid than my Grannum. No, no, *Sophy*, she shall contrive no more Escapes I promise you.’ He then packed up his Daughter and the Parson into a Hackney Coach, after which he mounted himself, and ordered it to drive to his Lodgings. In the Way thither he suffered *Sophia* to be quiet, and entertained himself with reading a Lecture to the Parson on good Manners, and a proper Behaviour to his Betters.

It is possible he might not so easily have carried off his Daughter from Lady *Ballaſton*, had that good Lady desired to have detained her; but in reality, she was not a little pleased with the Confinement into which *Sophia* was going: And as her Project with Lord *Fellamar* had failed of Success, she was well contented that other violent Methods were now going to be used in Favour of another Man.

CH A P. VI.

By what Means the Squire came to discover his Daughter.

THOUGH the Reader in many Histories is obliged to digest much more unaccountable Appearances than this of Mr. *Western*, without any Satisfaction at all; yet as we dearly love to oblige him whenever it is in our Power, we shall now proceed to shew by what Method the Squire discovered where his Daughter was.

In

In the third Chapter then of the preceding Book, we gave a Hint (for it is not our Custom to unfold at any Time more than is necessary for the Occasion) that Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, who was very desirous of reconciling herself to her Uncle and Aunt *Western*, thought she had a probable Opportunity, by the Service of preserving *Sophia* from committing the same Crime which had drawn on herself the Anger of her Family. After much Deliberation therefore she resolved to inform her Aunt *Western* where her Cousin was, and accordingly she writ the following Letter, which we shall give the Reader at length, for more Reasons than one.

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ The Occasion of my writing this will perhaps make a Letter of mine agreeable to my dear Aunt, for the Sake of one of her Nieces, tho’ I have little Reason to hope it will be so on the Account of another.

‘ Without more Apology, as I was coming to throw my unhappy Self at your Feet, I met, by the strangest Accident in the World, my Cousin *Sophy*, whose History you are better acquainted with than myself, though, alas! I know infinitely too much; enough indeed to satisfy me, that unless she is immediately prevented, she is in Danger of running into the same fatal Mischief, which by foolishly and ignorantly refusing your most wise and prudent Advice, I have unfortunately brought on myself.

‘ In short, I have seen the Man, nay, I was most part of Yesterday in his Company, and a charming young Fellow I promise you he is.

‘ By

‘ By what Accident he came acquainted with me
‘ is too tedious to tell you now ; but I have this
‘ Morning changed my Lodgings to avoid him,
‘ lest he should by my Means discover my Cou-
‘ sin ; for he doth not yet know where she is, and
‘ it is advisable he should not, till my Uncle hath
‘ secured her.—No Time therefore is to be lost ;
‘ and I need only inform you, that she is now
‘ with Lady *Bellaſton*, whom I have seen, and who
‘ hath, I find, a Design of concealing her from
‘ her Family. You know, Madam, she is a strange
‘ Woman ; but nothing could misbecome me
‘ more, than to presume to give any Hint to one
‘ of your great Understanding, and great Know-
‘ lege of the World, besides barely informing you
‘ of the Matter of Fact.

‘ I hope, Madam, the Care which I have
‘ shewn on this Occasion for the Good of my
‘ Family, will recommend me again to the Favour
‘ of a Lady who hath always exerted so much
‘ Zeal for the Honour and true Interest of us all ;
‘ and that it may be a Means of restoring me to
‘ your Friendship, which hath made so great a
‘ Part of my former, and is so necessary to my fu-
‘ ture Happiness. I am,

‘ With the utmost Respect,

‘ Honoured Madam,

‘ Your most dutiful obliged Niece,

‘ And most Obedient

‘ Humble Servant,

‘ *Harriet Fitzpatrick.*’

Mrs. *Western* was now at her Brother's House, where she had resided ever since the Flight of *Sophia*, in order to administer Comfort to the poor Squire in his Affliction. Of this Comfort which she doled out to him in daily Portions, we have formerly given a Specimen.

She was now standing with her Back to the Fire, and, with a Pinch of Snuff in her Hand, was dealing forth this daily Allowance of Comfort to the Squire, while he smoaked his Afternoon Pipe, when she received the above Letter; which she had no sooner read than she delivered it to him, saying, 'There, Sir, there is an Account of your lost Sheep. Fortune hath again restored her to you, and if you will be governed by my Advice, it is possible you may yet preserve her.'

The Squire had no sooner read the Letter than he leaped from his Chair, threw his Pipe into the Fire, and gave a loud Huzza for Joy. He then summoned his Servants, called for his Boots, and ordered the *Chevalier* and several other Horses to be saddled, and that Parson *Supple* should be immediately sent for. Having done this, he turned to his Sister, caught her in his Arms, and gave her a close Embrace, saying, 'Zounds! you don't seem pleased; one would imagine you was sorry I have found the Girl.'

'Brother,' answered she, 'the deepest Politicians, who see to the Bottom, discover often a very different Aspect of Affairs, from what swims on the Surface. It is true indeed, Things do look rather less desperate than they did formerly in *Holland*, when *Lewis* the Fourteenth was at the Gates of *Amsterdam*; but there is a Delicacy required in this Matter, which you
' will

‘ will pardon me, Brother, if I suspect you want.
‘ There is a Decorum to be used with a Woman
‘ of Figure, such as Lady *Bellaſton*, Brother, which
‘ requires a Knowledge of the World ſuperior, I
‘ am afraid, to yours.’

‘ Siſter,’ cries the Squire, ‘ I know you have
‘ no Opinion of my Parts; but I’ll ſhew you
‘ on this Occaſion who is a Fool. Knowledge
‘ quotha! I have not been in the Country ſo long
‘ without having ſome Knowledge of Warrants
‘ and the Law of the Land. I know I may take
‘ my own wherever I can find it. Shew me my
‘ own Daughter, and if I don’t know how to
‘ come at her, I’ll ſuffer you to call me a Fool as
‘ long as I live. There be Juſtices of Peace in
‘ *London*, as well as in other Places.’

‘ I proteſt,’ cries ſhe, ‘ you make me tremble
‘ for the Event of this Matter, which if you
‘ will proceed by my Advice, you may bring to
‘ ſo good an Iſſue. Do you really imagine,
‘ Brother, that the Houſe of a Woman of Fi-
‘ gure is to be attacked by Warrants and brutal
‘ Juſtices of the Peace? I will inform you how
‘ to proceed. As ſoon as you arrive in Town,
‘ and have got yourſelf into a decent Dreſs (for
‘ indeed, Brother, you have none at preſent fit
‘ to appear in) you muſt ſend your Compliments
‘ to Lady *Bellaſton*, and deſire Leave to wait on
‘ her. When you are admitted to her Preſence,
‘ as you certainly will be; and have told her your
‘ Story, and have made proper Uſe of my Name,
‘ (for I think you only juſt know one another
‘ by Sight, though you are Relations,) I am con-
‘ ſident ſhe will withdraw her Protection from
‘ my Niece, who hath certainly impoſed upon
‘ her. This is the only Method——Juſtices of
‘ Peace

‘Peace indeed! do you imagine any such Event
 ‘can arrive to a Woman of Figure in a civilized
 ‘Nation?’

‘D—n their Figures,’ cries the Squire; ‘a
 ‘pretty civilized Nation truly, where Women
 ‘are above the Law. And what must I stand
 ‘sending a Parcel of Compliments to a con-
 ‘founded Whore, that keeps away a Daughter
 ‘from her own natural Father? I tell you,
 ‘Sister, I am not so ignorant as you think me.
 ‘——I know you would have Women above
 ‘the Law, but it is all a Lie; I heard his Lord-
 ‘ship say at a Size, that no one is above the
 ‘Law. But this of yours is *Hanover* Law, I
 ‘suppose.’

‘Mr. *Western*,’ said she, ‘I think you daily im-
 ‘prove in Ignorance.—I protest you are grown
 ‘an arrant Bear.’

‘No more a Bear than yourself, Sister *Western*,’
 said the Squire.—‘Pox! you may talk of your
 ‘Civility an you will, I am sure you never shew
 ‘any to me. I am no Bear, no, nor no Dog
 ‘neither, though I know somebody, that is some-
 ‘thing that begins with a B——; but Pox! I
 ‘will shew you I have a got more good Manners
 ‘than some Folks.’

‘Mr. *Western*,’ answered the Lady, ‘you may
 ‘say what you please. *Je vous mesprise de tout*
 ‘*mon Cœur*. I shall not therefore be angry.—
 ‘Besides, as my Cousin with that odious *Irish*
 ‘Name justly says, I have that Regard for the
 ‘Honour and true Interest of my Family, and
 ‘that Concern for my Niece, who is a Part of
 ‘it, that I have resolved to go to Town myself
 ‘upon this Occasion; for indeed, indeed, Bro-
 ‘ther, you are not a fit Minister to be em-
 ‘ployed

‘ ployed at a polite Court.—*Greenland—Greenland*
‘ should always be the Scene of the *Tramontane*
‘ Negotiation.’

‘ I thank Heaven,’ cries the Squire, ‘ I don’t
‘ understand you now. You are got to your
‘ *Hanoverian* *Linguo*. However, I’ll shew you
‘ I scorn to be behind hand in Civility with you ;
‘ and as you are not angry for what I have said,
‘ so I am not angry for what you have said. In-
‘ deed I have always thought it a Folly for Re-
‘ lations to quarrel ; and if they do now and then
‘ give a hasty Word, why People should give
‘ and take ; for my Part I never bear Malice ;
‘ and I take it very kind of you to go up to *Lon-*
‘ *don* ; for I never was there but twice in my
‘ Life, and then I did not stay above a Fortnight
‘ at a Time ; and to be sure I can’t be expected
‘ to know much of the Streets and the Folks in
‘ that Time. I never denied that you know’d
‘ all these Matters better than I. For me to dis-
‘ pute that would be all as one, as for you to dis-
‘ pute the Management of a Pack of Dogs, or the
‘ finding a Hare sitting, with me.’—‘ Which I
‘ promise you,’ says she, ‘ I never will.’—‘ Well,
‘ and I promise you,’ returned he, ‘ that I never
‘ will dispute t’other.’

Here then a League was struck (to borrow a Phrase from the Lady) between the contending Parties ; and now the Parson arriving, and the Horses being ready, the Squire departed, having promised his Sister to follow her Advice, and she prepared to follow him the next Day.

But having communicated these Matters to the Parson on the Road, they both agreed that the prescribed Formalities might very well be dispensed with ;

with ; and the Squire having changed his Mind, proceeded in the Manner we have already seen.

C H A P. VII.

In which various Misfortunes beset poor Jones.

AFFAIRS were in the aforesaid Situation, when Mrs. *Honour* arrived at Mrs. *Miller's* and called *Jones* out from the Company, as we have before seen, with whom, when she found herself alone, she began as follows.

‘ O my dear Sir, how shall I get Spirits to tell you ; you are undone, Sir, and my poor Lady’s undone, and I am undone.’ ‘ Hath any Thing happened to *Sophia* ?’ cries *Jones*, staring like a Mad-man. ‘ All that is bad,’ cries *Honour* ; ‘ O I shall never get such another Lady ! O that I should ever live to see this Day !’ At these Words *Jones* turned pale as Ashes, trembled and stammered ; but *Honour* went on : ‘ O Mr. *Jones*, I have lost my Lady for ever.’ ‘ How ! What ! for Heaven’s Sake tell me.—’ ‘ O my dear *Sophia* !’—‘ You may well call her so,’ said *Honour* ; ‘ she was the dearest Lady to me.—I shall never have such another Place.’—‘ D—n your Place,’ cries *Jones* ; ‘ where is ?’ ‘ what ! what is become of my *Sophia* ?’ ‘ Ay, to be sure,’ cries she, ‘ Servants may be d—n’d. It signifies nothing what becomes of them, tho’ they are turned away, and ruined ever so much. To be sure they are not Flesh and Blood like other People. No to be sure, it signifies nothing what becomes of them.’—‘ If you have any Pity, any Compassion,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ I beg you will instantly tell me what
‘ hath

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‘ make you amends.’ ‘ Alas, Sir,’ said she, ‘ what
‘ can make a Servant Amends for the Loss of one
‘ Place, but the getting another altogether as
‘ good!’—‘ Do not despair, Mrs. Honour,’ said
Jones, ‘ I hope to reinstate you again in the
‘ same.’ ‘ Alack-a-day, Sir,’ said she, ‘ how can
‘ I flatter myself with such Hopes, when I know
‘ it is a Thing impossible; for the Squire is so
‘ set against me: And yet if you should ever
‘ have my Lady, as to be sure I now hopes
‘ heartily you will; for you are a generous good-
‘ natured Gentleman, and I am sure you loves
‘ her, and to be sure she loves you as dearly as
‘ her own Soul; it is a Matter in vain to deny
‘ it; because as why, every Body that is in the
‘ least acquainted with my Lady, must see it;
‘ for, poor dear Lady, she can’t dissemble; and
‘ if two People who loves one another a’n’t
‘ happy, why who should be so? Happiness don’t
‘ always depend upon what People has; besides,
‘ my Lady has enough for both. To be sure
‘ therefore, as one may say, it would be all the
‘ Pity in the World to keep two such Loviers
‘ asunder; nay, I am convinced for my Part,
‘ you will meet together at last; for if it is to be,
‘ there is no preventing it. If a Marriage is
‘ made in Heaven, all the Justices of Peace upon
‘ Earth can’t break it off. To be sure I wishes
‘ that Parson *Supple* had but a little more Spirit
‘ to tell the Squire of his Wickedness in endea-
‘ vouring to force his Daughter contrary to her
‘ Liking; but then his whole Dependance is on
‘ the Squire, and so the poor Gentleman, though
‘ he is a very religious good sort of a Man, and
‘ talks of the Badness of such Doings behind the
‘ Squire’s Back, yet he dares not say his Soul is
‘ his

‘ his own to his Face. To be sure I never saw
 ‘ him make so bold as just now ; I was afraid the
 ‘ Squire would have struck him.—I would not
 ‘ have your Honour be melancholy, Sir, nor
 ‘ despair ; Things may go better, as long as you
 ‘ are sure of my Lady, and that I am certain
 ‘ you may be ; for she never will be brought to
 ‘ consent to marry any other Man. Indeed, I am
 ‘ terribly afraid the Squire will do her a Mis-
 ‘ chief in his Passion : For he is a prodigious
 ‘ passionate Gentleman, and I am afraid too the
 ‘ poor Lady will be brought to break her Heart ;
 ‘ for she is as tender-hearted as a Chicken ; it is
 ‘ pity, methinks, she had not a little of my
 ‘ Courage. If I was in Love with a young
 ‘ Man, and my Father offered to lock me up,
 ‘ I’d tear his Eyes out, but I’d come at him ;
 ‘ but then there’s a great Fortune in the Case,
 ‘ which it is in her Father’s Power either to
 ‘ give her or not ; that, to be sure, may make
 ‘ some Difference.’

Whether *Jones* gave strict Attention to all the
 foregoing Harangue, or whether it was for want
 of any Vacancy in the Discourse, I cannot deter-
 mine ; but he never once attempted to answer,
 nor did she once stop, till *Partridge* came running
 into the Room, and informed him that the great
 Lady was upon the Stairs.

Nothing could equal the Dilemma to which
Jones was now reduced. *Honour* knew nothing
 of any Acquaintance that subsisted between him
 and Lady *Bellafton*, and she was almost the last
 Person in the World to whom he would have
 communicated it. In this Hurry and Distress,
 he took (as is common enough) the worst Course,
 and instead of exposing her to the Lady, which

would have been of little Consequence, he chose to expose the Lady to her; he therefore resolved to hide *Honour*, whom he had but just Time to convey behind the Bed, and to draw the Curtains.

The Hurry in which *Jones* had been all Day engaged on Account of his poor Landlady and her Family, the Terrors occasioned by Mrs. *Honour*, and the Confusion into which he was thrown by the sudden Arrival of Lady *Bellafton*, had altogether driven former Thoughts out of his Head; so that it never once occur'd to his Memory to act the Part of a sick Man; which indeed, neither the Gaiety of his Dress, nor the Freshness of his Countenance, would have at all supported.

He received her Ladyship therefore rather agreeably to her Desires than to her Expectations, with all the good Humour he could muster in his Countenance, and without any real or affected Appearance of the least Disorder.

Lady *Bellafton* no sooner entered the Room, than she squatted herself down on the Bed: 'So, my dear *Jones*,' said she, 'you find nothing can detain me long from you. Perhaps I ought to be angry with you, that I have neither seen nor heard from you all Day; for I perceive your Distemper would have suffered you to come abroad: Nay I suppose you have not sat in your Chamber all Day dressed up like a fine Lady to see Company after a Lying-inn; but however, don't think I intend to scold you: For I never will give you an Excuse for the cold Behaviour of a Husband, by putting on the ill Humour of a Wife.'

'Nay,

‘ Nay, Lady *Bellaſton*,’ ſaid *Jones*, ‘ I am ſure
 ‘ your Ladyſhip will not upbraid me with Ne-
 ‘ glect of Duty, when I only waited for Orders.
 ‘ Who, my dear Creature, hath Reason to com-
 ‘ plain? Who miſſed an Appointment laſt Night,
 ‘ and left an unhappy Man to expect, and wiſh,
 ‘ and ſigh, and languish?’

‘ Do not mention it, my dear Mr. *Jones*,’ cried ſhe. ‘ If you knew the Occaſion, you would
 ‘ pity me. In ſhort, it is impoſſible to conceive
 ‘ what Women of Condition are obliged to ſuf-
 ‘ fer from the Impertinence of Fools, in order to
 ‘ keep up the Farce of the World. I am glad,
 ‘ however, all your languiſhing and wiſhing have
 ‘ done you no Harm: For you never looked bet-
 ‘ ter in your Life. Upon my Faith, *Jones*, you
 ‘ might at this Inſtant ſit for the Picture of
 ‘ *Adonis*.’

There are certain Words of Provocation which Men of Honour hold can only properly be answered by a Blow. Among Lovers poſſibly there may be ſome Expreſſions which can be only answered by a Kiſs. The Compliment which Lady *Bellaſton* now made *Jones* ſeems to be of this Kind, eſpecially as it was attended with a Look in which the Lady conveyed more ſoft Ideas than it was poſſible to expreſs with her Tongue.

Jones was certainly at this Inſtant in one of the moſt diſagreeable and diſtreſs’d Situations imaginable; for to carry on the Compariſon we made uſe of before, tho’ the Provocation was given by the Lady, *Jones* could not receive Satisfaction, nor ſo much as offer to aſk it, in the Preſence of a third Perſon; Seconds in this Kind of Duels not being according to the Law of Arms. As this Objection did not occur to Lady

Bellaſton, who was ignorant of any other Woman being there but herſelf, ſhe waited ſome Time in great Aſtoniſhment for an Answer from *Jones*, who, conſcious of the ridiculous Figure he made, ſtood at a Diſtance, and not daring to give the proper Answer, gave none at all. Nothing can be imagined more comic, nor yet more tragical than this Scene would have been, if it had laſted much longer. The Lady had already changed Colour two or three times; and got up from the Bed and ſat down again, while *Jones* was wiſhing the Ground to ſink under him, or the Houſe to fall on his Head, when an odd Accident freed him from an Embarrasſment, out of which neither the Eloquence of a *Cicero*, nor the Politicks of a *Machiavel* could have delivered him, without utter Diſgrace.

This was no other than the Arrival of young *Nightingale* dead drunk; or rather in that State of Drunkenneſs, which deprives Men of the Uſe of their Reaſon, without depriving them of the Uſe of their Limbs.

Mrs. *Miller* and her Daughters were in Bed, and *Partridge* was ſmoking his Pipe by the Kitchen Fire; ſo that he arrived at Mr. *Jones*'s Chamber Door without any Interruption. This he burſt open, and was entering without any Ceremony, when *Jones* ſtarted from his Seat, and ran to oppoſe him; which he did ſo effectually, that *Nightingale* never came far enough within the Door to ſee who was ſitting on the Bed.

Nightingale had in Reality miſtaken *Jones*'s Apartment for that in which himſelf had lodged; he therefore ſtrongly inſiſted on coming in, often ſwearing that he would not be kept from his own Bed.

Bed. *Jones*, however, prevailed over him, and delivered him into the Hands of *Partridge*, whom the Noise on the Stairs soon summoned to his Master's Assistance.

And now *Jones* was unwillingly obliged to return to his own Apartment, where at the very Instant of his Entrance he heard Lady *Bellafton* venting an Exclamation, though not a very loud one; and at the same Time, saw her flinging herself into a Chair in a vast Agitation, which in a Lady of a tender Constitution would have been an Hysteric Fit.

In reality the Lady, frightened with the Struggle between the two Men of which she did not know what would be the Issue, as she heard *Nightingale* swear many Oaths he would come to his own Bed, attempted to retire to her known Place of Hiding, which to her great Confusion she found already occupied by another.

'Is this Usage to be borne, Mr. *Jones*?' cries the Lady, '—basest of Men?—What Wretch is this to whom you have exposed me?' 'Wretch!' cries *Honour*, bursting in a violent Rage from her Place of Concealment—'marry come up!—' 'Wretch forsooth!—As poor a Wretch as I am, 'I am honest; that is more than some Folks who 'are richer can say.'

Jones, instead of applying himself directly to take off the Edge of Mrs. *Honour*'s Resentment, as a more experienced Gallant would have done, fell to cursing his Stars, and lamenting himself as the most unfortunate Man in the World; and presently after, addressing himself to Lady *Bellafton*, he fell to some very absurd Protestations of Innocence. By this Time the Lady having recovered the Use of her Reason, which she had

as ready as any Woman in the World, especially on such Occasions, calmly replied; ‘ Sir, you need make no Apologies; I see now who the Person is; I did not at first know Mrs. *Honour*; but now I do, I can suspect nothing wrong between her and you; and I am sure she is a Woman of too good Sense to put any wrong Constructions upon my Visit to you; I have been always her Friend, and it may be in my Power to be much more so hereafter.’

Mrs. *Honour* was altogether as placable, as she was passionate. Hearing therefore Lady *Bella-fon* assume the soft Tone, she likewise softened her’s——‘ I am sure, Madam,’ says she, ‘ I have been always ready to acknowledge your Ladyship’s Friendships to me; sure I never had so good a Friend as your Ladyship——and to be sure now I see it is your Ladyship that I spoke to, I could almost bite my Tongue off for very mad.——I Constructions upon your Ladyship—to be sure it doth not become a Servant as I am to think about such a great great Lady—I mean I was a Servant: For indeed I am nobody’s Servant now, the more miserable Wretch is me.——I have lost the best Mistress.’——Here *Honour* thought fit to produce a Shower of Tears.——‘ Don’t cry, Child,’ says the good Lady: ‘ Ways perhaps may be found to make you Amends. Come to me To-morrow Morning.’ She then took up her Fan which lay on the Ground, and without even looking at *Jones*, walked very majestically out of the Room; there being a kind of Dignity in the Impudence of Women of Quality, which their Inferiors vainly aspire to attain to in Circumstances of this Nature.

Jones.

Jones followed her down Stairs, often offering her his Hand, which she absolutely refused him, and got into her Chair without taking any Notice of him as he stood bowing before her.

At his Return up Stairs, a long Dialogue past between him and Mrs. *Honour*, while she was adjusting herself after the Discomposure she had undergone. The Subject of this was his Infidelity to her young Lady; on which she enlarged with great Bitterness; but *Jones* at last found Means to reconcile her, and not only so, but to obtain a Promise of most inviolable Secrecy, and that she would the next Morning endeavour to find out *Sophia*, and bring him a further Account of the Proceedings of the Squire.

Thus ended this unfortunate Adventure to the Satisfaction only of Mrs. *Honour*; for a Secret (as some of my Readers will perhaps acknowledge from Experience) is often a very valuable Possession; and that not only to those who faithfully keep it, but sometimes to such as whisper it about till it come to the Ears of every one, except the ignorant Person, who pays for the supposed concealing of what is publicly known.

C H A P. VIII.

Short and sweet.

NOtwithstanding all the Obligations she had received from *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller* could not forbear in the Morning some gentle Remonstrances for the Hurricane which had happened the preceding Night in his Chamber. These were however so gentle and so friendly; professing, and indeed truly, to aim at nothing more than the

real Good of Mr. *Jones* himself, that he, far from being offended, thankfully received the Admonition of the good Woman, expressed much Concern for what had past, excused it as well as he could, and promised never more to bring the same Disturbances into the House.

But though Mrs. *Miller* did not refrain from a short Expostulation in private at their first Meeting; yet the Occasion of his being summoned down Stairs that Morning was of a much more agreeable Kind; being indeed to perform the Office of a Father to Miss *Nancy*, and to give her in Wedlock to Mr. *Nightingale*, who was now ready drest, and full as sober as many of my Readers will think a Man ought to be who receives a Wife in so imprudent a Manner.

And here perhaps it may be proper to account for the Escape which this young Gentleman had made from his Uncle, and for his Appearance in the Condition in which we have seen him the Night before.

Now when the Uncle had arrived at his Lodgings with his Nephew, partly to indulge his own Inclinations (for he dearly loved his Bottle) and partly to disqualify his Nephew from the immediate Execution of his Purpose, he ordered Wine to be set on the Table; with which he so briskly ply'd the young Gentleman, that this latter, who, though not much used to Drinking, did not detest it so as to be guilty of Disobedience, or of Want of Complaisance by refusing, was soon completely finished.

Just as the Uncle had obtained this Victory, and was preparing a Bed for his Nephew, a Messenger arrived with a Piece of News, which so entirely disconcerted and shocked him, that

he in a Moment lost all Consideration for his Nephew, and his whole Mind became entirely taken up with his own Concerns.

This sudden and afflicting News was no less than that his Daughter had taken the Opportunity of almost the first Moment of his Absence, and had gone off with a neighbouring young Clergyman; against whom, tho' her Father could have had but one Objection, namely, that he was worth nothing, yet she had never thought proper to communicate her Amour even to that Father; and so artfully had she managed, that it had never been once suspected by any, till now, that it was consummated.

Old Mr. *Nightingale* no sooner received this Account, than in the utmost Confusion he ordered a Post-Chaise to be instantly got ready, and having recommended his Nephew to the Care of a Servant, he directly left the House, scarce knowing what he did, nor whither he went.

The Uncle being thus departed, when the Servant came to attend the Nephew to Bed, had waked him for that Purpose, and had at last made him sensible that his Uncle was gone, he, instead of accepting the kind Offices tendered him, insisted on a Chair being called; with this the Servant, who had received no strict Orders to the contrary, readily complied; and thus being conducted back to the House of Mrs. *Miller*, he had staggered up to Mr. *Jones's* Chamber, as hath been before recounted.

This Bar of the Uncle being now removed (though young *Nightingale* knew not as yet in what Manner) and all Parties being quickly ready, the Mother, Mr. *Jones*, Mr. *Nightingale*, and his

his Love, stept into a Hackney-Coach which conveyed him to Doctors-Commons; where Miss *Nancy* was, in vulgar Language, soon made an honest Woman; and the poor Mother became, in the purest Sense of the Word, one of the happiest of all human Beings.

And now Mr. *Jones* having seen his good Offices to that poor Woman and her Family brought to a happy Conclusion, began to apply himself to his own Concerns; but here lest many of my Readers should censure his Folly for thus troubling himself with the Affairs of others, and lest some few should think he acted more disinterestedly than indeed he did, we think proper to assure our Reader, that he was so far from being unconcerned in this Matter, that he had indeed a very considerable Interest in bringing it to that final Consummation.

To explain this seeming Paradox at once, he was one who could truly say with him in *Terence*, *Homo sum: Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He was never an indifferent Spectator of the Misery or Happiness of any one; and he felt either the one or the other in greater Proportion as he himself contributed to either. He could not therefore be the Instrument of raising a whole Family from the lowest State of Wretchedness to the highest Pitch of Joy without conveying great Felicity to himself; more perhaps than worldly Men often purchase to themselves by undergoing the most severe Labour, and often by wading through the deepest Iniquity.

Those Readers who are of the same Complexion with him, will perhaps think this short Chapter contains Abundance of Matter; while others may probably wish, short as it is, that it
had

had been totally spared as impertinent to the main Design, which I suppose they conclude is to bring Mr. *Jones* to the Gallows, or if possible, to a more deplorable Catastrophe.

C H A P. IX.

Containing Love Letters of several Sorts.

MR. *Jones*, at his Return Home, found the following Letters lying on his Table, which he luckily opened in the Order they were sent.

L E T T E R I.

‘ Surely I am under some strange Infatuation;
 ‘ I cannot keep my Resolutions a Moment, how-
 ‘ ever strongly made or justly founded. Last
 ‘ Night I resolved never to see you more; this
 ‘ Morning I am willing to hear if you can, as
 ‘ you say, clear up this Affair. And yet I know
 ‘ that to be impossible. I have said every Thing
 ‘ to myself which you can invent.—Perhaps
 ‘ not. Perhaps your Invention is stronger.
 ‘ Come to me therefore the Moment you receive
 ‘ this. If you can forge an Excuse, I almost
 ‘ promise you to believe it. Betrayed to—I will
 ‘ think no more.—Come to me directly.—This
 ‘ is the third Letter I have writ, the two former
 ‘ are burnt—I am almost inclined to burn this
 ‘ too—I wish I may preserve my Senses.—Come
 ‘ to me presently.’

L E T T E R II.

‘ If you ever expect to be forgiven, or even
 ‘ suffered within my Doors, come to me this In-
 ‘ stant.’

L E T T E R III.

‘ I now find you was not at Home when my
 ‘ Notes came to your Lodgings. The Moment
 ‘ you receive this let me see you;—I shall not
 ‘ stir out; nor shall any body be let in but your-
 ‘ self. Sure nothing can detain you long.’

Jones had just read over these three Billets,
 when Mr. *Nightingale* came into the Room.
 ‘ Well, *Tom*,’ said he, ‘ any News from Lady
 ‘ *Bellafton*, after last Night’s Adventure?’ (for
 it was now no Secret to any one in that House
 who the Lady was.) ‘ The Lady *Bellafton*?’
 answered *Jones* very gravely.—‘ Nay, dear *Tom*,’
 cries *Nightingale*, ‘ don’t be so reserved to your
 ‘ Friends. Though I was too drunk to see her
 ‘ last Night, I saw her at the Masquerade. Do
 ‘ you think I am ignorant who the Queen of
 ‘ the Fairies is?’ ‘ And did you really then
 ‘ know the Lady at the Masquerade?’ said *Jones*,
 ‘ Yes, upon my Soul did I,’ said *Nightingale*,
 ‘ and have given you twenty Hints of it since,
 ‘ though you seemed always so tender on that
 ‘ Point that I would not speak plainly. I fan-
 ‘ cy, my Friend, by your extreme Nicety in
 ‘ this Matter, you are not so well acquainted
 ‘ with the Character of the Lady, as with her
 ‘ Person. Don’t be angry, *Tom*, but, upon
 ‘ my

‘ my Honour, you are not the first young Fellow she hath debauched. Her Reputation is in no Danger, believe me.’

Though *Jones* had no Reason to imagine the Lady to have been of the vestal Kind when his Amour began; yet as he was thoroughly ignorant of the Town, and had very little Acquaintance in it, he had yet no Knowledge of that Character which is vulgarly called a Demirep; that is to say, a Woman who intrigues with every Man she likes, under the Name and Appearance of Virtue; and who, though some over nice Ladies will not be seen with her, is visited (as they term it) by the whole Town; in short, whom every one knows to be what no body calls her.

When he found, therefore, that *Nightingale* was perfectly acquainted with his Intrigue, and began to suspect, that so scrupulous a Delicacy as he had hitherto observed, was not quite necessary on the Occasion, he gave a Latitude to his Friend’s Tongue, and desired him to speak plainly what he knew, or had ever heard of the Lady.

Nightingale, who, in many other Instances, was rather too effeminate in his Disposition, had a pretty strong Inclination to Tittle-Tattle. He had no sooner, therefore, received a full Liberty of speaking from *Jones*, than he entered upon a long Narrative concerning the Lady; which, as it contained many Particulars highly to her Dishonour, we have too great a Tenderneſs for all Women of Condition to repeat. We would cautiously avoid giving an Opportunity to the future Commentators on our Works, of making any malicious Application; and of forcing us to be,
against

againſt our Will, the Author of Scandal, which never entered into our Head.

Jones having very attentively heard all that *Nightingale* had to ſay, fetched a deep Sigh, which the other obſerving, cried, ‘Heyday! ‘Why thou art not in Love, I hope! Had I ‘imagined my Stories would have affected you, ‘I promiſe you ſhould never have heard them.’ ‘O my dear Friend,’ cries *Jones*, ‘I am ſo ‘entangled with this Woman, that I know not ‘how to extricate myſelf.’ ‘In Love indeed?’ ‘No, my Friend, but I am under Obligations ‘to her, and very great ones. Since you know ‘ſo much, I will be very explicit with you. It ‘is owing perhaps ſolely to her, that I have not ‘before this, wanted a Bit of Bread. How can ‘I poſſibly deſert ſuch a Woman? and yet I ‘muſt deſert her, or be guilty of the blackeſt ‘Treachery to one, who deſerves infinitely better of me than ſhe can: A Woman, my ‘*Nightingale*, for whom I have a Paſſion which ‘few can have an Idea of. I am half diſtracted ‘with Doubts how to act.’ ‘And is this other, ‘pray, an honourable Miſtreſs?’ cries *Nightingale*. ‘Honourable!’ answered *Jones*; ‘No ‘Breath ever yet durſt ſully her Reputation. ‘The ſweeteſt Air is not purer, the limpid ‘Stream not clearer than her Honour. She is ‘all over, both in Mind and Body, conſummate ‘Perfection. She is the moſt beautiful Creature ‘in the Univerſe; and yet ſhe is Miſtreſs of ‘ſuch noble, elevated Qualities, that though ſhe ‘is never from my Thoughts, I ſcarce ever ‘think of her Beauty, but when I ſee it.’—‘And ‘can you, my good Friend,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘with ſuch an Engagement as this upon your
‘Hands,

‘Hands, hesitate a Moment about quitting such a —.’ ‘Hold,’ said *Jones*, ‘no more Abuse of her; I detest the Thought of Ingratitude.’ ‘Pooh!’ answered the other, ‘you are not the first upon whom she hath conferred Obligations of this Kind. She is remarkably liberal where she likes; though, let me tell you, her Favours are so prudently bestowed, that they should rather raise a Man’s Vanity, than his Gratitude.’ In short, *Nightingale* proceeded so far on this Head, and told his Friend so many Stories of the Lady, which he swore to the Truth of, that he entirely removed all Esteem for her from the Breast of *Jones*; and his Gratitude was lessened in Proportion. Indeed he began to look on all the Favours he had received, rather as Wages than Benefits, which not only depreciated her, but himself too in his own Conceit, and put him quite out of Humour with both. From this Disgust, his Mind, by a natural Transition, turned towards *Sophia*: Her Virtue, her Purity, her Love to him, her Sufferings on his Account, filled all his Thoughts, and made his Commerce with Lady *Bellaston* appear still more odious. The Result of all was, that though his turning himself out of her Service, in which Light he now saw his Affair with her, would be the Loss of his Bread; yet he determined to quit her, if he could but find a handsome Pretence; which having communicated to his Friend, *Nightingale* considered a little, and then said, ‘I have it, my Boy! I have found out a sure Method: Propose Marriage to her, and I would venture hanging upon the Success.’ ‘Marriage!’ cries *Jones*. ‘Ay, propose Marriage,’ answered *Nightingale*, and she will declare off in a Moment.

‘ Moment. I knew a young Fellow whom she
 ‘ kept formerly, who made the Offer to her in
 ‘ earnest, and was presently turned off for his
 ‘ Pains.’

Jones declared he could not venture the Experiment. ‘ Perhaps,’ said he, ‘ she may be
 ‘ less shocked at this Proposal from one Man
 ‘ than from another. And if she should take me
 ‘ at my Word, where am I then? Caught in
 ‘ my own Trap, and undone for ever.’ ‘ No;’
 answered *Nightingale*, ‘ not if I can give you an
 ‘ Expedient, by which you may, at any Time,
 ‘ get out of the Trap.’—‘ What Expedient
 ‘ can that be?’ replied *Jones*. ‘ This,’ answered
Nightingale. ‘ The young Fellow I mentioned,
 ‘ who is one of the most intimate Acquaintances I have in the World, is so angry
 ‘ with her for some ill Offices she hath since done
 ‘ him, that I am sure he would, without any
 ‘ Difficulty, give you a Sight of her Letters;
 ‘ upon which you may decently break with her;
 ‘ and declare off before the Knot is tied, if she
 ‘ should really be willing to tie it, which I am
 ‘ convinced she will not.’

After some Hesitation, *Jones*, upon the Strength of this Assurance, consented; but as he swore he wanted the Confidence to propose the Matter to her Face, he wrote the following Letter, which *Nightingale* dictated.

‘ *Madam,*

‘ I am extremely concerned, that, by an unfortunate Engagement abroad, I should have
 ‘ missed receiving the Honour of your Ladyship’s Commands the Moment they came; and
 ‘ the Delay which I must now suffer of vindicating
 ‘ ing

' ing myself to your Ladyship, greatly adds to
 ' this Misfortune. O Lady *Bellaſton*, what a
 ' Terror have I been in, for fear your Reputa-
 ' tion ſhould be expoſed by theſe perverſe Acci-
 ' dents. There is one only Way to ſecure it. I
 ' need not name what that is. Only permit me
 ' to ſay, that as your Honour is as dear to me as
 ' my own; ſo my ſole Ambition is to have the
 ' Glory of laying my Liberty at your Feet; and
 ' believe me when I aſſure you, I can never be
 ' made completely happy, without you gene-
 ' rouſly beſtow on me a legal Right of calling
 ' you mine for ever. I am,

' *Madam,*

' *With moſt profound Reſpect,*

' *Your Ladyſhip's moſt obliged,*

' *Obedient humble Servant,*

' *Thomas Jones.*'

To this ſhe preſently returned the following
 Answer :

' *Sir,*

' When I read over your ſerious Epistle, I
 ' could from its Coldneſs and Formality, have
 ' ſworn that you had already the legal Right you
 ' mention; nay, that we had, for many Years,
 ' compoſed that monſtrous Animal a Husband and
 ' Wife. Do you really then imagine me a Fool?
 ' Or do you fancy yourſelf capable of ſo entirely
 ' perſuading me out of my Senſes, that I ſhould
 ' deliver my whole Fortune into your Power, in
 ' order to enable you to ſupport your Pleaſures at
 ' my

‘ my Expence. Are these the Proofs of Love
 ‘ which I expected? Is this the Return for—
 ‘ but I scorn to upbraid you, and am in great
 ‘ Admiration of your profound Respect.

‘ *P. S.* I am prevented from revising:—Per-
 ‘ haps I have said more than I meant.——
 ‘ Come to me at Eight this Evening.’

Jones, by the Advice of his Privy-Council, re-
 plied,

‘ *Madam,*

‘ It is impossible to express how much I am
 ‘ shocked at the Suspicion you entertain of me.
 ‘ Can Lady *Bellafton* have conferred Favours on
 ‘ a Man whom she could believe capable of so
 ‘ base a Design? Or can she treat the most so-
 ‘ lemn Tie of Love with Contempt? Can you
 ‘ imagine, Madam, that if the Violence of my
 ‘ Passion, in an unguarded Moment, overcame
 ‘ the Tendernefs which I have for your Honour,
 ‘ that I would think of indulging myself in the
 ‘ Continuance of an Intercourse which could not
 ‘ possibly escape long the Notice of the World;
 ‘ and which when discovered, must prove so fatal
 ‘ to your Reputation? If such be your Opinion
 ‘ of me, I must pray for a sudden Opportunity of
 ‘ returning those pecuniary Obligations, which I
 ‘ have been so unfortunate to receive at your
 ‘ Hands; and for those of a more tender Kind, I
 ‘ shall ever remain, &c.’ And so concluded in the
 very Words with which he had concluded the
 former Letter.

The

The Lady answered as follows :

‘ I see you are a Villain ; and I despise you
 ‘ from my Soul. If you come here I shall not
 ‘ be at Home.’

Though *Jones* was well satisfied with his Deliverance from a Thralldom which those who have ever experienced it, will, I apprehend, allow to be none of the lightest, he was not, however, perfectly easy in his Mind. There was, in this Scheme, too much of Fallacy to satisfy one who utterly detested every Species of Falsehood or Dishonesty : Nor would he, indeed, have submitted to put it in Practice, had he not been involved in a distressful Situation, where he was obliged to be guilty of some Dishonour, either to the one Lady or the other ; and surely the Reader will allow, that every good Principle, as well as Love, pleaded strongly in Favour of *Sophia*.

Nightingale highly exulted in the Success of his Stratagem, upon which he received many Thanks, and much Applause from his Friend. He answered, ‘ Dear *Tom*, we have conferred very different Obligations on each other. To me you
 ‘ owe the regaining your Liberty ; to you I owe
 ‘ the Loss of mine. But if you are as happy in
 ‘ the one Instance as I am in the other, I promise you, we are the two happiest Fellows in
 ‘ *England*.’

The two Gentlemen were now summoned down to Dinner, where Mrs. *Miller*, who performed herself the Office of Cook, had exerted her best Talents, to celebrate the Wedding of her Daughter. This joyful Circumstance she ascribed
 princi-

principally to the friendly Behaviour of *Jones*, her whole Soul was fired with Gratitude towards him, and all her Looks, Words, and Actions were so busied in expressing it, that her Daughter, and even her new Son-in-law, were very little the Objects of her Consideration.

Dinner was just ended when Mrs. *Miller* received a Letter; but as we have had Letters enough in this Chapter, we shall communicate the Contents in our next.

C H A P. X.

Consisting partly of Facts, and partly of Observations upon them.

THE Letter then which arrived at the End of the preceding Chapter was from Mr. *Allworthy*, and the Purport of it was his Intention to come immediately to Town, with his Nephew *Blifil*, and a Desire to be accommodated with his usual Lodgings, which were the first Floor for himself, and the second for his Nephew.

The Chearfulness which had before displayed itself in the Countenance of the poor Woman, was a little clouded on this Occasion. This News did indeed a good deal disconcert her. To requite so disinterested a Match with her Daughter, by presently turning her new Son-in-law out of Doors, appeared to her very unjustifiable on the one Hand; and, on the other, she could scarce bear the Thoughts of making any Excuse to Mr. *Allworthy*, after all the Obligations received from him, for depriving him of Lodgings which were indeed strictly his Due: For that Gentleman, in conferring all his numberless Benefits on others,
acted

acted by a Rule diametrically opposite to what is practised by most generous People. He contrived, on all Occasions, to hide his Beneficence not only from the World, but even from the Object of it. He constantly used the Words *Lend* and *Pay*, instead of *Give*; and by every other Method he could invent, always lessened with his Tongue the Favours he conferred while he was heaping them with both his Hands. When he settled the Annuity of 50*l.* a Year, therefore, on Mrs. Miller, he told her, 'it was in Consideration of ' always having her first Floor when he was in ' Town,' (which he scarce ever intended to be) ' but that she might lett it at any other Time, for ' that he would always send her a Month's Warn- ' ing.' He was now, however, hurried to Town so suddenly that he had no Opportunity of giving such Notice; and this Hurry probably prevented him, when he wrote for his Lodgings, adding, *if they were then empty*: For he would most certainly have been well satisfied to have relinquished them on a less sufficient Excuse, than what Mrs. Miller could now have made.

But there are a Sort of Persons, who, as *Prior* excellently well remarks, direct their Conduct by something

*Beyond the fix'd and settled Rules
Of Vice and Virtue in the Schools:
Beyond the Letter of the Law.*

To these it is so far from being sufficient that their Defence would acquit them at the *Old Bailey*, that they are not even contented, though Conscience, the severest of all Judges, should discharge them. Nothing short of the Fair and Honourable

Honourable will satisfy the Delicacy of their Minds; and if any of their Actions fall short of this Mark, they mope and pine, are as uneasy and restless as a Murderer, who is afraid of a Ghost, or of the Hangman.

Mrs. *Miller* was one of these. She could not conceal her Uneasiness at this Letter; with the Contents of which she had no sooner acquainted the Company, and given some Hints of her Distress, than *Jones*, her good Angel, presently relieved her Anxiety. 'As for myself, Madam,' said he, 'my Lodging is at your Service at a Moment's Warning: and Mr. *Nightingale*, I am sure, as he cannot yet prepare a House fit to receive his Lady, will consent to return to his new Lodging, whither Mrs. *Nightingale* will certainly consent to go.' With which Proposal both Husband and Wife instantly agreed.

The Reader will easily believe, that the Cheeks of Mrs. *Miller* began again to glow with additional Gratitude to *Jones*; but, perhaps, it may be more difficult to persuade him, that Mr. *Jones* having, in his last Speech, called her Daughter Mrs. *Nightingale*, (it being the first Time that agreeable Sound had ever reached her Ears) gave the fond Mother more Satisfaction, and warmed her Heart more towards *Jones*, than his having dissipated her present Anxiety.

The next Day was then appointed for the Removal of the new-married Couple, and of Mr. *Jones*, who was likewise to be provided for in the same House with his Friend. And now the Serenity of the Company was again restored, and they past the Day in the utmost Chearfulness, all except *Jones*, who, though he outwardly accompanied the rest in their Mirth, felt many a bitter

Pang on the Account of his *Sophia*; which were not a little heightened by the News of Mr. *Bliffl's* coming to Town, (for he clearly saw the Intention of his Journey :) And what greatly aggravated his Concern was, that Mrs. *Honour*, who had promised to enquire after *Sophia*, and to make her Report to him early the next Evening, had disappointed him.

In the Situation that he and his Mistress were in at this Time, there were scarce any Grounds for him to hope, that he should hear any good News; yet he was as impatient to see Mrs. *Honour*, as if he had expected she would bring him a Letter with an Assignment in it from *Sophia*, and bore the Disappointment as ill. Whether this Impatience arose from that natural Weakness of the human Mind, which makes it desirous to know the worst, and renders Uncertainty the most intolerable of Pains; or whether he still flattered himself with some secret Hopes, we will not determine. But that it might be the last, whoever has loved cannot but know. For of all the Powers exercised by this Passion over our Minds, one of the most wonderful is that of supporting Hope in the midst of Despair. Difficulties, Improbabilities, nay Impossibilities are quite overlooked by it; so that to any Man extremely in Love, may be applied what *Addison* says of *Cæsar*,

The Alps, and Pyrenæans, sink before him!

Yet it is equally true, that the same Passion will sometimes make Mountains of Molehills, and produce Despair in the midst of Hope; but these cold Fits last not long in good Constitutions. Which Temper *Jones* was now in, we leave the

Reader to guefs, having no exact Information about it; but this is certain, that he had fpend two Hours in Expectation, when being unable any longer to conceal his Uneafinefs, he retired to his Room; where his Anxiety had almoft made him frantick, when the following Letter was brought him from Mrs. Honour, with which we fhall prefent the Reader *verbatim & literatim*.

‘ S I R,

‘ I fhud fartenly haf kaled on you a cordin too
 ‘ mi Prommifs haddunt itt bin that hur Lashipp
 ‘ prevent mee; for too bee fur, Sir, you nofe
 ‘ very well that evere Perfun muft luk furft at
 ‘ ome, and fartenly fuch anuther offar mite not
 ‘ ave ever hapned, fo as I fhud ave bin juftly to
 ‘ blam, had I not excepted of it when her Lashipp
 ‘ was fo veri kind as to offar to make mee hur
 ‘ one Uman without mi ever askin any fuch thing,
 ‘ to bee fur thee is won of thee beft Ladis in thee
 ‘ Wurld, and Pepil, who fafe to the Kontrari
 ‘ muft bee veri wicket Pepil in thare Harts. To
 ‘ be fur if ever I ave fad any thing of that Kine
 ‘ it as bin thru Ignorens and I am hartili forri for
 ‘ it. I nofe your Onur to be a Genteelman of
 ‘ more Onur and Onefty, if I ever fad ani fuch
 ‘ thing, to repete it to hurt a pore Servant that
 ‘ as alwais ad thee grateft Refpect in thee Wurld
 ‘ for ure Onur. To bee fur won fhud kepe wons
 ‘ Tung within one’s Teeth, for no Boddi nofe
 ‘ what may happen; and too bee fur if ani Boddi
 ‘ ad tolde mee Yefterday, that I fhud haf bin in
 ‘ fo gud a Plafe to Day, I fhud not haf beleaved
 ‘ it; fer too bee fur I never was a dremd of any
 ‘ fuch Thing, nor fhud I ever have foft after ani
 ‘ other Bodi’s Plafe; but as her Lashipp wafs fo
 ‘ kine

‘ kine of her one a corde too give it mee without
 ‘ askin, to bee fur Mrs. *Etoff* herself, nor no
 ‘ other Boddi can blam mee for exceptin such a
 ‘ Thing when it falls in mi Waye. I beg ure
 ‘ Onur not too menshion ani thing of what I haf
 ‘ sad, for I wish ure Onur all the gud Luk in
 ‘ thee Wurd; and I don’t cuesday butt thatt u
 ‘ wil haf Madame *Sofia* in the End; but as to
 ‘ miself ure Onur nose I kant bee of ani farder
 ‘ Sarvis to u in that Matar, nou bein under thee
 ‘ Cumand of anuthar Parson, and not mi one
 ‘ Mistres. I begg ure Onur to say nothing of
 ‘ what past, and belive me to be, Sir

‘ Ure Onur’s umble Sarvant

‘ To Cumand till Deth,

‘ *Honour Blackmore.*’

Various were the Conjectures which *Jones* entertained for this Step of Lady *Bellafton*; who in reality had little farther Design than to secure within her own House the Repository of a Secret, which she chose should make no farther Progress than it had made already; but mostly she desired to keep it from the Ears of *Sophia*; for though that young Lady was almost the only one who would never have repeated it again, her Ladyship could not persuade herself of this; since as she now hated poor *Sophia* with most implacable Hatred, she conceived a reciprocal Hatred to herself to be lodged in the tender Breast of our Heroine, where no such Passion had ever yet found an Entrance.

While *Jones* was terrifying himself with the Apprehension of a thousand dreadful Machinations, and deep political Designs, which he imagined to be at the Bottom of the Promotion of *Honour*, Fortune, who hitherto seems to have been an utter Enemy to his Match with *Sophia*, tried a new Method to put a final End to it, by throwing a Temptation in the Way of *Jones*, which in his present desperate Situation it seemed unlikely he should be able to resist.

C H A P. XI.

Containing curious, but not unprecedented Matter.

THERE was a Lady, one Mrs. *Hunt*, who had often seen *Jones* at the House where he lodged, being intimately acquainted with the Women there, and indeed a very great Friend to Mrs. *Miller*. Her age was about Thirty; for she owned Six and Twenty; her Face and Person very good, only inclining a little too much to be fat. She had been married young by her Relations to an old *Turkey* Merchant, who having got a great Fortune, had left off Trade. With him she lived without Reproach, but not without Pain, in a State of great Self-denial, for about twelve Years; and her Virtue was rewarded by his dying, and leaving her very rich. The first Year of her Widowhood was just at an End, and she had past it in a good deal of Retirement, seeing only a few particular Friends, and dividing her Time between her Devotions and Novels, of which she was always extremely fond. Very good Health, a very warm Constitution, and a great deal of Religion,

Religion, made it absolutely necessary for her to marry again; and she resolved to please herself in her second Husband, as she had done her Friends in the first. From her the following Billet was brought to *Jones*.

‘ S I R,

‘ From the first Day I saw you, I doubt my
 ‘ Eyes have told you too plainly, that you were
 ‘ not indifferent to me; but neither my Tongue
 ‘ nor my Hand should have ever avowed it, had
 ‘ not the Ladies of the Family where you are
 ‘ lodged given me such a Character of you, and
 ‘ told me such Proofs of your Virtue and Good-
 ‘ ness, as convince me you are not only the most
 ‘ agreeable, but the most worthy of Men. I
 ‘ have also the Satisfaction to hear from them,
 ‘ that neither my Person, Understanding, or
 ‘ Character are disagreeable to you. I have a
 ‘ Fortune sufficient to make us both happy, but
 ‘ which cannot make me so without you. In
 ‘ thus disposing of myself, I know I shall incur
 ‘ the Censure of the World, but if I did not
 ‘ love you more than I fear the World, I should
 ‘ not be worthy of you. One only Difficulty
 ‘ stops me: I am informed you are engaged
 ‘ in a Commerce of Gallantry with a Wo-
 ‘ man of Fashion. If you think it worth while
 ‘ to sacrifice that to the Possession of me, I
 ‘ am yours; if not, forget my Weakness, and
 ‘ let this remain an eternal Secret between you
 ‘ and

‘ *Arabella Hunt.*’

At the reading of this *Jones* was put into a violent Flutter. His Fortune was then at a very low Ebb, the Source being stopt from which hitherto he had been supplied. Of all he had received from Lady *Bellaſton* not above five Guineas remained, and that very Morning he had been dunned by a Tradesman for twice that Sum. His honourable Miſtreſs was in the Hands of her Father, and he had ſcarce any Hopes ever to get her out of them again. To be ſuſtained at her Expence from that little Fortune ſhe had independent of her Father, went much againſt the Delicacy both of his Pride and his Love. This Lady's Fortune would have been exceeding convenient to him, and he could have no Objection to her in any Reſpect. On the contrary, he liked her as well as he did any Woman except *Sophia*. But to abandon *Sophia*, and marry another, that was impoſſible; he could not think of it upon any Account. Yet why ſhould he not, ſince it was plain ſhe could not be his? Would it not be kinder to her, than to continue her longer engaged in a hopeleſs Paſſion for him? Ought he not to do ſo in Friendſhip to her? This Notion prevailed ſome Moments, and he had almoſt determined to be falſe to her from a high Point of Honour; but that Refinement was not able to ſtand very long againſt the Voice of Nature, which cried in his Heart, that ſuch Friendſhip was Treason to Love. At laſt he called for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and writ as follows to Mrs. *Hunt*:

‘ Madam,

‘ It would be but a poor Return to the Favour
 ‘ you have done me, to ſacrifice any Gallantry
 ‘ to

‘ to the Possession of you, and I would certainly
 ‘ do it, though I were not disengaged, as at pre-
 ‘ sent I am, from any Affair of that Kind. But
 ‘ I should not be the honest Man you think me,
 ‘ if I did not tell you, that my Affections are en-
 ‘ gaged to another, who is a Woman of Virtue,
 ‘ and one that I never can leave, though it is
 ‘ probable I shall never possess her. God forbid
 ‘ that in Return of your Kindness to me, I should
 ‘ do you such an Injury, as to give you my Hand,
 ‘ when I cannot give my Heart. No, I had
 ‘ much rather starve than be guilty of that. Even
 ‘ though my Mistress were married to another, I
 ‘ would not marry you unless my Heart had en-
 ‘ tirely effaced all Impressions of her. Be assured
 ‘ that your Secret was not more safe in your own
 ‘ Breast, than in that of

‘ Your most Obliged, and

‘ Grateful Humble Servant,

‘ *T. Jones.*

When our Hero had finished and sent this
 Letter, he went to his Scrutore, took out Miss
Western's Muff, kiss'd it several Times, and then
 strutted some Turns about the Room, with more
 Satisfaction of Mind than ever any *Irishman*
 felt in carrying off a Fortune of fifty thousand
 Pounds.

C H A P. XII.

A Discovery made by Partridge.

W HILE *Jones* was exulting in the Consciousness of his Integrity, *Partridge* came capering into the Room, as was his Custom when he brought, or fancied he brought any good Tidings. He had been dispatched that Morning, by his Master, with Orders to endeavour, by the Servants of Lady *Bellaston*, or by any other Means, to discover whither *Sophia* had been conveyed; and he now returned, and with a joyful Countenance told our Hero, that he had found the lost Bird. ‘I have seen, Sir,’ says he, ‘black *George* the Game-keeper, who is one of the Servants whom the Squire hath brought with him to Town. I knew him presently, though I have not seen him these several Years; but you know, Sir, he is a very remarkable Man, or to use a purer Phrase, he hath a most remarkable Beard, the largest and blackest I ever saw. It was some Time however before black *George* could recollect me.’—‘Well, but what is your good News?’ cries *Jones*: ‘What do you know of my *Sophia*?’—‘You shall know presently, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I am coming to it as fast as I can.—You are so impatient, Sir, you would come at the Infinitive Mood, before you can get to the Imperative. As I was saying, Sir, it was some Time before he recollected my Face.’—‘Confound your Face,’ cries *Jones*, ‘what of my *Sophia*?’—‘Nay, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I know nothing more of Madam *Sophia*, than what I am
‘going

' going to tell you ; and I should have told you
 ' all before this if you had not interrupted me ;
 ' but if you look so angry at me, you will fright-
 ' en all of it out of my Head, or to use a purer
 ' Phrase, out of my Memory. I never saw you
 ' look so angry since the Day we left *Upton*,
 ' which I shall remember if I was to live a thou-
 ' sand Years.'—' Well, pray go on in your own
 ' Way,' said *Jones*, ' you are resolved to make
 ' me mad I find.' ' Not for the World,' an-
 ' swered *Partridge*, ' I have suffered enough for
 ' that already ; which, as I said, I shall bear in
 ' my Remembrance the longest Day I have to
 ' live.'—' Well, but *Black George* !' cries *Jones*.
 —' Well, Sir, as I was saying, it was a long
 ' Time before he could recollect me ; for indeed
 ' I am very much altered since I saw him. *Non*
 ' *sum qualis eram*. I have had Troubles in the
 ' World, and nothing alters a Man so much as
 ' Grief. I have heard it will change the Colour
 ' of a Man's Hair in a Night. However, at last,
 ' know me he did, that's sure enough ; for we are
 ' both of an Age, and were at the same Charity-
 ' School. *George* was a great Dunce, but no
 ' Matter for that ; all Men do not thrive in the
 ' World according to their Learning. I am sure
 ' I have Reason to say so ; but it will be all one a
 ' thousand Years hence. Well, Sir,—where was
 ' I ?—O—well, we no sooner knew each other,
 ' than after many hearty Shakes by the Hand, we
 ' agreed to go to an Alehouse and take a Pot, and
 ' by good Luck the Beer was some of the best I
 ' have met with since I have been in Town.—
 ' Now, Sir, I am coming to the Point ; for no
 ' sooner did I name you, and told him, that you
 ' and I came to Town together, and had lived

‘ together ever since, than he called for another
 ‘ Pot, and swore he would drink to your Health;
 ‘ and indeed he drank your Health so heartily,
 ‘ that I was overjoyed to see there was so much
 ‘ Gratitude left in the World: And after we had
 ‘ emptied that Pot, I said I would be my Pot too,
 ‘ and so we drank another to your Health;
 ‘ and then I made haste Home to tell you the
 ‘ News.’

‘ What News?’ cries *Jones*, ‘ you have not
 ‘ mentioned a Word of my *Sophia*!’——‘ Bless
 ‘ me! I had like to have forgot that. Indeed we
 ‘ mentioned a great deal about young Madam
 ‘ *Western*, and *George* told me all; that Mr. *Blifil*
 ‘ is coming to Town in order to be married to
 ‘ her. He had best make haste then, says I, or
 ‘ somebody will have her before he comes; and
 ‘ indeed, says I, Mr. *Seagrim*, it is a thousand
 ‘ Pities somebody should not have her; for he
 ‘ certainly loves her above all the Women in the
 ‘ World. I would have both you and she know
 ‘ that it is not for her Fortune he follows her;
 ‘ for I can assure you as to Matter of that, there
 ‘ is another Lady, one of much greater Quality
 ‘ and Fortune than she can pretend to, who is so
 ‘ fond of somebody, that she comes after him
 ‘ Day and Night.’

Here *Jones* fell into a Passion with *Partridge*,
 for having, as he said, betrayed him; but the
 poor Fellow answered, he had mentioned no
 Name: ‘ Besides, Sir,’ said he, ‘ I can assure
 ‘ you, *George* is sincerely your Friend, and
 ‘ wished Mr. *Blifil* at the Devil more than once;
 ‘ nay, he said he would do any thing in his
 ‘ Power upon Earth to serve you; and so I am
 ‘ convinced he will.—Betray you indeed! why I
 ‘ question

‘question whether you have a better Friend than
‘George upon Earth, except myself, or one that
‘would go farther to serve you.’

‘Well,’ says *Jones*, a little pacified, ‘you say
‘this Fellow, who I believe indeed is enough in-
‘clined to be my Friend, lives in the same House
‘with *Sophia*?’

‘In the same House?’ answered *Partridge*;
‘why, Sir, he is one of the Servants of the Fa-
‘mily, and very well drest I promise you he is;
‘if it was not for his black Beard, you would
‘hardly know him.’

‘One Service then at least he may do me,’
says *Jones*; ‘sure he can certainly convey a Let-
‘ter to my *Sophia*.’

‘You have hit the Nail *ad unguem*,’ cries *Par-
tridge*; ‘how came I not to think of it? I will
‘engage he shall do it upon the very first men-
‘tioning.’

‘Well then,’ said *Jones*, ‘do you leave me at
‘present, and I will write a Letter which you
‘shall deliver to him To-morrow Morning; for I
‘suppose you know where to find him.’

‘O yes, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘I shall cer-
‘tainly find him again; there is no Fear of that.
‘The Liquor is too good for him to stay away
‘long. I make no Doubt but he will be there
‘every Day he stays in Town.’

‘So you don’t know the Street then where my
‘*Sophia* is lodged?’ cries *Jones*.

‘Indeed, Sir, I do,’ says *Partridge*.

‘What is the Name of the Street?’ cries
Jones.

‘The Name, Sir, why here, Sir, just by,’
answered *Partridge*, ‘not above a Street or two
‘off. I don’t indeed know the very Name; for

‘ as he never told me, if I had asked, you know
‘ it might have put some Suspicion into his Head.
‘ No, no, Sir, let me alone for that. I am too
‘ cunning for that, I promise you.’

‘ Thou art most wonderfully cunning indeed,’
replied *Jones*; ‘ however I will write to my
‘ Charmer, since I believe you will be cunning
‘ enough to find him To-morrow at the Ale-
‘ house.’

And now having dismissed the sagacious *Partridge*, Mr. *Jones* sat himself down to write, in which Employment we shall leave him for a Time. And here we put an End to the fifteenth Book.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVI.

Containing the Space of five Days.

CHAP. I.

Of Prologues.

I Have heard of a Dramatic Writer who used to say, he would rather write a Play than a Prologue; in like Manner, I think, I can with less Pains write one of the Books of this History, than the Prefatory Chapter to each of them.

To say the Truth, I believe many a hearty Curse hath been devoted on the Head of that Author who first instituted the Method of prefixing to his Play that Portion of Matter which
is

is called the Prologue; and which at first was Part of the Piece itself, but of latter Years hath had usually so little Connection with the Drama before which it stands, that the Prologue to one Play might as well serve for any other. Those indeed of more modern Date, seem all to be written on the same three Topics, *viz.* an Abuse of the Taste of the Town, a Condemnation of all cotemporary Authors, and an Eulogium on the Performance just about to be represented. The Sentiments in all these are very little varied, nor is it possible they should; and indeed I have often wondered at the great Invention of Authors, who have been capable of finding such various Phrases, to express the same Thing.

In like Manner I apprehend, some future Historian (if any one shall do me the Honour of imitating my Manner) will, after much scratching his Pate, bestow some good Wishes on my Memory, for having first established these several initial Chapters; most of which, like modern Prologues, may as properly be prefixed to any other Book in this History as to that which they introduce, or indeed to any other History as to this.

But however Authors may suffer by either of these Inventions, the Reader will find sufficient Emolument in the one, as the Spectator hath long found in the other.

First, it is well known, that the Prologue serves the Critic for an Opportunity to try his Faculty of Hissing, and to tune his Cat-call to the best Advantage; by which Means, I have known those Musical Instruments so well prepared, that they have been able to play in full Concert at the first rising of the Curtain.

The

The same Advantages may be drawn from these Chapters, in which the Critic will be always sure of meeting with something that may serve as a Whetstone to his noble Spirit; so that he may fall with a more hungry Appetite for Censure on the History itself. And here his Sagacity must make it needless to observe how artfully these Chapters are calculated for that excellent Purpose; for in these we have always taken Care to intersperse somewhat of the sour or acid Kind, in order to sharpen and stimulate the said Spirit of Criticism.

Again, the indolent Reader, as well as Spectator, finds great Advantage from both these; for as they are not obliged either to see the one, or read the others, and both the Play and the Book are thus protracted, by the former they have a Quarter of an Hour longer allowed them to sit at Dinner, and by the latter they have the Advantage of beginning to read at the fourth or fifth Page instead of the first; a Matter by no Means of trivial Consequence to Persons who read Books with no other View than to say they have read them, a more general Motive to Reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only Law Books, and Good Books, but the Pages of *Homer* and *Virgil*, of *Swift* and *Cervantes*, have been often turned over.

Many other are the Emoluments which arise from both these, but they are for the most part so obvious that we shall not at present stay to enumerate them; especially since it occurs to us that the principal Merit of both the Prologue and the Preface is that they be short.

C H A P. II.

A whimsical Adventure which befel the Squire; with the distressed Situation of Sophia.

WE must now convey the Reader to Mr. Western's Lodgings, which were in *Piccadilly*, where he was placed by the Recommendation of the Landlord at the *Hercules Pillars* at *Hyde-Park Corner*; for at that Inn, which was the first he saw on his Arrival in Town, he placed his Horses, and in those Lodgings, which were the first he heard of, he deposited himself.

Here when *Sophia* alighted from the Hackney-Coach, which brought her from the House of Lady *Bellafton*, she desired to retire to the Apartment provided for her, to which her Father very readily agreed, and whither he attended her himself. A short Dialogue, neither very material nor pleasant to relate minutely, then passed between them, in which he pressed her vehemently to give her Consent to the Marriage with *Bliss*, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in Town in a few Days; but instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute Refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her Father, that after many bitter Vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard Words and Curses, locked the Door, and put the Key into his Pocket.

While *Sophia* was left with no other Company than what attend the closest State Prisoner, namely, Fire and Candle, the Squire sat down to regale himself over a Bottle of Wine, with his
Parson

Parson and the Landlord of the *Hercules Pillars*, who, as the Squire said, would make an excellent third Man, and could inform them of the News of the Town, and how Affairs went; for to be sure, says he, he knows a great deal, since the Horses of many of the Quality stand at his House.

In this agreeable Society, Mr. *Western* past that Evening and great Part of the succeeding Day, during which Period nothing happened of sufficient Consequence to find a Place in this History. All this Time *Sophia* past by herself; for her Father swore she should never come out of her Chamber alive, unless she first consented to marry *Blifil*; nor did he ever suffer the Door to be unlocked unless to convey her Food, on which Occasions he always attended himself.

The second Morning after his Arrival, while he and the Parson were at Breakfast together on a Toast and a Tankard, he was informed that a Gentleman was below to wait on him.

‘A Gentleman!’ quoth the Squire, ‘who the Devil can he be? Do, Doctor, go down and see who ’tis. Mr. *Blifil* can hardly be come to Town yet.—Go down, do, and know what his Business is.’

The Doctor returned with an Account that it was a very well drest Man, and by the Ribbon in his Hat, he took him for an Officer of the Army; that he said he had some particular Business, which he could deliver to none but Mr. *Western* himself.

‘An Officer!’ cries the Squire, ‘what can any such Fellow have to do with me? If he wants an Order for Baggage-Waggons, I am no Justice of Peace here, nor can I grant a
‘ War-

‘ Warrant.—Let un come up then, if he must
‘ speak to me.’

A very genteel Man now entered the Room; who having made his Compliments to the Squire, and desired the Favour of being alone with him, delivered himself as follows.

‘ Sir, I come to wait upon you by the Command of my Lord *Fellamar*; but with a very different Message from what I suppose you expect, after what past the other Night.”

‘ My Lord who?’ cries the Squire, ‘ I never heard the Name o’un.’

‘ His Lordship,’ said the Gentleman, ‘ is willing to impute every thing to the Effect of Liquor, and the most trifling Acknowledgment of that Kind will set every thing right; for as he hath the most violent Attachment to your Daughter, you, Sir, are the last Person upon Earth, from whom he would resent an Affront; and happy is it for you both that he hath given such public Demonstrations of his Courage, as to be able to put up an Affair of this Kind, without Danger of any Imputation on his Honour. All he desires therefore, is, that you will, before me, make some Acknowledgment; the slightest in the World will be sufficient; and he intends this Afternoon to pay his Respects to you, in order to obtain your Leave of visiting the young Lady on the Footing of a Lover.’

‘ I don’t understand much of what you say, Sir,’ said the Squire; ‘ but I suppose, by what you talk about my Daughter, that this is the Lord which my Cousin Lady *Bellafton* mentioned to me, and said something about his courting my Daughter. If so be, that how,
‘ that.

‘ that be the Case—you may give my Service to
 ‘ his Lordship, and tell un the Girl is disposed of
 ‘ already.’

‘ Perhaps, Sir,’ said the Gentleman, ‘ you are
 ‘ not sufficiently apprized of the Greatness of this
 ‘ Offer. I believe such a Person, Title, and For-
 ‘ tune, would be no where refused.’

‘ Looke, Sir,’ answered the Squire, ‘ to be
 ‘ very plain, my Daughter is bespoke already;
 ‘ but if she was not, I would not marry her to a
 ‘ Lord upon any Account; I hate all Lords;
 ‘ they are a Parcel of Courtiers and *Hannoverians*,
 ‘ and I will have nothing to do with them.’——

‘ Well, Sir,’ said the Gentleman, ‘ if that is
 ‘ your Resolution, the Message I am to deliver to
 ‘ you, is, that my Lord desires the Favour of
 ‘ your Company this Morning in *Hyde-Park*.’

‘ You may tell my Lord,’ answered the Squire,
 ‘ that I am busy and cannot come. I have enough
 ‘ to look after at home, and cannot stir abroad on
 ‘ any Account.’

‘ I am sure, Sir,’ quoth the other, ‘ you are
 ‘ too much a Gentleman to send such a Message;
 ‘ you will not, I am convinced, have it said of
 ‘ you, that after having affronted a noble Peer,
 ‘ you refuse him Satisfaction. His Lordship
 ‘ would have been willing, from his great Re-
 ‘ gard to the young Lady, to have made up Mat-
 ‘ ters in another Way; but unless he is to look
 ‘ on you as a Father, his Honour will not suffer
 ‘ his putting up such an Indignity as you must be
 ‘ sensible you offered him.’

‘ I offered him!’ cries the Squire; ‘ it is a
 ‘ d—n’d Lie, I never offered him any Thing.’

Upon these Words the Gentleman returned a
 very short verbal Rebuke, and this he accompa-
 nied

nied at the same Time with some manual Remonstrances, which no sooner reached the Ears of Mr. *Western*, than the worthy Squire began to caper very briskly about the Room, bellowing at the same Time with all his Might, as if desirous to summon a greater Number of Spectators to behold his Agility.

The Parson, who had left great Part of the Tankard unfinished, was not retired far; he immediately attended therefore on the Squire's Vociferation, crying, 'Bless me! Sir, what's the Matter?'——'Matter!' quoth the Squire, 'here's a Highwayman, I believe, who wants to rob and murder me—for he hath fallen upon me with that Stick there in his hand, when I wish I may be d—n'd if I gid un the least Provocation.'

'How, Sir,' said the Captain, 'did you not tell me I ly'd?'

'No, as I hope to be saved,' answered the Squire.——'I believe I might say, "'Twas a Lie that I had offered any Affront to my Lord,"—but I never said the Word *you lie*.—I understand myself better, and you might have understood yourself better than to fall upon a naked Man. If I had a Stick in my Hand, you would not have dared to strike me. I'd have knocked thy Lantern Jaws about thy Ears. Come down into Yard this Minute, and I'll take a Bout with thee at single Stick for a broken Head, that I will; or I will go into a naked Room and box thee for a Belly-full. At unt half a Man, at unt I am sure.'

The Captain, with some Indignation, replied, 'I see, Sir, you are below my Notice, and I shall inform his Lordship you are below his.—

'I am

‘ I am sorry I have dirted my Fingers with you.’
 —At which Words he withdrew, the Parson interposing to prevent the Squire from stopping him, in which he easily prevailed, as the other, though he made some Efforts for the Purpose, did not seem very violently bent on Success. However, when the Captain was departed, the Squire sent many Curses and some Menaces after him; but as these did not set out from his Lips till the Officer was at the Bottom of the Stairs, and grew louder and louder as he was more and more remote, they did not reach his Ears, or at least did not retard his Departure.

Poor *Sophia* however, who, in her Prison, heard all her Father’s Outcries from first to last, began now first to thunder with her Foot, and afterwards to scream as loudly as the old Gentleman himself had done before, though in a much sweeter Voice. These Screams soon silenced the Squire, and turned all his Consideration towards his Daughter, whom he loved so tenderly, that the least Apprehension of any Harm happening to her, threw him presently into Agonies: For except in that single Instance in which the whole future Happiness of her Life was concerned, she was sovereign Mistress of his Inclinations.

Having ended his Rage against the Captain, with swearing he would take the Law of him, the Squire now mounted up Stairs to *Sophia*, whom, as soon as he had unlocked and opened the Door, he found all pale and breathless. The Moment however that she saw her Father, she collected all her Spirits, and catching him hold by the Hand, she cry’d passionately, ‘ O my dear Sir, I am almost frightened to Death; I hope to Heaven no Harm hath happened to
 ‘ you.’

‘ you.’—‘ No, no,’ cries the Squire, ‘ no great
 ‘ Harm. The Rascal hath not hurt me much,
 ‘ but rat me if I don’t ha the La o’un.’ ‘ Pray,
 ‘ dear Sir,’ says she, ‘ tell me what’s the Mat-
 ‘ ter, who is it that hath insulted you?’ ‘ I don’t
 ‘ know the Name o’un,’ answered *Western*,
 ‘ some Officer Fellow I suppose that we are to pay
 ‘ for beating us, but I’ll make him pay this Bout,
 ‘ if the Rascal hath got any thing, which I sup-
 ‘ pose he hath not. For thof he was drest out
 ‘ so vine, I question whether he hath got a Voot
 ‘ of Land in the World.’ ‘ But, dear Sir,’
 cries she, ‘ what was the Occasion of your Quar-
 ‘ rel?’ ‘ What should it be, *Sophy*?’ answered
 the Squire, ‘ but about you, *Sophy*. All my
 ‘ Misfortunes are about you; and you will be the
 ‘ Death of your poor Father at last. Here’s a
 ‘ Varlet of a Lord, the Lord knows who for-
 ‘ sooth! who hath taan a Liking to you, and
 ‘ because I would not gi un my Consent, he sent
 ‘ me a Kallenge. Come, do be a good Girl,
 ‘ *Sophy*, and put an End to all your Father’s
 ‘ Troubles; come do, consent to ha un; he
 ‘ will be in Town within this Day or two; do
 ‘ but promise me to marry un as soon as he comes,
 ‘ and you will make me the happiest Man in the
 ‘ World, and I will make you the happiest
 ‘ Woman; you shall have the finest Cloaths in
 ‘ *London*, and the finest Jewels, and a Coach and
 ‘ Six at your Command. I promised *Allworthy*
 ‘ already to give up half my Estate,—Odrabbet it!
 ‘ I should hardly stick at giving up the Whole.’
 ‘ Will my Papa be so kind,’ says she, ‘ as to hear
 ‘ me speak?’—‘ Why wout ask, *Sophia*?’ cries he,
 ‘ when dost know that I had rather hear thy Voice,
 6 ‘ than

‘ than the Musick of the best Pack of Dogs in
‘ *England*.—Hear thee, my dear little Girl! I
‘ hope I shall hear thee as long as I live : for if I
‘ was ever to lose that Pleasure, I would not gee
‘ a Brass Varden to live a Moment longer. In-
‘ deed, *Sophy*, you do not know how I love you,
‘ indeed you don’t, or you never could have run
‘ away and left your poor Father, who hath no
‘ other Joy, no other Comfort upon Earth but
‘ his little *Sophy*.’ At these Words the Tears
stood in his Eyes; and *Sophia* (with the Tears
streaming from hers) answered, ‘ Indeed, my
‘ dear Papa, I know you have loved me tender-
‘ ly, and Heaven is my Witness how sincerely I
‘ have returned your Affection; nor could any
‘ thing but an Apprehension of being forced into
‘ the Arms of this Man, have driven me to run
‘ from a Father whom I love so passionately,
‘ that I would, with Pleasure, sacrifice my Life
‘ to his Happiness; nay, I have endeavoured to
‘ reason myself into doing more, and had almost
‘ worked up a Resolution, to endure the most
‘ miserable of all Lives, to comply with your In-
‘ clination. It was that Resolution alone to
‘ which I could not force my Mind; nor can
‘ I ever.’ Here the Squire began to look wild,
and the Foam appeared at his Lips, which *So-
phia* observing, begged to be heard out, and then
proceeded, ‘ If my Father’s Life, his Health,
‘ or any real Happiness of his was at Stake, here
‘ stands your resolved Daughter, may Heaven
‘ blast me, if there is a Misery I would not suf-
‘ fer to preserve you.—No, that most detested,
‘ most loathsome of all Lots would I embrace,
‘ I would give my Hand to *Bliss* for your Sake.’
—‘ I tell thee, it will preserve me,’ answers the
Father;

Father; 'it will gee me Health, Happiness, Life, every thing.—Upon my Soul I shall die if dost refuse me; I shall break my Heart, I shall upon my Soul.'—'Is it possible,' says she, 'you can have such a Desire to make me miserable?' 'I tell you noa,' answered he loudly, 'my whole Desire is to make thee happy; me! d—n me if there is a Thing upon Earth I would not do to see thee happy.'—'And will not my dear Papa allow me to have the least Knowledge of what will make me so? If it be true that Happiness consists in Opinion; what must be my Condition, when I shall think myself the most miserable of all the Wretches upon Earth?' 'Better think yourself so,' said he, 'than know it by being married to a poor bastardy Vagabond.' 'If it will content you, Sir,' said *Sophia*, 'I will give you the most solemn Promise never to marry him nor any other while my Papa lives without his Consent. Let me dedicate my whole Life to your Service; let me be again your poor *Sophy*, and my whole Business and Pleasure be, as it hath been, to please and divert you.' 'Looke, *Sophy*,' answered the Squire, 'I am not to be choused in this Manner. Your Aunt *Western* would then have Reason to think me the Fool she doth. No, no, *Sophy*, I'd have you to know I have got more Wisdom, and know more of the World than to take the Word of a Woman in a Matter where a Man is concerned.' 'How, Sir, have I deserved this Want of Confidence?' said she: 'Have I ever broke a single Promise to you? Or have I ever been found guilty of a Falsehood from my Cradle?' 'Looke, *Sophy*,' cries he, 'that's neither
' ther

‘ther here nor there. I am determin’d upon
‘this Match, and have him you shall, d—n me
‘if that unt. D—n me if that unt, though doſt
‘hang thyſelf the next Morning.’ At repeating
which Words he clinched his Fiſt, knit his Brows,
bit his Lips, and thundered ſo loud, that the
poor afflicted, terrified *Sophia* funk trembling into
her Chair; and had not a Flood of Tears come
immediately to her Relief, perhaps worſe had fol-
lowed.

Western beheld the deplorable Condition of his
Daughter with no more Contrition or Remorſe,
than the Turnkey of *Newgate* feels at viewing
the Agonies of a tender Wife, when taking her
laſt Farewel of her condemned Huſband; or ra-
ther he looked down on her with the ſame Emo-
tions which ariſe in an honeſt fair Tradeſman,
who ſees his Debtor dragg’d to Priſon for 10 l.
which, though a juſt Debt, the Wretch is wick-
edly unable to pay. Or, to hit the Caſe ſtill
more nearly, he felt the ſame Compunctiſon with
a Bawd, when ſome poor Innocent whom ſhe hath
enſnared into her Hands, falls into Fits at the
firſt Propoſal of what is call’d ſeeing Company.
Indeed this Reſemblance would be exact, was it
not that the Bawd hath an Intereſt in what ſhe
doth, and the Father, though perhaps he may
blindly think otherwiſe, can in Reality have none
in urging his Daughter to almoſt an equal Proſti-
tution.

In this Condition he left his poor *Sophia*, and
departing with a very vulgar Obſervation on the
Effect of Tears, he lock’d the Room, and return’d
to the Parſon, who ſaid every Thing he durſt in
Behalf of the young Lady, which though perhaps
it was not quite ſo much as his Duty required, yet

was it sufficient to throw the Squire into a violent Rage, and into many indecent Reflections on the whole Body of the Clergy, which we have too great an Honour for that sacred Function to commit to Paper.

C H A P. III.

What happened to Sophia during her Confinement.

THE Landlady of the House where the Squire lodged had begun very early to entertain a strange Opinion of her Guests. However, as she was informed that the Squire was a Man of a vast Fortune, and as she had taken Care to exact a very extraordinary Price for her Rooms, she did not think proper to give any Offence; for though she was not without some Concern for the Confinement of poor *Sophia*, of whose great Sweetness of Temper and Affability, the Maid of the House had made so favourable a Report, which was confirmed by all the Squire's Servants, yet she had much more Concern for her own Interest, than to provoke one, whom, as she said, she perceived to be a very haughty Kind of a Gentleman.

Though *Sophia* eat but little, yet she was regularly served with her Meals; indeed I believe if she had liked any one Rarity, that the Squire, however angry, would have spared neither Pains nor Cost to have procured it for her; since, however strange it may appear to some of my Readers, he really doated on his Daughter, and to give her any Kind of Pleasure was the highest Satisfaction of his Life.

The

The Dinner Hour being arrived, *Black George* carried her up a Pullet, the Squire himself (for he had sworn not to part with the Key) attending the Door. As *George* deposited the Dish, some Compliments passed between him and *Sophia* (for he had not seen her since she left the Country, and she treated every Servant with more Respect than some Persons shew to those who are in a very slight Degree their Inferiors): *Sophia* would have had him take the Pullet back, saying, she could not eat; but *George* begged her to try, and particularly recommended to her the Eggs, of which he said it was full.

All this Time the Squire was waiting at the Door; but *George* was a great Favourite with his Master, as his Employment was in Concerns of the highest Nature, namely, about the Game, and was accustomed to take many Liberties. He had officiously carried up the Dinner, being, as he said, very desirous to see his young Lady; he made therefore no scruple of keeping his Master standing above ten Minutes, while Civilities were passing between him and *Sophia*, for which he received only a good-humoured Rebuke at the Door when he returned.

The Eggs of Pullets, Partridges, Pheasants, &c. were, as *George* well knew, the most favourite Dainties of *Sophia*. It was therefore no Wonder, that he who was a very good-natured Fellow, should take Care to supply her with this Kind of Delicacy, at a Time when all the Servants in the House were afraid she would be starved; for she had scarce swallowed a single Morsel in the last forty Hours.

Though Vexation hath not the same Effect on all Persons, as it usually hath on a Widow, whose

Appetite is often rendered sharper than it can be rendered by the Air on *Bansted Downs*, or *Salisbury Plain*; yet the sublimest Grief, notwithstanding what some People may say to the contrary, will eat at last. And *Sophia* herself, after some little Consideration, began to dissect the Fowl, which she found to be as full of Eggs as *George* had reported.

But if she was pleased with these, it contained something which would have delighted the Royal Society much more; for if a Fowl with three Legs be so invaluable a Curiosity, when perhaps Time hath produced a thousand such, at what Price shall we esteem a Bird which so totally contradicts all the Laws of Animal Œconomy, as to contain a Letter in its Belly? *Ovid* tells us of a Flower into which *Hyacinthus* was metamorphosed, that bears Letters on its Leaves, which *Virgil* recommended as a Miracle to the Royal Society of his Day; but no Age nor Nation hath ever recorded a Bird with a Letter in its Maw.

But though a Miracle of this Kind might have engaged all the *Academies des Sciences* in Europe, and perhaps in a fruitless Enquiry; yet the Reader, by barely recollecting the last Dialogue which passed between Messieurs *Jones* and *Partridge*, will be very easily satisfied from whence this Letter came, and how it found its Passage into the Fowl.

Sophia, notwithstanding her long Fast, and notwithstanding her favourite Dish was there before her, no sooner saw the Letter than she immediately snatched it up, tore it open, and read as follows:

‘ Madam,

‘ Madam,

‘ Was I not sensible to whom I have the
‘ Honour of Writing, I should endeavour, how-
‘ ever difficult, to paint the Horrors of my
‘ Mind, at the Account brought me by Mrs.
‘ Honour: But as Tenderness alone can have
‘ any true Idea of the Pangs which Tenderness
‘ is capable of feeling; so can this most amiable
‘ Quality which my *Sophia* possesses in the most
‘ eminent Degree, sufficiently inform her what
‘ her *Jones* must have suffered on this melancholy
‘ Occasion. Is there a Circumstance in the
‘ World which can heighten my Agonies, when
‘ I hear of any Misfortune which hath befallen
‘ you? Surely there is one only, and with that
‘ I am accursed. It is, my *Sophia*, the dreadful
‘ Consideration that I am myself the wretched
‘ Cause. Perhaps I here do myself too much
‘ Honour; but none will envy me an Honour
‘ which costs me so extremely dear. Pardon me
‘ this Presumption, and pardon me a greater
‘ still, if I ask you whether my Advice, my
‘ Assistance, my Presence, my Absence, my
‘ Death, or my Tortures can bring you any Re-
‘ lief? Can the most perfect Admiration, the
‘ most watchful Observance, the most ardent
‘ Love, the most melting Tenderness, the most
‘ resigned Submission to your Will, make you
‘ Amends for what you are to sacrifice to my
‘ Happiness? If they can, fly, my lovely Angel, to
‘ those Arms which are ever open to receive and
‘ protect you; and to which, whether you bring
‘ yourself alone, or the Riches of the World
‘ with you, is, in my Opinion, an Alternative
‘ not worth regarding. If, on the contrary,

H 3

‘ Wif-

‘ Wisdom shall predominate, and, on the most
 ‘ mature Reflection, inform you, that the Sacri-
 ‘ fice is too great; and if there be no Way left
 ‘ to reconcile you to your Father, and restore the
 ‘ Peace of your dear Mind, but by abandoning
 ‘ me, I conjure you drive me for ever from your
 ‘ Thoughts, exert your Resolution, and let no
 ‘ Compassion for my Sufferings bear the least
 ‘ Weight in that tender Bosom. Believe me,
 ‘ Madam, I so sincerely love you better than my-
 ‘ self, that my great and principal End is your
 ‘ Happiness. My first Wish (why would not
 ‘ Fortune indulge me in it?) was, and pardon
 ‘ me if I say, still is, to see you every Moment the
 ‘ happiest of Women; my second Wish is to hear
 ‘ you are so; but no Misery on Earth can equal
 ‘ mine, while I think you owe an uneasy Moment
 ‘ to him who is,

‘ Madam,

‘ In every Sense, and to every Purpose,

‘ Your devoted

‘ *Thomas Jones.*”

What *Sophia* said, or did, or thought upon this
 Letter, how often she read it, or whether more
 than once, shall all be left to our Reader’s Im-
 agination. The Answer to it he may perhaps see
 hereafter; but not at present; for this Reason,
 among others, that she did not now write any, and
 that for several good Causes, one of which is this,
 that she had no Paper, Pen, nor Ink.

In the Evening while *Sophia* was meditating on the Letter she had received, or on something else, a violent Noise from below disturbed her Meditations. This Noise was no other than a round Bout at Altercation between two Persons. One of the Combatants, by his Voice, she immediately distinguished to be her Father; but she did not so soon discover the shriller Pipes to belong to the Organ of her Aunt *Western*, who was just arrived in Town, and having, by Means of one of her Servants, who stooped at the *Hercules Pillars*, learnt where her Brother lodged, she drove directly to his Lodgings.

We shall therefore take our Leave at present of *Sophia*, and, with our usual Good-breeding, attend her Ladyship.

C H A P. IV.

In which Sophia is delivered from her Confinement.

THE Squire and the Parson (for the Landlord was now otherwise engaged) were snoaking their Pipes together, when the Arrival of the Lady was first signified. The Squire no sooner heard her Name, than he immediately ran down to usher her up Stairs; for he was a great Observer of such Ceremonials, especially to his Sister, of whom he stood more in Awe than of any other human Creature, though he never would own this, nor did he perhaps know it himself.

Mrs. *Western*, on her Arrival in the Dining-Room, having flung herself into a Chair, began thus to harangue. ‘ Well, surely no one ever
‘ had such an intolerable Journey. I think the

‘ Roads, since so many Turnpike Acts, are
‘ grown worse than ever. La, Brother, how
‘ could you get into this odious Place? No Per-
‘ son of Condition, I dare swear, ever set Foot
‘ here before.’ ‘ I don’t know,’ cries the Squire,
‘ I think they do well enough; it was Landlord
‘ recommended them. I thought as he knew
‘ most of the Quality, he could best shew me
‘ where to get among um.’ ‘ Well, and where’s
‘ my Niece?’ says the Lady; ‘ have you been
‘ to wait upon Lady *Bellafton* yet?’ ‘ Ay, ay,
cries the Squire, ‘ your Niece is safe enough;
‘ she is up Stairs in Chamber.’ ‘ How,’ an-
swered the Lady, ‘ is my Niece in this House,
‘ and doth she not know of my being here?’
‘ No, no-body can well get to her,’ says the
Squire, ‘ for she is under Lock and Key. I have
‘ her safe; I vetched her from my Lady Cousin
‘ the first Night I came to Town, and I have
‘ taken Care o’ her ever since; she is as secure
‘ as a Fox in a Bag, I promise you.’ ‘ Good
‘ Heaven!’ returned Mrs. *Western*, ‘ what do
‘ I hear! I thought what a fine Piece of Work
‘ would be the Consequence of my Consent to
‘ your coming to Town yourself; nay, it was
‘ indeed your own headstrong Will, nor can I
‘ charge myself with ever having consented to it.
‘ Did not you promise me, Brother, that you
‘ would take none of these headstrong Measures?
‘ Was it not by these headstrong Measures that
‘ you forced my Niece to run away from you in
‘ the Country? Have you a Mind to oblige her
‘ to take such another Step!’ ‘ Z—ds and the
‘ Devil,’ cries the Squire, dashing his Pipe on
the Ground, ‘ did ever Mortal hear the like?
‘ when I expected you would have commended
‘ me.

‘ me for all I have done, to be fallen upon in
 ‘ this Manner!’ ‘ How! Brother,’ said the La-
 dy, ‘ have I ever given you the least Reason.
 ‘ to imagine I should commend you for locking
 ‘ up your Daughter? Have I not often told you,
 ‘ that Women in a free Country are not to be
 ‘ treated with such arbitrary Power? We are as
 ‘ free as the Men, and I heartily wish I could
 ‘ not say we deserve that Freedom better. If
 ‘ you expect I should stay a Moment longer in
 ‘ this wretched House, or that I should ever own
 ‘ you again as my Relation, or that I should
 ‘ ever trouble myself again with the Affairs of
 ‘ your Family, I insist upon it that my Niece
 ‘ be set at Liberty this Instant.’ This she spoke
 with so commanding an Air, standing with her
 Back to the Fire, with one Hand behind her,
 and a Pinch of Snuff in the other, that I question
 whether *Thalestris* at the Head of her Amazons
 ever made a more tremendous Figure. It is no
 Wonder therefore that the poor Squire was not
 Proof against the Awe which she inspired.
 ‘ There,’ he cried, throwing down the Key,
 ‘ There it is, do what you please. I intended
 ‘ only to have kept her up till *Bliss* came to
 ‘ Town, which can’t be long; and now if any
 ‘ Harm happens in the mean Time, remember
 ‘ who is to be blamed for it.’

‘ I will answer it with my Life,’ cries Mrs.
Western; ‘ but I shall not intermeddle at all, un-
 ‘ less upon one Condition, and that is, that you
 ‘ will commit the whole entirely to my Care,
 ‘ without taking any one Measure yourself, un-
 ‘ less I shall eventually appoint you to act. If
 ‘ you ratify these Preliminaries, Brother, I yet

‘ will endeavour to preserve the Honour of your
 ‘ Family; if not, I shall continue in a neutral
 ‘ State.’

‘ I pray you, good Sir,’ said the Parson, ‘ per-
 ‘ mit yourself to be admonished this once by her
 ‘ Ladyship; peradventure by communing with
 ‘ young Madam *Sophia*, she will affect more than
 ‘ you have been able to perpetrate by more rigo-
 ‘ rous Measures.’

‘ What dost thee open upon me?’ cries the
 Squire. ‘ If thee dost begin to babble, I shall
 ‘ whip thee in presently.’

‘ Fie, Brother,’ answered the Lady, ‘ is this
 ‘ Language to a Clergyman? Mr. *Supple* is a
 ‘ Man of Sense, and gives you the best Advice;
 ‘ and the whole World, I believe, will concur
 ‘ in his Opinion; but I must tell you, I expect
 ‘ an immediate Answer to my categorical Propo-
 ‘ sals. Either cede your Daughter to my Dispo-
 ‘ sal, or take her wholly to your own surprizing
 ‘ Discretion, and then I here, before Mr. *Supple*,
 ‘ evacuate the Garrison, and renounce you and
 ‘ your Family for ever.’

‘ I pray you let me be a Mediator,’ cries the
 Parson: ‘ let me supplicate you.’

‘ Why there lies the Key on the Table,’ cries
 the Squire. ‘ She may take un up, if she pleases;
 ‘ who hinders her?’

‘ No, Brother,’ answered the Lady, ‘ I insist
 ‘ on the Formality of its being delivered me, with
 ‘ a full Ratification of all the Concessions stipu-
 ‘ lated.’

‘ Why then I will deliver it to you—There
 ‘ ’tis,’ cries the Squire. ‘ I am sure, Sister, you
 ‘ can’t accuse me of ever denying to trust my
 ‘ Daughter to you. She hath a lived wi’ you a

‘ whole Year and muore to a Time, without my
 ‘ ever zeeing her.’

‘ And it would have been happy for her,’ answered the Lady, ‘ if she had always lived with
 ‘ me. Nothing of this Kind would have hap-
 ‘ pened under my Eye.’

‘ Ay, certainly,’ cries he, ‘ I only am to
 ‘ blame.’

‘ Why, you are to blame, Brother,’ answered she: ‘ I have been often obliged to tell you so,
 ‘ and shall always be obliged to tell you so. How-
 ‘ ever, I hope you will now amend, and gather
 ‘ so much Experience from past Errors, as not to
 ‘ defeat my wisest Machinations by your Blun-
 ‘ ders. Indeed, Brother, you are not qualified
 ‘ for these Negotiations. All your whole Scheme
 ‘ of Politics is wrong. I once more, therefore,
 ‘ insist, that you do not intermeddle. Remem-
 ‘ ber only what is past.’—

‘ Z—ds and Bl—d, Sister,’ cries the Squire,
 ‘ What would you have me say? You are enough
 ‘ to provoke the Devil.’

‘ There now,’ said she, ‘ just according to the
 ‘ old Custom. I see, Brother, there is no talking
 ‘ to you. I will appeal to Mr. *Supple*, who is a
 ‘ Man of Sense, if I said any Thing which could
 ‘ put any human Creature into a Passion; but
 ‘ you are so wrong-headed every Way.’

‘ Let me beg you, Madam,’ said the Parson,
 ‘ not to irritate his Worship.’

‘ Irritate him?’ said the Lady;—‘ Sure you
 ‘ are as great a Fool as himself. Well, Brother,
 ‘ since you have promised not to interfere, I will
 ‘ once more undertake the Management of my
 ‘ Niece. Lord have Mercy upon all Affairs
 ‘ which are under the Directions of Men. The

‘ Head of one Woman is worth a thousand of
 ‘ you?’ And now having summoned a Servant to
 shew her to *Sophia*, she departed, bearing the Key
 with her.

She was no sooner gone, than the Squire
 (having first shut the Door) ejaculated twenty
 Bitches, and as many hearty Curses against her,
 not sparing himself for having ever thought of her
 Estate; but added, ‘ Now one hath been a Slave
 ‘ so long, it would be a Pity to lose it at last, for
 ‘ want of holding out a little longer. The Bitch
 ‘ can’t live for ever, and I know I am down for it
 ‘ upon the Will.’

The Parson greatly commended this Resolu-
 tion; and now the Squire having ordered in an-
 other Bottle, which was his usual Method when
 any Thing either pleased or vexed him, did, by
 drinking plentifully of this medicinal Julap, so
 totally wash away his Choler, that his Temper
 was become perfectly placid and serene, when
 Mrs. *Western* returned with *Sophia* into the Room.
 The young Lady had on her Hat and Capuchin,
 and the Aunt acquainted Mr. *Western*, ‘ that she
 ‘ intended to take her Niece with her to her own
 ‘ Lodgings; for, indeed, Brother,’ says she,
 ‘ these Rooms are not fit to receive a Christian
 ‘ Soul in.’

‘ Very well, Madam,’ quoth *Western*, ‘ what-
 ‘ ever you please. The Girl can never be in bet-
 ‘ ter Hands than yours; and the Parson here can
 ‘ do me the Justice to say, that I have said fifty
 ‘ Times behind your Back, that you was one of
 ‘ the most sensible Women in the World.’

‘ To this,’ cries the Parson, ‘ I am ready to
 ‘ bear Testimony.’

‘ Nay,

‘Nay, Brother,’ says Mrs. *Western*, ‘I have always, I’m sure, given you as favourable a Character. You must own you have a little too much Hastiness in your Temper; but when you will allow yourself Time to reflect, I never knew a Man more reasonable.’

‘Why then, Sister, if you think so,’ said the Squire, ‘here’s your good Health with all my Heart. I am a little passionate sometimes, but I scorn to bear any Malice. *Sophy*, do you be a good Girl, and do every Thing your Aunt orders you.’

‘I have not the least doubt of her,’ answered Mrs. *Western*. ‘She hath had already an Example before her Eyes, in the Behaviour of that Wretch her Cousin *Harriet*, who ruined herself by neglecting my Advice.—O Brother, what think you? You was hardly gone out of Hearing, when you set out for *London*, when who should arrive but that impudent Fellow with the odious *Irish* Name—that *Fitzpatrick*. He broke abruptly upon me without Notice, or I would not have seen him. He ran on a long, unintelligible Story about his Wife, to which he forced me to give him a Hearing; but I made him very little Answer, and delivered him the Letter from his Wife, which I bid him answer himself. I suppose the Wretch will endeavour to find us out; but I beg you will not see her, for I am determined I will not.’

‘I zee her?’ answered the Squire; ‘You need not fear me. I’ll ge no Encouragement to such undutiful Wenches. It is well for the Fellow her Husband, I was not at Huome. Od Rabbit it, he should have taken a Dance thru the Horse-pond, I promise un. You zee, *Sophy*,
‘ what

‘ what Undutifulness brings Volks to. You
 ‘ have an Example in your own Family.’

‘ Brother,’ cries the Aunt, ‘ you need not
 ‘ shock my Niece by such odious Repetitions.
 ‘ Why will you not leave every Thing entirely
 ‘ to me?’ ‘ Well, well, I wull, I wull,’ said
 the Squire.

And now Mrs. *Western*, luckily for *Sophia*, put
 an End to the Conversation, by ordering Chairs to
 be called. I say luckily; for had it continued
 much longer, fresh Matter of Dissention would,
 most probably, have risen between the Brother
 and Sister; between whom Education and Sex
 made the only Difference; for both were equally
 violent, and equally positive; they had both a
 vast Affection for *Sophia*, and both a sovereign
 Contempt for each other.

C H A P. V.

*In which Jones receives a Letter from Sophia, and
 goes to a Play with Mrs. Miller and Partridge.*

THE arrival of *Black George* in Town, and
 the good Offices which that grateful Fellow
 had promised to do for his old Benefactor, greatly
 comforted *Jones* in the midst of all the Anxiety
 and Uneasiness which he had suffered on the Ac-
 count of *Sophia*; from whom, by the Means of
 the said *George*, he received the following Answer
 to his Letter, which *Sophia*, to whom the Use of
 Pen, Ink, and Paper was restored with her Liber-
 ty, wrote the very Evening when she departed from
 her Confinement.

‘ Sir,

‘ Sir,

‘ As I do not doubt your Sincerity in what
‘ you write, you will be pleased to hear that some
‘ of my Afflictions are at an End, by the Arrival
‘ of my Aunt *Western*, with whom I am at pre-
‘ sent, and with whom I enjoy all the Liberty I
‘ can desire. One Promise my Aunt hath insisted
‘ on my making, which is, that I will not see or
‘ converse with any Person without her Know-
‘ lege and Consent. This Promise I have most
‘ solemnly given, and shall most inviolably keep :
‘ And though she hath not expressly forbidden me
‘ Writing, yet that must be an Omission from
‘ Forgetfulness ; or this, perhaps, is included in
‘ the Word conversing. However, as I cannot
‘ but consider this as a Breach of her generous
‘ Confidence in my Honour, you cannot expect
‘ that I shall, after this, continue to write my-
‘ self, or to receive Letters, without her Know-
‘ lege. A Promise is with me a very sacred
‘ Thing, and to be extended to every Thing un-
‘ derstood from it, as well as to what is expressed
‘ by it ; and this Consideration may perhaps, on
‘ Reflection, afford you some Comfort. But why
‘ should I mention a Comfort to you of this Kind ?
‘ For though there is one Thing in which I can
‘ never comply with the best of Fathers, yet am
‘ I firmly resolved never to act in Defiance of
‘ him, or to take any Step of Consequence with-
‘ out his Consent. A firm Persuasion of this,
‘ must teach you to divert your Thoughts from
‘ what Fortune hath (perhaps) made impossible.
‘ This your own Interest persuades you. This
‘ may reconcile you, I hope, to Mr. *Allworthy* ;
‘ and if it will, you have my Injunctions to pur-
‘ sue

‘ sue it. Accidents have laid some Obligations
 ‘ on me, and your good Intentions probably more.
 ‘ Fortune may, perhaps, be sometimes kinder to
 ‘ us both than at present. Believe this, that I
 ‘ shall always think of you as I think you deserve,
 ‘ and am,

‘ Sir,

‘ *Your Obliged humble Servant,*

‘ Sophia Western.’

‘ I charge you write to me no more—at pre-
 ‘ sent at least; and accept this, which is now of
 ‘ no Service to me, which I know you must want,
 ‘ and think you owe the Trifle only to that For-
 ‘ tune by which you found it *.’

A Child who hath just learnt his Letters, would
 have spelt this Letter out in less Time than *Jones*
 took in reading it. The Sensations it occasioned
 were a Mixture of Joy and Grief; somewhat like
 what divide the Mind of a good Man, when he
 peruses the Will of his deceased Friend, in which
 a large Legacy, which his Distresses make the
 more welcome, is bequeathed to him. Upon the
 whole, however, he was more pleased than dis-
 pleased; and indeed the Reader may probably
 wonder that he was displeased at all; but the
 Reader is not quite so much in Love as was poor
Jones: And Love is a Disease, which, though it
 may in some Instances resemble a Consumption,
 (which it sometimes causes) in others proceeds in
 direct Opposition to it, and particularly in this,

* Meaning, perhaps, the Bank-bill for 100l.

that it never flatters itself, or sees any one Symptom in a favourable Light.

One Thing gave him complete Satisfaction, which was, that his Mistress had regained her Liberty, and was now with a Lady where she might at least assure herself of a decent Treatment. Another comfortable Circumstance, was the Reference which she made to her Promise of never marrying any other Man: For however disinterested he might imagine his Passion, and notwithstanding all the generous Overtures made in his Letter, I very much question whether he could have heard a more afflicting Piece of News, than that *Sophia* was married to another, though the Match had been never so great, and never so likely to end in making her completely happy. That refined Degree of *Platonic* Affection which is absolutely detached from the Flesh, and is indeed entirely and purely spiritual, is a Gift confined to the female Part of the Creation; many of whom I have heard declare, (and doubtless with great Truth) that they would, with the utmost Readiness, resign a Lover to a Rival, when such Resignation was proved to be necessary for the temporal Interest of such Lover. Hence, therefore, I conclude, that this Affection is in Nature, though I cannot pretend to say, I have ever seen an Instance of it.

Mr. *Jones* having spent three Hours in reading and kissing the aforesaid Letter, and being, at last, in a State of good Spirits, from the last-mentioned Considerations, he agreed to carry an Appointment, which he had before made, into Execution. This was to attend Mrs. *Miller*, and her younger Daughter, into the Gallery at the Playhouse, and to admit Mr. *Partridge* as one of the Company.

For

For as *Jones* had really that Taste for Humour which many affect, he expected to enjoy much Entertainment in the Criticisms of *Partridge*; from whom he expected the simple Dictates of Nature, unimproved indeed, but likewise unadulterated by A. t.

In the first Row then of the first Gallery did Mr. *Jones*, Mrs. *Miller*, her youngest Daughter, and *Partridge*, take their Places. *Partridge* immediately declared, it was the finest Place he had ever been in. When the first Music was played, he said, 'It was a Wonder how so many Fiddlers could play at one Time, without putting one another out.' While the Fellow was lighting the upper Candles, he cried out to Mrs. *Miller*, 'Look, look, Madam, the very Picture of the Man in the End of the Common-Prayer Book, before the Gunpowder-Treason Service.' Nor could he help observing with a Sigh, when all the Candles were lighted. 'That here were Candles enough burnt in one Night, to keep an honest poor Family for a Twelvemonth.'

As soon as the Play, which was *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, began, *Partridge* was all Attention, nor did he break Silence till the Entrance of the Ghost; upon which he asked *Jones*, 'What Man that was in the strange Dress; something,' said he, 'like what I have seen in a Picture.' 'Sure it is not Armour, is it?' *Jones* answered, 'That is the Ghost.' To which *Partridge* replied with a Smile, 'Persuade me to that, Sir, if you can. Though I cannot say I ever actually saw a Ghost in my Life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, Sir, Ghosts don't appear in such Dresses as that, neither.' In this Mistake,

Mistake, which caused much Laughter in the Neighbourhood of *Partridge*, he was suffered to continue, 'till the Scene between the Ghost and *Hamlet*; when *Partridge* gave that Credit to Mr. *Garrick*, which he had denied to *Jones*, and fell into so violent a Trembling, that his Knees knocked against each other. *Jones* asked him what was the Matter, and whether he was afraid of the Warrior upon the Stage? 'O la, Sir,' said he, 'I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of any Thing; for I know it is but a Play. And if it really was a Ghost, it could do one no Harm at such a Distance, and in so much Company; and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only Person.' 'Why,' who,' cries *Jones*, 'dost thou take to be such a Coward here besides thyself?' 'Nay, you may call me Coward if you will; but if that little Man there upon the Stage is not frightened, I never saw any Man frightened in my Life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's Fool then! Will you? Lud have Mercy upon such Fool-hardiness!—Whatever happens it is good enough for you.—Follow you? I'd follow the Devil as soon. Nay, perhaps, it is the Devil—for they say he can put on what Likeness he pleases.—Oh! here he is again.—No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the King's Dominions.' *Jones* offered to speak, but *Partridge* cried, 'Hush, hush, dear Sir, don't you hear him!' And during the whole Speech of the Ghost, he sat with his Eyes fixed partly on the Ghost, and partly on *Hamlet*, and with his Mouth open; the same Passions which succeeded.

ceeded each other in *Hamlet*, succeeding likewise in him.

When the Scene was over, *Jones* said, ‘ Why, *Partridge*, you exceed my Expectations. You enjoy the Play more than I conceived possible.’ ‘ Nay, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ if you are not afraid of the Devil, I can’t help it; but to be sure it is natural to be surprized at such Things, though I know there is nothing in them: Not that it was the Ghost that surprized me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a Man in a strange Dress: But when I saw the little Man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me.’ ‘ And dost thou imagine then, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ that he was really frightened?’ ‘ Nay, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own Father’s Spirit, and how he was murdered in the Garden, how his Fear forsook him by Degrees, and he was struck dumb with Sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own Case.—But hush! O la! What Noise is that? There he is again.—Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder, where those Men are.’ Then turning his Eyes again upon *Hamlet*, ‘ Ay you may draw your Sword; what signifies a Sword against the Power of the Devil?’

During the second Act, *Partridge* made very few Remarks. He greatly admired the Fineness of the Dresses; nor could he help observing upon the King’s Countenance. ‘ Well,’ said he, ‘ how People may be deceived by Faces? *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would

‘ would think, by looking in the King’s Face, ‘ that he had ever committed a Murder?’ He then enquired after the Ghost; but *Jones*, who intended he should be surprized, gave him no other Satisfaction, ‘ than that he might possibly see him ‘ again soon, and in a Flash of Fire.’

Partridge sat in fearful Expectation of this; and now, when the Ghost made his next Appearance, *Partridge* cried out, ‘ There, Sir, ‘ now; what say you now? Is he frightened now ‘ or no? As much frightened as you think me, ‘ and to be sure, nobody can help some Fears, ‘ I would not be in so bad a Condition as what’s ‘ his Name, Squire *Hamlet*, is there, for all the ‘ World. Bless me! What’s become of the ‘ Spirit? As I am a living Soul, I thought I saw ‘ him sink into the Earth.’ ‘ Indeed you saw ‘ right,’ answered *Jones*. ‘ Well, well,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ I know it is only a Play; and besides, if there was any Thing in all this, Madam *Miller* would not laugh so: For as to you, ‘ Sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the ‘ Devil was here in Person.—There, there—Ay, ‘ no Wonder you are in such a Passion; shake ‘ the vile wicked Wretch to Pieces. If she was ‘ my own Mother I should serve her so. To be ‘ sure, all Duty to a Mother is forfeited by such ‘ wicked Doings.—Ay, go about your Business; ‘ I hate the Sight of you.’

Our Critic was now pretty silent till the Play, which *Hamlet* introduces before the King. This he did not at first understand, till *Jones* explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the Spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed Murder. Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he asked her, ‘ If she did not ima-
‘ gine

‘ gine the King looked as if he was touched ;
 ‘ though he is,’ said he, ‘ a good Actor, and doth
 ‘ all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have
 ‘ so much to answer for, as that wicked Man there
 ‘ hath, to sit upon a much higher Chair than he
 ‘ sits upon.—No wonder he run away ; for
 ‘ your Sake I’ll never trust an innocent Face
 ‘ again.’

The Grave-digging Scene next engaged the
 Attention of *Partridge*, who expressed much Sur-
 prize at the Number of Skulls thrown upon the
 Stage. To which *Jones* answered, ‘ That it
 ‘ was one of the most famous Burial-places about
 ‘ Town.’ ‘ No wonder then,’ cries *Partridge*,
 ‘ that the Place is haunted. But I never saw in
 ‘ my Life a worse Grave-digger. I had a Sex-
 ‘ ton when I was a Clerk, that should have dug
 ‘ three Graves while he is digging one. The
 ‘ Fellow handles a Spade as if it was the first
 ‘ Time he had ever had one in his Hands. Ay,
 ‘ ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than
 ‘ work, I believe.’—Upon *Hamlet*’s taking up
 the Skull, he cried out, ‘ Well, it is strange to
 ‘ see how fearless some Men are : I never could
 ‘ bring myself to touch any Thing belonging to
 ‘ a dead Man on any Account.—He seemed
 ‘ frightened enough too at the Ghost I thought.
 ‘ *Nemo omnibus horis sapit.*’

Little more worth remembering occurred during
 the Play ; at the End of which *Jones* asked him,
 ‘ which of the Players he liked best?’ To
 this he answered, with some Appearance of In-
 dignation at the Question, ‘ The King without
 ‘ Doubt.’ ‘ Indeed, Mr. *Partridge*,’ says Mrs.
Miller, ‘ you are not of the same Opinion with
 ‘ the Town ; for they are all agreed, that *Ham-*

‘ let

‘ *let* is acted by the best Player who was ever on the Stage.’ ‘ He the best Player !’ cries *Partridge*, with a contemptuous Sneer, ‘ Why I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a Ghost, I should have looked in the very same Manner, and done just as he did. And then to be sure, in that Scene, as you called it, between him and his Mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me, any Man, that is, any good Man, that had such a Mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me ; but, indeed, Madam, though I was never at a Play in *London*, yet I have seen acting before in the Country ; and the King for my Money ; he speaks all his Words distinctly, half as loud again as the other.—Any Body may see he is an Actor.’

While Mrs. *Miller* was thus engaged in Conversation with *Partridge*, a Lady came up to Mr. *Jones*, whom he immediately knew to be Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*. She said she had seen him from the other Part of the Gallery, and had taken that Opportunity of speaking to him, as she had something to say, which might be of great Service to himself. She then acquainted him with her Lodgings, and made him an Appointment the next Day in the Morning ; which, upon Recollection, she presently changed to the Afternoon ; at which Time *Jones* promised to attend her.

Thus ended the Adventure of the Playhouse ; where *Partridge* had afforded great Mirth, not only to *Jones* and Mrs. *Miller*, but to all who sat within hearing, who were more attentive to
what

what he said, than to any Thing that passed on the Stage.

He durst not go to bed all that Night, for Fear of the Ghost; and for many Nights after, sweated for two or three Hours before he went to sleep, with the same Apprehensions, and waked several Times in great Horrors, crying out, ' Lord have Mercy upon us! there it is.'

CH A P. VI.

In which the History is obliged to go back.

IT is a'most impossible for the best Parent to observe an exact Impartiality to his Children, even though no superior Merit should bias his Affection; but sure a Parent can hardly be blamed, when that Superiority determines his Preference.

As I regard all the Personages of this History in the Light of my Children; so I must confess the same Inclination of Partiality to *Sophia*; and for that I hope the Reader will allow me the same Excuse, from the Superiority of her Character.

This extraordinary Tendernefs, which I have for my Heroine, never suffers me to quit her any long Time without the utmost Reluctance. I could now, therefore, return impatiently to enquire, what hath happened to this lovely Creature since her Departure from her Father's, but that I am obliged first to pay a short Visit to Mr. *Bliss*.

Mr. *Western*, in the first Confusion into which his Mind was cast, upon the sudden News he received of his Daughter, and in his first Hurry to go after her, had not once thought of sending any

any Account of the Discovery to *Blifil*. He had not gone far, however, before he recollected himself, and accordingly stopt at the very first Inn he came to, and dispatched away a Messenger to acquaint *Blifil* with his having found *Sophia*, and with his firm Resolution to marry her to him immediately, if he would come up after him to Town.

As the Love which *Blifil* had for *Sophia* was of that violent Kind, which nothing but the Loss of her Fortune, or some such Accident, could lessen, his Inclination to the Match was not at all altered by her having run away, though he was obliged to lay this to his own Account. He very readily, therefore, embraced this Offer. Indeed, he now proposed the Gratification of a very strong Passion besides Avarice, by marrying this young Lady, and this was Hatred: For he concluded that Matrimony afforded an equal Opportunity of satisfying either Hatred or Love; and this Opinion is very probably verified by much Experience. To say the Truth, if we are to judge by the ordinary Behaviour of married Persons to each other, we shall perhaps be apt to conclude, that the Generality seek the Indulgence of the former Passion only in their Union of every Thing but of Hearts.

There was one Difficulty, however, in his Way, and this arose from Mr. *Allworthy*. That good Man, when he found by the Departure of *Sophia* (for neither that, nor the Cause of it, could be concealed from him) the great Aversion which she had for his Nephew, began to be seriously concerned that he had been deceived into carrying Matters so far. He by no Means concurred with the Opinions of those Parents, who think

it as immaterial to consult the Inclinations of their Children in the Affair of Marriage, as to solicit the good Pleasure of their Servants when they intend to take a Journey; and who are, by Law or Decency at least, with-held often from using absolute Force. On the contrary, as he esteemed the Institution to be of the most sacred Kind, he thought every preparatory Caution necessary to preserve it holy and inviolate; and very wisely concluded, that the surest Way to effect this, was by laying the Foundation in previous Affection.

Bliss indeed soon cured his Uncle of all Anger on the Score of Deceit, by many Vows and Protestations that he had been deceived himself, with which the many Declarations of *Western* very well tallied; but now to persuade *Allworthy* to consent to the renewing his Addresses, was a Matter of such apparent Difficulty, that the very Appearance was sufficient to have deterred a less enterprising Genius; but this young Gentleman so well knew his own Talents, that nothing within the Province of Cunning seemed to him hard to be atchieved.

Here then he represented the Violence of his own Affection, and the Hopes of subduing Aversion in the Lady by Perseverance. He begged that in an Affair on which depended all his future Repose, he might at least be at Liberty to try all fair Means for Success. Heaven forbid, he said, that he should ever think of prevailing by any other than the most gentle Methods! 'Besides, Sir,' said he, 'if they fail, you may then (which will be surely Time enough) deny your Consent.' He urged the great and eager Desire which Mr. *Western* had for the Match, and lastly, he made great Use of the Name of *Jones*, to whom

whom he imputed all that had happened; and from whom, he said, to preserve so valuable a young Lady was even an Act of Charity.

All these Arguments were well seconded by *Thwackum*, who dwelt a little stronger on the Authority of Parents than Mr. *Blifil* himself had done. He ascribed the Measures which Mr. *Blifil* was desirous to take, to Christian Motives; ‘and though,’ says he, ‘the good young Gentleman hath mentioned Charity last, I am almost convinced, it is his first and principal Consideration.’

Square, possibly, had he been present, would have sung to the same Tune, though in a different Key, and would have discovered much moral Fitness in the Proceeding; but he was now gone to *Bath*, for the Recovery of his Health.

Allworthy, though not without Reluctance, at last yielded to the Desires of his Nephew. He said, he would accompany him to *London*, where he might be at Liberty to use every honest Endeavour to gain the Lady: ‘But I declare,’ said he, ‘I will never give my Consent to any absolute Force being put on her Inclinations, nor shall you ever have her, unless she can be brought freely to Compliance.’

Thus did the Affection of *Allworthy* for his Nephew betray the superior Understanding to be triumphed over by the inferior; and thus is the Prudence of the best of Heads often defeated, by the Tenderneſs of the best of Hearts.

Blifil having obtained this unhopèd-for Acquiescence in his Uncle, rested not till he carried his Purpose into Execution. And as no immediate Business required Mr. *Allworthy*’s Presence in the Country, and little Preparation is necessary to

Men for a Journey, they set out the very next Day, and arrived in Town that Evening, when Mr. Jones, as we have seen, was diverting himself with *Partridge*, at the Play.

The Morning after his Arrival, Mr. *Blifil* waited on Mr. *Western*, by whom he was most kindly and graciously received, and from whom he had every possible Assurance (perhaps more than was possible) that he should very shortly be as happy as *Sophia* could make him; nor would the Squire suffer the young Gentleman to return to his Uncle, till he had, almost against his Will, carried him to his Sister.

C H A P. VII.

In which Mr. Western pays a Visit to his Sister, in Company with Mr. Blifil.

MRS. *Western* was reading a Lecture on Prudence and Matrimonial Politics to her Niece, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke in with less Ceremony than the Laws of Visiting require. *Sophia* no sooner saw *Blifil*, than she turned pale, and almost lost the Use of all her Faculties; but her Aunt on the contrary waxed red, and having all her Faculties at Command, began to exert her Tongue on the Squire.

‘ Brother,’ said she, ‘ I am astonished at your Behaviour: Will you never learn any Regard to Decorum? Will you still look upon every Apartment as your own, or as belonging to one of your Country Tenants? Do you think yourself at Liberty to invade the Privacies of Women of Condition, without the least Decency or Notice?’ — ‘ Why, what a Pox! is
‘ the

‘ the Matter now,’ quoth the Squire, ‘ one would think I had caught you at’——‘ None of your Brutality, Sir, I beseech you,’ answered she.——‘ You have surpris’d my poor Niece so, that she can hardly, I see, support herself.—Go, my Dear, retire, and endeavour to recruit your Spirits; for I see you have Occasion.’ At which Words, *Sophia*, who never received a more welcome Command, hastily withdrew.

‘ To be sure, Sister,’ cries the Squire, ‘ you are mad, when I have brought Mr. *Blifil* here to court her, to force her away.’

‘ Sure, Brother,’ says she, ‘ you are worse than mad, when you know in what Situation Affairs are, to——I am sure, I ask Mr. *Blifil* Pardon, but he knows very well to whom to impute so disagreeable a Reception. For my own Part, I am sure I shall always be very glad to see Mr. *Blifil*; but his own good Sense would not have suffered him to proceed so abruptly, had not you compelled him to it.’

Blifil bowed and stammered, and looked like a Fool; but *Western*, without giving him Time to form a Speech for the Purpose, answered, ‘ Well, well, I am to blame if you will, I always am, certainly; but come, let the Girl be fetched back again, or let Mr. *Blifil* go to her——He’s come up on Purpose, and there’s no Time to be lost.’

‘ Brother,’ cries Mrs. *Western*, ‘ Mr. *Blifil*, I am confident, understands himself better than to think of seeing my Niece any more this Morning after what hath happened. Women are of a nice Contexture; and our Spirits, when disordered, are not to be recomposed in a Moment. Had you suffered Mr. *Blifil* to have sent his Com-

‘ pliments to my Niece, and to have desired the
 ‘ Favour of waiting on her in the Afternoon, I
 ‘ should possibly have prevailed on her to have
 ‘ seen him; but now I despair of bringing about
 ‘ any such Matter.’

‘ I am very sorry, Madam,’ cried *Blifil*, ‘ that
 ‘ Mr. *Western*’s extraordinary Kindness to me,
 ‘ which I can never enough acknowledge, should
 ‘ have occasioned—’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said she, in-
 ‘ terrupting him, ‘ you need make no Apologies,
 ‘ we all know my Brother so well.’

‘ I don’t care what any Body knows of me,’
 answered the Squire;—‘ but when must he come
 ‘ to see her? For consider, I tell you, he is come
 ‘ up on Purpose, and so is *Allworthy*.’ ‘ Brother,’
 said she, ‘ whatever Message Mr. *Blifil* thinks
 ‘ proper to send to my Niece, shall be delivered
 ‘ to her; and I suppose she will want no Instruc-
 ‘ tions to make a proper Answer. I am convinced
 ‘ she will not refuse to see Mr. *Blifil* at a proper
 ‘ Time.’ — ‘ The Devil she won’t,’ answered
 the Squire.—‘ Odsbud!—don’t we know,
 ‘ ———I say nothing, but some Volk are wiser
 ‘ than all the World.—If I might have had my
 ‘ Will, she had not run away before: And now
 ‘ I expect to hear every Moment she is guone
 ‘ again. For as great a Fool as some Volk
 ‘ thinks me, I know very well she hates’——
 ‘ No Matter, Brother,’ replied Mrs. *Western*,
 ‘ I will not hear my Niece abused. It is a Re-
 ‘ flection on my Family. She is an Honour to
 ‘ it; and she will be an Honour to it, I pro-
 ‘ mise you. I will pawn my whole Reputation
 ‘ in the World on her Conduct.—I shall be
 ‘ glad to see you, Brother, in the Afternoon;
 ‘ for I have somewhat of Importance to mention
 ‘ to

‘to you.—At present, Mr. *Blifil*, as well as you, must excuse me; for I am in Haste to dress.’——‘Well but,’ said the Squire, ‘do appoint a Time.’——‘Indeed,’ said she, ‘I can appoint no Time.—I tell you, I will see you in the Afternoon.’——‘What the Devil would you have me do?’ cries the Squire, turning to *Blifil*, ‘I can no more turn her, than a Beagle can turn an old Hare. Perhaps she will be in a better Humour in the Afternoon.’——‘I am condemned, I see, Sir, to Misfortune,’ answered *Blifil*, ‘but I shall always own my Obligations to you.’——He then took a ceremonious Leave of Mrs. *Western*, who was altogether as ceremonious on her Part; and then they departed, the Squire muttering to himself with an Oath, that *Blifil* should see his Daughter in the Afternoon.

If Mr. *Western* was little pleased with this Interview, *Blifil* was less. As to the former, he imputed the whole Behaviour of his Sister to her Humour only, and to her Dissatisfaction at the Omission of Ceremony in the Visit; but *Blifil* saw a little deeper into Things. He suspected somewhat of more Consequence, from two or three Words which dropt from the Lady; and, to say the Truth, he suspected right, as will appear when I have unfolded the several Matters which will be contained in the following Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

Schemes of Lady Bellaston for the Ruin of Jones.

LOVE had taken too deep a Root in the Mind of Lord *Fellamar*, to be plucked up by the rude Hands of Mr. *Western*. In the Heat of

Repentment he had indeed given a Commission to Captain *Egglane*, which the Captain had far exceeded in the Execution; nor had it been executed at all, had his Lordship been able to find the Captain after he had seen Lady *Bellaſton*, which was in the Afternoon of the Day after he had received the Affront; but ſo induſtrious was the Captain in the Diſcharge of his Duty, that having after long Enquiry found out the Squire's Lodgings very late in the Evening, he ſat up all Night at a Tavern, that he might not miſs the Squire in the Morning, and by that Means miſſed the Revocation which my Lord had ſent to his Lodgings.

In the Afternoon then next after the intended Rape of *Sophia*, his Lordſhip, as we have ſaid, made a Viſit to Lady *Bellaſton*, who laid open ſo much of the Character of the Squire, that his Lordſhip plainly ſaw the Abſurdity he had been guilty of in taking any Offence at his Words, eſpecially as he had thoſe honourable Deſigns on his Daughter. He then unbosomed the Violence of his Paſſion to Lady *Bellaſton*, who readily undertook the Cauſe, and encouraged him with certain Aſſurance of a moſt favourable Reception from all the Elders of the Family, and from the Father himſelf when he ſhould be ſober, and ſhould be made acquainted with the Nature of the Offer made to his Daughter. The only Danger, ſhe ſaid, lay in the Fellow ſhe had formerly mentioned, who, though a Beggar and a Vagabond, had, by ſome Means or other, ſhe knew not what, procured himſelf tolerable Cloaths, and paſt for a Gentleman. 'Now,' ſays ſhe, 'as I have, for the Sake of my Couſin, made it my Buſineſs to enquire after this Fellow, I have
' luckily

‘luckily found out his Lodgings;’ with which she then acquainted his Lordship. ‘I am thinking,’ my Lord,’ added she, ‘(for this Fellow is too mean for your personal Resentment) whether it would not be possible for your Lordship to contrive some Method of having him pressed and sent on board a Ship. Neither Law nor Conscience forbid this Project; for the Fellow, I promise you, however well drest, is but a Vagabond, and as proper as any Fellow in the Streets to be pressed into the Service; and as for the conscientious Part, surely the Preservation of a young Lady from such Ruin is a most meritorious Act; nay, with Regard to the Fellow himself, unless he could succeed (which Heaven forbid) with my Cousin, it may probably be the Means of preserving him from the Gallows, and perhaps may make his Fortune in an honest Way.’

Lord *Fellamar* very heartily thanked her Ladyship for the Part which she was pleased to take in the Affair, upon the Success of which his whole future Happiness entirely depended. He said, he saw at present no Objection to the pressing Scheme, and would consider of putting it in Execution. He then most earnestly recommended to her Ladyship, to do him the Honour of immediately mentioning his Proposals to the Family; to whom, he said, he offered a *Carte Blanche*, and would settle his Fortune in almost any Manner they should require. And after uttering many Extasies and Raptures concerning *Sophia*, he took his Leave and departed, but not before he had received the strongest Charge to beware of *Jones*, and to lose no Time in securing his Person where he should

no longer be in a Capacity of making any Attempts to the Ruin of the young Lady.

The Moment Mrs. *Western* was arrived at her Lodgings, a Card was dispatched with her Compliments to Lady *Bellaſton*; who no ſooner received it, than with the Impatience of a Lover, ſhe flew to her Couſin, rejoiced at this fair Opportunity, which beyond her Hopes offered itſelf: For ſhe was much better pleaſed with the Proſpect of making the Propoſals to a Woman of Senſe, and who knew the World, than to a Gentleman whom ſhe honoured with the Appellation of *Hottentot*; though indeed from him ſhe apprehended no Danger of a Refuſal.

The two Ladies being met, after very ſhort previous Ceremonials, fell to Buſineſs, which was indeed almoſt as ſoon concluded as begun; for Mrs. *Western* no ſooner heard the Name of Lord *Fellamar* than her Cheeks glowed with Pleaſure; but when ſhe was acquainted with the Eagerneſs of his Paſſion, the Earneſtneſs of his Propoſals, and the Generoſity of his Offer, ſhe declared her full Satisfaction in the moſt explicit Terms.

In the Progreſs of their Converſation, their Diſcourſe turned to *Jones*, and both Couſins very pathetically lamented the unfortunate Attachment which both agreed *Sophia* had to that young Fellow; and Mrs. *Western* entirely attributed it to the Folly of her Brother's Management. She concluded however at laſt, with declaring her Confidence in the good Underſtanding of her Niece, who, though ſhe would not give up her Affection in Favour of *Bliffl*, will, I doubt not, ſays ſhe, ſoon be prevailed upon to ſacrifice a ſimple Inclination to the Addreſſes of a fine Gentleman, who brings her both a Title and a large
Eſtate;

Estate: 'For indeed,' added she, 'I must do
' *Sophy* the Justice to confess, this *Blifil* is but a
' hideous kind of Fellow, as you know, *Bellaſton*,
' all Country Gentlemen are, and hath nothing
' but his Fortune to recommend him.'

'Nay,' ſaid Lady *Bellaſton*, 'I don't then ſo
' much wonder at my Couſin; for I promiſe you,
' this *Jones* is a very agreeable Fellow, and hath
' one Virtue which the Men ſay is a great Re-
' commendation to us. What do you think,
' *Bell*—I ſhall certainly make you laugh; nay, I
' can hardly tell you myſelf for laughing—Will
' you believe that the Fellow hath had the Aſſur-
' ance to makè Love to me? But if you ſhould
' be inclined to diſbelieve it, here is Evidence
' enough, his own Hand-writing, I aſſure you.'
She then delivered her Couſin the Letter with the
Propoſals of Marriage, which if the Reader hath
a Deſire to ſee, he will find already on Record in
the XVth Book of this Hiſtory.

'Upon my Word, I am aſtoniſhed,' ſaid Mrs.
Western: 'this is indeed a Maſter-piece of Aſſu-
' rance. With your Leave, I may poſſibly make
' ſome Uſe of this Letter.' 'You have my full
' Liberty,' cries Lady *Bellaſton*, 'to apply it to
' what Purpoſe you pleaſe. However, I would
' not have it ſhewn to any but Miſs *Western*, nor
' to her unleſs you find Occaſion.' 'Well, and
' how did you uſe the Fellow?' returned Mrs.
Western. 'Not as a Huſband,' ſaid the Lady;
' I am not married, I promiſe you, my Dear.
' You know, *Bell*, I have tried the Comforts once
' already; and once I think is enough for any
' reaſonable Woman.'

This Letter Lady *Bellaſton* thought would cer-
tainly turn the Balance againſt *Jones* in the Mind

of *Sophy*, and she was emboldened to give it up, partly by her Hopes of having him instantly dispatched out of the Way, and partly by having secured the Evidence of *Honour*, who, upon sounding her, she saw sufficient Reason to imagine, was prepared to testify whatever she pleased.

But perhaps the Reader may wonder why Lady *Bellafton*, who in her Heart hated *Sophia*, should be so desirous of promoting a Match, which was so much to the Interest of the young Lady. Now, I should desire such Readers to look carefully into Human Nature, Page almost the last, and there he will find in scarce legible Characters, that Women, notwithstanding the preposterous Behaviour of Mothers, Aunts, &c. in matrimonial Matters, do in Reality think it so great a Misfortune to have their Inclinations in Love thwarted, that they imagine they ought never to carry Enmity higher than upon these Disappointments; again, he will find it written much about the same Place, that a Woman who hath once been pleased with the Possession of a Man, will go above half way to the Devil, to prevent any other Woman from enjoying the same.

If he will not be contented with these Reasons, I freely confess I see no other Motive to the Actions of that Lady, unless we will conceive she was bribed by Lord *Fellamar*, which for my own Part I see no Cause to suspect.

Now this was the Affair which Mrs. *Western* was preparing to introduce to *Sophia*, by some prefatory Discourse on the Folly of Love, and on the Wisdom of legal Prostitution for Hire, when her Brother and *Blifil* broke abruptly in upon her; and hence arose all that Coldness in her Behaviour to *Blifil*, which, though the Squire, as was usual
with

with him, imputed to a wrong Cause, infused into *Bliss* himself (he being a much more cunning Man) a Suspicion of the real Truth.

C H A P. IX.

In which Jones pays a Visit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

THE Reader may now perhaps be pleased to return with us to Mr. *Jones*, who at the appointed Hour attended on Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*; but before we relate the Conversation which now past, it may be proper, according to our Method, to return a little back, and to account for so great an Alteration of Behaviour in this Lady, that from changing her Lodgings principally to avoid Mr. *Jones*, she had now industriously, as hath been seen, sought this Interview.

And here we shall need only to resort to what happened the preceding Day, when hearing from Lady *Bellafton*, that Mr. *Western* was arrived in Town, she went to pay her Duty to him, at his Lodgings at *Piccadilly*, where she was received with many scurvy Compellations too coarse to be repeated, and was even threatened to be kicked out of Doors. From hence an old Servant of her Aunt *Western*, with whom she was well acquainted, conducted her to the Lodgings of that Lady, who treated her not more kindly, but more politely; or, to say the Truth, with Rudeness in another Way. In short, she returned from both, plainly convinced not only that her Scheme of Reconciliation had proved abortive, but that she must for ever give over all Thoughts of bringing it about by any Means whatever. From this Moment Desire of Revenge only filled her Mind;

Mind; and in this Temper meeting *Jones* at the Play, an Opportunity seemed to her to occur of effecting the Purpose.

The Reader must remember that he was acquainted by Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, in the Account she gave of her own Story, with the Fondness Mrs. *Western* had formerly shewn for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at Bath, from the Disappointment of which, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* derived the great Bitterness her Aunt had expressed towards her. She had therefore no Doubt but that the good Lady would as easily listen to the Addresses of Mr. *Jones*, as she had before done to the other; for the Superiority of Charms was clearly on the Side of Mr. *Jones*; and the Advance which her Aunt had since made in Age, she concluded (how justly I will not say) was an Argument rather in Favour of her Project than against it.

Therefore, when *Jones* attended, after a previous Declaration of her Desire of serving him, arising, as she said, from a firm Assurance how much she should by so doing oblige *Sophia*; and after some Excuses for her former Disappointment, and after acquainting Mr. *Jones* in whose Custody his Mistress was, of which she thought him ignorant; she very explicitly mentioned her Scheme to him, and advised him to make sham Addresses to the older Lady, in order to procure an easy Access to the younger, informing him at the same Time of the Success which Mr. *Fitzpatrick* had formerly owed to the very same Stratagem.

Mr. *Jones* expressed great Gratitude to the Lady for the kind Intentions towards him which she had expressed, and indeed testified, by this Proposal; but besides intimating some Diffidence of Success from

from the Lady's Knowledge of his Love to her Niece, which had not been her Case in Regard to Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, he said, he was afraid Miss *Western* would never agree to an Imposition of this Kind, as well from her utter Detestation of all Fallacy, as from her avowed Duty to her Aunt.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* was a little nettled at this; and indeed, if it may not be called a Lapse of the Tongue, it was a small Deviation from Politeness in *Jones*, and into which he scarce would have fallen, had not the Delight he felt in praising *Sophia*, hurried him out of all Reflection; for this Commendation of one Cousin was more than a tacit Rebuke on the other.

' Indeed, Sir,' answered the Lady, with some Warmth, ' I cannot think there is any Thing easier than to cheat an old Woman with a Profession of Love, when her Complexion is amorous; and though she is my Aunt, I must say there never was a more liquorish one than her Ladyship. Can't you pretend that the Despair of possessing her Niece, from her being promised to *Bliss*, has made you turn your Thoughts towards her? As to my Cousin *Sophia*, I can't imagine her to be such a Simpleton as to have the least Scruple on such an Account, or to conceive any Harm in punishing one of these Hags for the many Mischiefs they bring upon Families, by their tragi-comic Passions; for which I think it is Pity they are not punishable by Law. I had no such Scruple myself; and yet I hope my Cousin *Sophia* will not think it an Affront when I say she cannot detest every real Species of Falsehood more than her Cousin *Fitzpatrick*. To my Aunt indeed I pretend
' no

‘ no Duty, nor doth she deserve any. However,
‘ Sir, I have given you my Advice, and if you
‘ decline pursuing it, I shall have the less Opinion
‘ of your Understanding—that’s all.’

Jones now clearly saw the Error he had committed, and exerted his utmost Power to rectify it; but he only faltered and fluttered into Nonsense and Contradiction. To say the Truth, it is often safer to abide by the Consequences of the first Blunder, than to endeavour to rectify it; for by such Endeavours, we generally plunge deeper instead of extricating ourselves; and few Persons will on such Occasions have the Good-nature which *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* displayed to *Jones*, by saying with a Smile, ‘ You need attempt no more
‘ Excuses; for I can easily forgive a real Lover,
‘ whatever is the Effect of Fondness for his
‘ Mistress.’

She then renewed her Proposal, and very fervently recommended it, omitting no Argument which her Invention could suggest on the Subject; for she was so violently incensed against her Aunt, that scarce any Thing was capable of affording her equal Pleasure with exposing her; and like a true Woman, she would see no Difficulties in the Execution of a favourite Scheme.

Jones however persisted in declining the Undertaking, which had not indeed the least Probability of Success. He easily perceived the Motives which induced *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* to be so eager in pressing her Advice. He said, he would not deny the tender and passionate Regard he had for *Sophia*; but was so conscious of the Inequality of their Situations, that he could never flatter himself so far as to hope that so divine a young Lady would condescend to think on so unworthy

worthy a Man ; nay, he protested, he could scarce bring himself to wish she should. He concluded with a Profession of generous Sentiments, which we have not at present Leisure to insert.

There are some fine Women (for I dare not here speak in too general Terms) with whom Self is so predominant, that they never detach it from any Subject ; and as Vanity is with them a ruling Principle, they are apt to lay hold of whatever Praise they meet with ; and, though the Property of others, convey it to their own Use. In the Company of these Ladies it is impossible to say any Thing handsome of another Woman, which they will not apply to themselves ; nay, they often improve the Praise they seize ; as for Instance, if her Beauty, her Wit, her Gentility, her good Humour deserve so much Commendation, what do I deserve who possess those Qualities in so much more eminent a Degree ?

To these Ladies a Man often recommends himself while he is commending another Woman ; and while he is expressing Ardour and generous Sentiments for his Mistress, they are considering what a charming Lover this Man would make to them, who can feel all this Tendernefs for an inferior Degree of Merit. Of this, strange as it may seem, I have seen many Instances besides Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, to whom all this really happened, and who now began to feel a Somewhat for Mr. *Jones*, the Symptoms of which she much sooner understood than poor *Sophia* had formerly done.

To say the Truth, perfect Beauty in both Sexes is a more irresistible Object than it is generally thought ; for notwithstanding some of us are contented with more homely Lots, and learn by
Rote

Rote (as Children are to repeat what gives them no Idea) to despise Outside, and to value more solid Charms; yet I have always observed at the Approach of consummate Beauty, that these more solid Charms only shine with that Kind of Lustre which the Stars have after the Rising of the Sun.

When *Jones* had finished his Exclamations, many of which would have become the Mouth of *Oroondates* himself, Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* heaved a deep Sigh, and taking her Eyes off from *Jones*, on whom they had been some Time fixed, and dropping them on the Ground, she cried, ‘ Indeed, Mr. *Jones*, I pity you; but it is the Curse of such Tendernefs to be thrown away on those who are insensible of it. I know my Cousin better than you, Mr. *Jones*, and I must say, any Woman who makes no Return to such a Passion, and such a Person, is unworthy of both.’

‘ Sure, Madam,’ said *Jones*, ‘ you can’t mean’ — ‘ Mean!’ cries Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, ‘ I know not what I mean; there is something, I think, in true Tendernefs bewitching; few Women ever meet with it in Men, and fewer still know how to value it when they do. I never heard such truly noble Sentiments, and I can’t tell how it is, but you force one to believe you. Sure she must be the most contemptible of Women who can overlook such Merit.’

The Manner and Look with which all this was spoke, infused a Suspicion into *Jones*, which we don’t care to convey in direct Words to the Reader. Instead of making any Answer, he said, ‘ I am afraid, Madam, I have made too tiresome a Visit,’ and offered to take his Leave.

‘ Not

‘Not at all, Sir,’ answered Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*.
 ‘—Indeed I pity you, Mr. *Jones*; indeed I do:
 ‘But if you are going, consider of the Scheme I
 ‘have mentioned. I am convinced you will ap-
 ‘prove it, and let me see you again as soon as
 ‘you can.—To-morrow Morning if you will, or
 ‘at least some Time To-morrow. I shall be at
 ‘Home all Day.’

Jones then, after many Expressions of Thanks, very respectfully retired; nor could Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* forbear making him a Present of a Look at parting, by which if he had understood Nothing, he must have had no Understanding in the Language of the Eyes. In Reality it confirmed his Resolution of returning to her no more; for faulty as he hath hitherto appeared in this History, his whole Thoughts were now so confined to his *Sophia*, that I believe no Woman upon Earth could have now drawn him into an Act of Inconstancy.

Fortune however, who was not his Friend, resolved, as he intended to give her no second Opportunity, to make the best of this; and accordingly produced the tragical Incident which we are now in sorrowful Notes to record.

C H A P. X.

The Consequence of the preceding Visit.

MR. *Fitzpatrick* having received the Letter before mentioned, from Mrs. *Western*, and being by that Means acquainted with the Place to which his Wife was retired, returned directly to *Bath*, and thence the Day after set forward to *London*.

The Reader hath been already often informed of the jealous Temper of this Gentleman. He may likewise be pleased to remember the Suspicion which he had conceived of *Jones* at *Upton*, upon his finding him in the Room with *Mrs. Waters*; and though sufficient Reasons had afterwards appeared entirely to clear up that Suspicion, yet now the reading so handsome a Character of *Mr. Jones* from his Wife, caused him to reflect, that she likewise was in the Inn at the same Time, and jumbled together such a Confusion of Circumstances in a Head which was naturally none of the clearest, that the whole produced that green-eyed Monster mentioned by *Shakespear* in his Tragedy of *Othello*.

And now as he was enquiring in the Street after his Wife, and had just received Directions to the Door, unfortunately *Mr. Jones* was issuing from it.

Fitzpatrick did not yet recollect the Face of *Jones*; however, seeing a young well-dressed Fellow coming from his Wife, he made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that House? ‘For I am sure,’ said he, ‘you must have been in it, as I saw you come out of it.’

Jones answered very modestly, ‘That he had been visiting a Lady there.’ To which *Fitzpatrick* replied, ‘What Business have you with the Lady?’ Upon which *Jones*, who now perfectly remembered the Voice, Features, and indeed Coat of the Gentleman, cried out,—‘Ha! my good Friend; give me your Hand; I hope there is no ill Blood remaining between us, upon a small Mistake which happened so long ago.’

‘Upon

‘ Upon my Soul, Sir,’ said *Fitzpatrick*, ‘ I don’t know your Name, nor your Face.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said *Jones*, ‘ neither have I the Pleasure of knowing your Name, but your Face I very well remember to have seen before, at *Upton*, where a foolish Quarrel happened between us, which, if it is not made up yet, we will now make up over a Bottle.’

‘ At *Upton*!’ cried the other.—‘ Ha! upon my Soul, I believe your Name is *Jones*.’ ‘ Indeed,’ answered he, ‘ it is.’—‘ O, upon my Soul,’ cries *Fitzpatrick*, ‘ you are the very Man I wanted to meet.—Upon my Soul I will drink a Bottle with you presently; but first I will give you a great Knock over the Pate. There is for you, you Rascal. Upon my Soul, if you do not give me Satisfaction for that Blow, I will give you another.’ And then drawing his Sword, puts himself in a Posture of Defence, which was the only Science he understood.

Jones was a little staggered by the Blow which came somewhat unexpectedly; but presently recovering himself, he also drew, and though he understood nothing of Fencing, prest on so boldly upon *Fitzpatrick*, that he beat down his Guard, and sheathed one half of his Sword in the Body of the said Gentleman, who had no sooner received it, than he steep backwards, dropt the Point of his Sword, and leaning upon it, cried, ‘ I have Satisfaction enough: I am a dead Man.’

‘ I hope not,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ but whatever be the Consequence, you must be sensible you have drawn it upon yourself.’ At this Instant a Number of Fellows rushed in and seized *Jones*, who told them, he should make no Resistance,
and

and begged some of them at least would take care of the wounded Gentleman.

‘ Ay,’ cries one of the Fellows, ‘ the wounded Gentleman will be taken Care enough of; for I suppose he hath not many Hours to live. As for you, Sir, you have a Month at least good yet.’ ‘ D—n me *Jack*,’ said another, ‘ he hath prevented his Voyage; he’s bound to another Port now;’ and many other such Jests was our poor *Jones* made the Subject of, by these Fellows, who were indeed the Gang employed by Lord *Fellamar*, and had dogged him into the House of Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, waiting for him at the Corner of the Street, when this unfortunate Accident happened.

The Officer who commanded this Gang very wisely concluded, that his Business was now to deliver his Prisoner into the Hands of the Civil Magistrate. He ordered him therefore to be carried to a Public House, where, having sent for a Constable, he delivered him to his Custody.

The Constable seeing Mr. *Jones* very well dressed, and hearing that the Accident had happened in a Duel, treated his Prisoner with great Civility, and, at his Request, dispatched a Messenger to enquire after the wounded Gentleman, who was now at a Tavern under the Surgeon’s Hands. The Report brought back was, that the Wound was certainly mortal, and there were no Hopes of Life. Upon which the Constable informed *Jones*, that he must go before a Justice. He answered, ‘ Wherever you please: I am indifferent as to what happens to me; for though I am convinced I am not guilty of Murder in the Eye of the Law, yet the Weight of Blood I find intolerable upon my Mind.’

Jones

Jones was now conducted before the Justice, where the Surgeon who dressed Mr. *Fitzpatrick* appeared, and deposed, that he believed the Wound to be mortal; upon which the Prisoner was committed to the *Gate-house*. It was very late at Night, so that *Jones* would not send for *Partridge* till the next Morning; and as he never shut his Eyes till seven, so it was near twelve before the poor Fellow, who was greatly frightened at not hearing from his Master so long, received a Message which almost deprived him of his Being, when he heard it.

He went to the *Gate-house* with trembling Knees and a beating Heart, and was no sooner arrived in the Presence of *Jones*, than he lamented the Misfortune that had befallen him, with many Tears, looking all the while frequently about him in great Terror; for as the News now arrived that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was dead, the poor Fellow apprehended every Minute that his Ghost would enter the Room. At last he delivered him a Letter, which he had like to have forgot, and which came from *Sophia* by the Hands of *Black George*.

Jones presently dispatched every one out of the Room, and having eagerly broke open the Letter, read as follows :

‘ You owe the hearing from me again to an
 ‘ Accident, which I own surprizes me. My
 ‘ Aunt hath just now shewn me a Letter from
 ‘ you to Lady *Bellafton*, which contains a Pro-
 ‘ posal of Marriage. I am convinced it is your
 ‘ own Hand; and what more surprizes me, is,
 ‘ that it is dated at the very Time when you
 ‘ would have me imagine you was under such

‘ Concern on my Account.—I leave you to comment on this Fact. All I desire is, that your
‘ Name may never more be mentioned to
‘ S. W.’

Of the present Situation of Mr. *Jones*’s Mind, and of the Pangs with which he was now tormented, we cannot give the Reader a better Idea, than by saying, his Misery was such, that even *Thwackum* would almost have pitied him. But bad as it is, we shall at present leave him in it, as his good Genius (if he really had any) seems to have done. And here we put an End to the sixteenth Book of our History.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVII.

Containing three Days.

CHAP. I.

Containing a Portion of introductory Writing.

WHEN a Comic Writer hath made his principal Characters as happy as he can; or when a Tragic Writer hath brought them to the highest Pitch of human Misery, they both conclude their Business to be done, and that their Work is come to a Period.

Had we been of the Tragic Complexion, the Reader must allow we were now very nearly arrived at this Period, since it would be difficult for the Devil, or any of his Representatives on Earth, to have contrived much greater Torments for poor *Jones*, than those in which we left him in

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the last Chapter; and as for *Sophia*, a good natured Woman would hardly wish more Uneasiness to a Rival, than what she must at present be supposed to feel. What then remains to complete the Tragedy but a Murder or two, and a few moral Sentences.

But to bring our Favourites out of their present Anguish and Distress, and to land them at last on the Shore of Happiness, seems a much harder Task; a Task indeed so hard that we do not undertake to execute it. In regard to *Sophia*, it is more than probable, that we shall somewhere or other provide a good Husband for her in the End, either *Bliss*, or my Lord, or somebody else; but as to poor *Jones*, such are the Calamities in which he is at present involved, owing to his Imprudence, by which if a Man doth not become a Felon to the World, he is at least a *Felo de se*; so destitute is he now of Friends, and so persecuted by Enemies, that we almost despair of bringing him to any Good; and if our Reader delights in seeing Executions, I think he ought not to lose any Time in taking a first Row at *Tyburn*.

This I faithfully promise, that notwithstanding any Affection, which we may be supposed to have for this Rogue, whom we have unfortunately made our Hero, we will lend him none of that supernatural Assistance with which we are entrusted, upon Condition that we use it only on very important Occasions. If he doth not therefore find some natural Means of fairly extricating himself from all his Distresses, we will do no Violence to the Truth and Dignity of History for his Sake; for we had rather relate that he was hanged at *Tyburn* (which may very probably be the Case) than

than forfeit our Integrity, or shock the Faith of our Reader.

In this the Antients had a great Advantage over the Moderns. Their Mythology, which was at that Time more firmly believed by the Vulgar than any Religion is at present, gave them always an Opportunity of delivering a favourite Hero. Their Deities were always ready at the Writer's Elbow, to execute any of his Purposes; and the more extraordinary the Invention was, the greater was the Surprise and Delight of the credulous Reader. Those Writers could with greater Ease have conveyed a Friend from one Country to another, nay, from one World to another, and have brought him back again, than a poor Circumscribed Modern can deliver him from a Gaol.

The *Arabians* and *Persians* had an equal Advantage in writing their Tales from the *Genii* and *Fairies*, which they believe in as an Article of their Faith, upon the Authority of the *Koran* itself. But we have none of these Helps. To natural Means alone we are confined; let us try therefore what by these Means may be done for poor *Jones*; though, to confess the Truth, something whispers me in the Ear, that he doth not yet know the worst of his Fortune; and that a more shocking Piece of News than any he hath yet heard, remains for him in the unopened Leaves of Fate.

C H A P. II.

The generous and grateful Behaviour of Mrs. Miller.

MR. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* were just sat down to breakfast, when *Blifil*, who had gone out very early that Morning, returned to make one of the Company.

He had not been long seated before he began as follows: ‘ Good Lord ! my dear Uncle, what do you think hath happened ? I vow I am afraid of telling it you, for Fear of shocking you with the Remembrance of ever having shewn any Kindness to such a Villain.’ ‘ What is the Matter, Child ?’ said the Uncle ; ‘ I fear I have shewn Kindness in my Life to the Unworthy more than once. But Charity doth not adopt the Vices of its Objects.’ ‘ O ! Sir,’ returned *Blifil*, ‘ it is not without the secret Direction of Providence that you mention the Word Adoption. Your adopted Son, Sir, that *Jones*, that wretch whom you nourished in your Bosom, hath proved one of the greatest Villains upon Earth.’ ‘ By all that’s sacred ’tis false,’ cries Mrs. *Miller*. ‘ Mr. *Jones* is no Villain. He is one of the worthiest Creatures breathing ; and if any other Person had called him Villain, I would have thrown all this boiling Water in his Face.’ Mr. *Allworthy* looked very much amazed at this Behaviour. But she did not give him Leave to speak, before turning to him, she cried, ‘ I hope you will not be angry with me ; I would not offend you, Sir, for the World ; but indeed I could not bear to hear
‘ him

‘ him called so.’ ‘ I must own, Madam,’ said *Allworthy* very gravely, ‘ I am a little surprized to hear you so warmly defend a Fellow you do not know.’ ‘ O I do know him, Mr. *Allworthy*,’ said she, ‘ indeed I do; I should be the most ungrateful of all Wretches if I denied it. O he hath preserved me and my little Family; we have all Reason to bless him while we live.—And I pray Heaven to bless him, and turn the Hearts of his malicious Enemies. I know, I find, I see he hath such.’ ‘ You surprize me, Madam, still more,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ sure you must mean some other. It is impossible you should have any such Obligations to the Man my Nephew mentions.’ ‘ Too surely,’ answered she, ‘ I have Obligations to him of the greatest and tenderest Kind. He hath been the Preserver of me and mine.—Believe me, Sir, he hath been abused, grossly abused to you; I know he hath, or you, whom I know to be all Goodness and Honour, would not, after the many kind and tender Things I have heard you say of this poor helpless Child, have so disdainfully called him Fellow. Indeed, my best of Friends, he deserves a kinder Appellation from you, had you heard the good, the kind, the grateful Things which I have heard him utter of you. He never mentions your Name but with a Sort of Adoration. In this very Room I have seen him on his Knees imploring all the Blessings of Heaven upon your Head. I do not love that Child there better than he loves you.’

‘ I see Sir, now,’ said *Bliss*, with one of those grinning Sneers with which the Devil marks his best Beloved, ‘ Mrs. *Miller* really

‘ doth know him. I suppose you will find she is
 ‘ not the only one of your Acquaintance to
 ‘ whom he hath exposed you. As for my Cha-
 ‘ racter, I perceive by some Hints she hath
 ‘ thrown out, he hath been very free with it,
 ‘ but I forgive him.’ ‘ And the Lord forgive
 ‘ you, Sir,’ says *Mrs. Miller*, ‘ we have all
 ‘ Sins enough to stand in Need of his Forgive-
 ‘ ness.’

‘ Upon my Word, *Mrs. Miller*,’ said *All-
 worthy*, I do not take this Behaviour of yours
 ‘ to my Nephew, kindly; and I do assure you,
 ‘ as any Reflections which you cast upon him
 ‘ must come only from that wickedest of Men,
 ‘ they would only serve, if that were possible, to
 ‘ heighten my Resentment against him: For I
 ‘ must tell you, *Mrs. Miller*, the young Man
 ‘ who now stands before you, hath ever been the
 ‘ warmest Advocate for the ungrateful Wretch
 ‘ whose Cause you espouse. This, I think, when
 ‘ you hear it from my own Mouth, will make
 ‘ you wonder at so much Baseness and Ingrati-
 ‘ tude.’

‘ You are deceived, Sir,’ answered *Mrs. Miller*,
 ‘ if they were the last Words which were to issue
 ‘ from my Lips, I would say you were deceived;
 ‘ and I once more repeat it, the Lord forgive those
 ‘ who have deceived you. I do not pretend to
 ‘ say the young Man is without Faults; but they
 ‘ are the Faults of Wildness and of Youth;
 ‘ Faults which he may, nay which I am certain
 ‘ he will relinquish, and if he should not, they
 ‘ are vastly over-balanced by one of the most hu-
 ‘ mane, tender, honest Hearts, that ever Man was
 ‘ blest with.’

‘ In-

‘ Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ had this been related of you, I should not have believed it.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ you will believe every thing I have said, I am sure you will; and when you have heard the Story which I shall tell you (for I will tell you all) you will be so far from being offended, that you will own (I know your Justice so well) that I must have been the most despicable and most ungrateful of Wretches, if I had acted any other Part than I have.’

‘ Well, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I shall be very glad to hear any good Excuse for a Behaviour which, I must confess, I think wants an Excuse. And now, Madam, will you be pleased to let my Nephew proceed in his Story without Interruption? He would not have introduced a Matter of slight Consequence with such a Preface. Perhaps even this Story will cure you of your Mistake.’

Mrs. *Miller* gave Tokens of Submission, and then Mr. *Blifil* began thus: ‘ I am sure, Sir, if you don’t think proper to resent the ill Usage of Mrs. *Miller*, I shall easily forgive what effects me only. I think your Goodness hath not deserved this Indignity at her Hands.’ ‘ Well, Child,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ but what is this new Instance? What hath he done of late?’ ‘ What,’ cries *Blifil*, ‘ notwithstanding all Mrs. *Miller* hath said, I am very sorry to relate, and what you should never have heard from me, had it not been a Matter impossible to conceal from the whole World. In short, he hath killed a Man; I will not say murdered—for perhaps it may not be so construed in Law, and I hope the best for his Sake.’

Allworthy looked shocked, and blessed himself; and then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, he cried, 'Well, Madam, what say you now?'

'Why, I say, Sir,' answered she, 'that I never was more concerned at any Thing in my Life; but, if the Fact be true, I am convinced the Man, whoever he is, was in Fault. Heaven knows there are many Villains in this Town, who make it their Business to provoke young Gentlemen. Nothing but the greatest Provocation could have tempted him; for of all the Gentlemen I ever had in my House, I never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tempered. He was beloved by every one in the House, and every one who came near it.'

While she was thus running on, a violent Knocking at the Door interrupted the Conversation, and prevented her from proceeding further, or from receiving any Answer; for as she concluded this was a Visitor to Mr. *Allworthy*, she hastily retired, taking with her her little Girl, whose Eyes were all over blubbered at the melancholy News she heard of *Jones*, who used to call her his little Wife, and not only gave her many Playthings, but spent whole Hours in playing with her himself.

Some Readers may perhaps be pleased with these minute Circumstances, in relating of which we follow the Example of *Plutarch*, one of the best of our Brother Historians; and others, to whom they may appear trivial, will, we hope, at least pardon them, as we are never prolix on such Occasions.

C H A P. III.

The Arrival of Mr. Western, with some Matters concerning the Paternal Authority.

MRS. Miller had not long left the Room, when Mr. *Western* entered; but not before a small wrangling Bout had passed between him and his Chairmen; for the Fellows who had taken up their Burden at the *Hercules Pillars*, had conceived no Hopes of having any future good Customer in the Squire; and they were moreover farther encouraged by his Generosity, (for he had given them of his own Accord Six-pence more than their Fare;) they therefore very boldly demanded another Shilling, which so provoked the Squire, that he not only bestowed many hearty Curses on them at the Door, but retained his Anger after he came into the Room; swearing that all the *Londoners* were like the Court, and thought of nothing but plundering Country Gentlemen. “D—n me,” says he, “if I won’t walk in the Rain rather than get into one of their Handbarrows again. They have jolted me more in a Mile than Brown Bess would in a long Fox Chase.”

When his Wrath on this Occasion was a little appeased, he resumed the same passionate Tone on another. “There,” says he, “there is fine Business forwards now. The Hounds have changed at last, and when we imagined we had a Fox to deal with, Od-rat-it, it turns out to be a Badger at last.”

“Pray, my good Neighbour,” said *Allworthy*, “drop your Metaphors, and speak a little plainer.”

‘ Why, then,’ says the Squire, ‘ to tell you plainly, we have been all this Time afraid of a Son of a Whore of a Bastard of Somebody’s, I don’t know who’s, not I---And now here is a confounded Son of a Whore of a Lord, who may be a Bastard too for what I know or care, for he shall never have a Daughter of mine by my Consent. They have beggared the Nation, but they shall never beggar me. My Land shall never be sent over to *Hanover*.’

‘ You surprize me much, my good Friend,’ said *Allworthy*. ‘ Why, zounds! I am surprized myself,’ answered the Squire, ‘ I went to zee Sister *Western* last Night, according to her own Appointment, and there I was a had into a whole Room-full of Women.----There was my Lady Cousin *Bellafton*, and my Lady *Betty*, and my Lady *Catharine*, and my Lady I don’t know who; d—n me if ever you catch me among such a Kennel of Hoop-petticoat B—s. D—n me, I’d rather be run my by own Dogs, as one *Acton* was, that the Story-Book says was turned into a Hare; and his own Dogs killed un, an eat un. Od-rabbit-it, no Mortal was ever run in such a Manner; if I dodged one Way, one had me, if I offered to clap back, another snap’d me. “ O! certainly one of the greatest Matches in *England*,” says one Cousin,’ (here he attempted to mimic them;) “ a very advantageous Offer indeed,” cries another Cousin, (for you must know they be all my Cousins, thof I never zeed half ousm before) “ Surely,” says that fat a—se B—, my Lady *Bellafton*, “ Cousin, you must be out of your Wits to think of refusing such an Offer.”

‘ Now

‘ Now I begin to understand,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ some Person hath made Proposals to Miss *Western*, which the Ladies of the Family approve, but it is not to your Liking.’

‘ My Liking!’ said *Western*, ‘ how the Devil should it? I tell you it is a Lord, and those are always Volks whom you know I always resolved to have nothing to do with. Did unt I refuse a Matter of vorty Years Purchase now for a Bit of Land, which one ousum had a Mind to put into a Park, only because I would have no Dealings with Lords, and dost think I would marry my Daughter zu? Besides, ben’t I engaged to you, and did I ever go off any Bargain when I had promised.’

‘ As to that Point, Neighbour,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I entirely release you from any Engagement. No Contract can be binding between Parties who have not a full Power to make it at the Time, nor ever afterwards acquire the Power of fulfilling it.’

‘ Slud! then,’ answered *Western*, ‘ I tell you I have Power, and I will fulfil it. Come along with me directly to *Doctors Commons*, I will get a Licence; and I will go to Sister and take away the Wench by Force, and she shall ha un, or I will lock her up and keep her upon Bread and Water as long as she lives.’

‘ Mr. *Western*,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ shall I beg you will hear my full Sentiments on this Matter?’ ‘ Hear thee! ay to be sure, I will,’ answered he. ‘ Why then, Sir,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ I can truly say, without a Compliment either to you or the young Lady, that when this Match was proposed, I embraced it very readily and heartily, from my Regard to you both.’

‘ An Alliance between two Families so nearly
 ‘ Neighbours, and between whom there had al-
 ‘ ways existed so mutual an Intercourse and good
 ‘ Harmony, I thought a most desirable Event;
 ‘ and with regard to the young Lady, not only
 ‘ the concurrent Opinion of all who knew her,
 ‘ but my own Observation assured me that she
 ‘ would be an inestimable Treasure to a good
 ‘ Husband. I shall say nothing of her personal
 ‘ Qualifications, which certainly are admirable;
 ‘ her Good-nature, her charitable Disposition,
 ‘ her Modesty are too well known to need any
 ‘ Panegyric: But she hath one Quality which
 ‘ existed in a high Degree in that best of Wo-
 ‘ men, who is now one of the first of Angels,
 ‘ which as it is not of a glaring Kind, more
 ‘ commonly escapes Observation; so little in-
 ‘ deed it is remarked, that I want a Word to
 ‘ express it. I must use Negatives on this Oc-
 ‘ casion. I never heard any Thing of Pertness,
 ‘ or what is called Repartee, out of her Mouth;
 ‘ no Pretence to Wit, much less to that Kind
 ‘ of Wisdom, which is the Result only of great
 ‘ Learning and Experience; the Affectation of
 ‘ which, in a young Woman, is as absurd as
 ‘ any of the Affectations of an Ape. No dic-
 ‘ tatorial Sentiments, no judicial Opinions, no
 ‘ profound Criticisms. Whenever I have seen
 ‘ her in the Company of Men, she hath been
 ‘ all Attention, with the Modesty of a Learner,
 ‘ not the Forwardness of a Teacher. You’ll
 ‘ pardon me for it, but I once, to try her only,
 ‘ desired her Opinion on a Point which was con-
 ‘ troverted between Mr. *Thwackum* and Mr.
 ‘ *Square*. To which she answered with much
 ‘ Sweetness, “ You will pardon me, good Mr.
 ‘ “ All-

“ *Allworthy*, I am sure you cannot in Earnest think me capable of deciding any Point in which two such Gentlemen disagree.” *Thwackum* and *Square*, who both alike thought themselves sure of a favourable Decision, seconded my Request. She answered with the same good Humour, “ I must absolutely be excused ; for I will affront neither so much, as to give my Judgment on his Side.” “ Indeed, she always shewed the highest Deference to the Understandings of Men ; a Quality absolutely essential to the making a good Wife. I shall only add, that as she is most apparently void of all Affectation, this Difference must be certainly real.”

Here *Blifil* sighed bitterly ; upon which *Western*, whose Eyes were full of Tears at the Praise of *Sophia*, blubbered out, ‘ Don’t be Chicken-hearted, for that ha her, d—n me, that ha her, if she was twenty Times as good.’

‘ Remember your Promise, Sir,’ cried *Allworthy*, ‘ I was not to be interrupted.’ ‘ Well, that unt,’ answered the Squire, ‘ I won’t speak another Word.’

‘ Now, my good Friend,’ continued *Allworthy*, ‘ I have dwelt so long on the Merit of this young Lady, partly as I really am in Love with her Character, and partly that Fortune (for the Match in that Light is really advantageous on my Nephew’s Side) might not be imagined to be my principal View in having so eagerly embraced the Proposal. Indeed I heartily wished to receive so great a Jewel into my Family ; but though I may wish for many good Things, I would not therefore steal them, or be guilty of any Violence or Injustice to possess my-

‘ myself of them. Now to force a Woman in-
 ‘ to a Marriage contrary to her Consent or Ap-
 ‘ probation, is an Act of such Injustice and Op-
 ‘ pression, that I wish the Laws of our Country
 ‘ could restrain it; but a good Conscience is never
 ‘ lawless in the worst-regulated State, and will
 ‘ provide those Laws for itself, which the Neglect
 ‘ of Legislators hath forgotten to supply. This
 ‘ is surely a Case of that Kind; for is it not cruel,
 ‘ nay impious to force a Woman into that State
 ‘ against her Will; for her Behaviour in which
 ‘ she is to be accountable to the highest and
 ‘ most dreadful Court of Judicature, and to an-
 ‘ swer at the Peril of her Soul? To discharge
 ‘ the Matrimonial Duties in an adequate Manner
 ‘ is no easy Task; and shall we lay this Burthen
 ‘ upon a Woman, while we at the same Time
 ‘ deprive her of all that Assistance which may
 ‘ enable her to undergo it? Shall we tear her very
 ‘ Heart from her, while we enjoin her Duties to
 ‘ which a whole Heart is scarce equal. I must
 ‘ speak very plainly here, I think Parents who
 ‘ act in this Manner are Accessaries to all the
 ‘ Guilt which their Children afterwards incur,
 ‘ and of Course must, before a just Judge, expect
 ‘ to partake of their Punishment; but if they
 ‘ could avoid this, good Heaven! is there a Soul
 ‘ who can bear the Thought of having contri-
 ‘ buted to the Damnation of his Child?

‘ For these Reasons, my best Neighbour, as I
 ‘ see the Inclinations of this young Lady are most
 ‘ unhappily averse to my Nephew, I must decline
 ‘ any further Thoughts of the Honour you in-
 ‘ tended him, though I assure you I shall always
 ‘ retain the most grateful Sense of it.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ said *Western*, (the Froth burst-
 ing forth from his Lips the Moment they were
 uncorked) ‘ you cannot say but I have heard
 ‘ you out, and now I expect you’ll hear me ;
 ‘ and if I don’t answer every Word on’t, why
 ‘ then I’ll consent to gee the Matter up. First
 ‘ then I desire you to answer me one Question,
 ‘ Did not I beget her ? Did not I beget her ?
 ‘ answer me that. They say indeed it is a wise
 ‘ Father that knows his own Child ; but I am
 ‘ sure I have the best Title to her, for I bred her
 ‘ up. But I believe you will allow me to be her
 ‘ Father ; and if I be, am I not to govern my
 ‘ own Child ? I ask you that, am I not to govern
 ‘ my own Child ? And if I am to govern her in
 ‘ other Matters, surely I am to govern her in
 ‘ this which concerns her most. And what am
 ‘ I desiring all this while ? Am I desiring her to
 ‘ do any Thing for me ? To give me any Thing ?
 ‘ —Zu much on t’other Side, that I am only
 ‘ desiring her to take away half my Estate now ;
 ‘ and t’other half when I die. Well, and what
 ‘ is it all vor ? Why is unt it to make her hap-
 ‘ py ? It’s enough to make one mad to hear
 ‘ Volks talk ; if I was going to marry myself,
 ‘ then she would ha Reason to cry and to blub-
 ‘ ber ; but, on the contrary, han’t I offered to
 ‘ bind down my Land in such a Manner, that
 ‘ I could not marry if I would, seeing as narro’
 ‘ Woman upon Earth would ha me. What the
 ‘ Devil in Hell can I do more ? I contribute to
 ‘ her Damnation ! ———Zounds ! I’d zee all the
 ‘ World d—d before her little Finger should be
 ‘ hurt. Indeed, Mr. *Allworthy*, you must ex-
 ‘ cuse me, but I am surprized to hear you talk
 ‘ in such a Manner, and I must say, take it
 ‘ how

‘ how you will, that I thought you had more Sense.’

Allworthy resented this Reflection only with a Smile; nor could he, if he would have endeavoured it, have conveyed into that Smile any Mixture of Malice or Contempt. His Smiles at Folly were indeed such as we may suppose the Angels bestow on the Absurdities of Mankind.

Blifil now desired to be permitted to speak a few Words. ‘ As to using any Violence on the young Lady, I am sure I shall never consent to it. My Conscience will not permit me to use Violence on any one, much less on a Lady for whom, however cruel she is to me, I shall always preserve the purest and sincerest Affection; but yet I have read, that Women are seldom Proof against Perseverance. Why may I not hope then by such Perseverance at last to gain those Inclinations, in which for the future I shall, perhaps, have no Rival? for as for this Lord, Mr. *Western* is so kind to prefer me to him; and sure, Sir, you will not deny but that a Parent hath at least a negative Voice in these Matters; nay, I have heard this very young Lady herself say so, more than once, and declare, that she thought Children inexcusable who married in direct Opposition to the Will of their Parents. Besides, though the other Ladies of the Family seem to favour the Pretensions of my Lord, I do not find the Lady herself is inclined to give him any Countenance; alas! I am too well assured she is not; I am too sensible that wickedest of Men remains uppermost in her Heart.’

‘ Ay, ay, so he does,’ cries *Western*.

‘ But

‘ But surely,’ says *Blifil*, ‘ when she hears of this Murder which he hath committed, if the Law should spare his Life’——

‘ What’s that ?’ cries *Western*, ‘ Murder ! hath he committed a Murder, and is there any Hopes of seeing him hanged ?——Tol de rol, tol lol de rol.’ Here he fell a singing and capering about the Room.

‘ Child,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ this unhappy Passion of yours distresses me beyond Measure. I heartily pity you, and would do every fair Thing to promote your Success.’

‘ I desire no more,’ cries *Blifil*, ‘ I am convinced my dear Uncle hath a better Opinion of me than to think that I myself would accept of more.’

‘ Lookee,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ you have my Leave to write, to visit, if she will permit it,——but I insist on no Thoughts of Violence. I will have no Confinement, nothing of that Kind attempted.’

‘ Well, well,’ cries the Squire, ‘ nothing of that Kind shall be attempted; we will try a little longer what fair Means will effect; and if this Fellow be but hanged out of the Way Tol lol de rol. I never heard better News in my Life; I warrant every Thing goes to my Mind.—Do, prithee, dear *Allworthy*, come and dine with me at the *Hercules Pillars*: I have bespoke a Shoulder of Mutton roasted, and a Spare-rib of Pork, and a Fowl and Egg-Sauce. There will be Nobody but ourselves, unless we have a Mind to have the Landlord; for I have sent Parson *Supple* down to *Basingstoke* after my Tobacco-Box, which I left at an Inn there, and I would not lose it for the
‘ World;

‘ World ; for it is an old Acquaintance of above
 ‘ twenty Years standing. I can tell you Landlord
 ‘ is a vast comical Bitch, you will like un-
 ‘ hugely.’

Mr. *Allworthy* at last agreed to this Invitation, and soon after the Squire went off, singing and capering at the Hopes of seeing the speedy tragical End of poor *Jones*.

When he was gone, Mr. *Allworthy* resumed the afore said Subject with much Gravity. He told his Nephew, ‘ he wished with all his Heart
 ‘ he would endeavour to conquer a Passion, in
 ‘ which I cannot,’ says he, ‘ flatter you with any
 ‘ Hopes of succeeding. It is certainly a vulgar
 ‘ Error, that Aversion in a Woman may be con-
 ‘ quered by Perseverance. Indifference may, per-
 ‘ haps, sometimes yield to it ; but the usual Tri-
 ‘ umphs gained by Perseverance in a Lover, are
 ‘ over Caprice, Prudence, Affectation, and often
 ‘ an exorbitant Degree of Levity, which excites
 ‘ Women, not over-warm in their Constitutions,
 ‘ to indulge their Vanity by prolonging the Time
 ‘ of Courtship, even when they are well-enough
 ‘ pleased with the Object, and resolve (if they
 ‘ ever resolve at all) to make him a very pitiful
 ‘ Amends in the End. But a fixed Dislike, as I
 ‘ am afraid this is, will rather gather Strength,
 ‘ than be conquered by Time. Besides, my Dear,
 ‘ I have another Apprehension which you must
 ‘ excuse. I am afraid this Passion which you have
 ‘ for this fine young Creature, hath her beautiful
 ‘ Person too much for its Object, and is unworthy
 ‘ of the Name of that Love, which is the only
 ‘ Foundation of matrimonial Felicity. To ad-
 ‘ mire, to like, and to long for the Possession of a
 ‘ beautiful Woman, without any Regard to her
 ‘ Sentiments

‘ Sentiments towards us, is, I am afraid, too natural : But Love, I believe, is the Child of Love only ; at least, I am pretty confident, that to love the Creature who we are assured hates us, is not in human Nature. Examine your Heart, therefore, thoroughly, my good Boy, and if, upon Examination, you have but the least Suspicion of this Kind, I am sure your own Virtue and Religion will impel you to drive so vicious a Passion from your Heart, and your good Sense will soon enable you to do it without Pain.’

The Reader may pretty well guess *Bliss’s* Answer ; but if he should be at a Loss, we are not, at present, at Leisure to satisfy him, as our History now hastens on to Matters of higher Importance, and we can no longer bear to be absent from *Sophia*.

C H A P. IV.

An extraordinary Scene between Sophia and her Aunt.

THE lowing Heifer, and the bleating Ewe, in Herds and Flocks, may ramble safe and unregarded through the Pastures. These are, indeed, hereafter doomed to be the Prey of Man ; yet many Years are they suffered to enjoy their Liberty undisturbed. But if a plump Doe be discovered to have escaped from the Forest, and to repose herself in some Field or Grove, the whole Parish is presently alarmed, every Man is ready to set his Dogs after her ; and if she is preserved from the rest by the good Squire, it is only that he may secure her for his own eating.

I have

I have often considered a very fine young Woman of Fortune and Fashion, when first found strayed from the Pale of her Nursery, to be in pretty much the same Situation with this Doe. The Town is immediately in an Uproar, she is hunted from Park to Play, from Court to Assembly, from Assembly to her own Chamber, and rarely escapes a single Season from the Jaws of some Devourer or other: For if her Friends protect her from some, it is only to deliver her over to one of their own chusing, often more disagreeable to her than any of the rest: While whole Herds or Flocks of other Women securely, and scarce regarded, traverse the Park, the Play, the Opera, and the Assembly; and though, for the most Part at least, they are at last devoured, yet for a long Time do they wanton in Liberty, without Disturbance or Controul.

Of all these Paragons, none ever tasted more of this Persecution than poor *Sophia*. Her ill Stars were not contented with all that she had suffered on Account of *Bliss*, they now raised her another Pursuer, who seemed likely to torment her no less than the other had done. For though her Aunt was less violent, she was no less assiduous in teasing her, than her Father had been before.

The Servants were no sooner departed after Dinner, than Mrs. *Western*, who had opened the Matter to *Sophia*, informed her, ‘ That she expected his Lordship that very Afternoon, and intended to take the first Opportunity of leaving her alone with him.’ ‘ If you do, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*, with some Spirit, ‘ I shall take the first Opportunity of leaving him by himself.’ ‘ How! Madam!’ cries the
Aunt;

Aunt; 'is this the Return you make me for my Kindness; in relieving you from your Confinement at your Father's?' 'You know, Madam,' says *Sophia*, 'the Cause of that Confinement was a Refusal to comply with my Father, in accepting a Man I detested; and will my dear Aunt, who hath relieved me from that Distress, involve me in another equally bad?' 'And do you think then, Madam, answered Mrs. *Western*, 'that there is no Difference between my Lord *Fellamar* and Mr. *Blifil*?' 'Very little in my Opinion,' cries *Sophia*; 'and if I must be condemned to one, I would certainly have the Merit of sacrificing myself to my Father's Pleasure.' 'Then my Pleasure, I find,' said the Aunt, 'hath very little Weight with you; but that Consideration shall not move me. I act from nobler Motives. The View of aggrandizing my Family, of ennobling yourself, is what I proceed upon. Have you no Sense of Ambition? Are there no Charms in the Thoughts of having a Coronet on your Coach?' 'None, upon my Honour,' said *Sophia*. 'A Pincushion upon my Coach would please me just as well.' 'Never mention Honour,' cries the Aunt. 'It becomes not the Mouth of such a Wretch. I am sorry, Niece, you force me to use these Words; but I cannot bear your groveling Temper; you have none of the Blood of the *Westerns* in you. But however mean and base your own Ideas are, you shall bring no Imputation on mine. I will never suffer the World to say of me, that I encouraged you in refusing one of the best Matches in *England*; a Match which, besides its Advantage in Fortune, would do Honour

' to

‘ to almost any Family, and hath indeed, in
‘ Title, the Advantage of ours.’ ‘ Surely,’ says
Sophia, ‘ I am born deficient, and have not the
‘ Senses with which other People are blessed :
‘ There must be certainly some Sense which can
‘ relish the Delights of Sound and Show, which
‘ I have not : For surely Mankind would not
‘ labour so much, nor sacrifice so much for the
‘ obtaining, nor would they be so elate and
‘ proud with possessing, what appeared to them,
‘ as it doth to me, the most insignificant of all
‘ Trifles.’

‘ No, no, Miss ;’ cries the Aunt ; ‘ you are
‘ born with as many Senses as other People ; but
‘ I assure you, you are not born with a sufficient
‘ Understanding to make a Fool of me, or to
‘ expose my Conduct to the World. So I de-
‘ clare this to you upon my Word, and you
‘ know, I believe, how fixed my Resolutions
‘ are, unless you agree to see his Lordship this
‘ Afternoon, I will, with my own Hands, de-
‘ liver you To-morrow Morning to my Brother,
‘ and will never henceforth interfere with you,
‘ nor see your Face again.’ *Sophia* stood a few
Moments silent after this Speech, which was
uttered in a most angry and peremptory Tone ;
and then bursting into Tears, she cried, ‘ Do
‘ with me, Madam, whatever you please ; I am
‘ the most miserable, undone Wretch upon Earth ;
‘ if my dear Aunt forsakes me, where shall
‘ I look for a Protector ?’ — ‘ My dear Niece,’
cries she, ‘ you will have a very good Protector
‘ in his Lordship ; a Protector, whom nothing
‘ but a Hankering after that vile Fellow *Jones*
‘ can make you decline.’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’
said *Sophia*, ‘ you wrong me. How can you
‘ imagine,

‘ imagine, after what you have shewn me, if I
‘ had ever any such Thoughts, that I should not
‘ banish them for ever. If it will satisfy you, I
‘ will receive the Sacrament upon it, never to
‘ see his Face again.’ — ‘ But Child, dear Child,’
said the Aunt, ‘ be reasonable: Can you invent
‘ a single Objection?’ — ‘ I have already, I
‘ think, told you a sufficient Objection,’ an-
swered *Sophia*. — ‘ What,’ cries the Aunt;
‘ I remember none.’ ‘ Sure, Madam,’ said *Sophia*,
‘ I told you he had used me in the rudest
‘ and vilest Manner.’ Indeed, Child,’ answered
she, ‘ I never heard you, or did not understand
‘ you:—But what do you mean by this rude and
‘ vile Manner?’ Indeed, Madam,’ said *Sophia*,
‘ I am almost ashamed to tell you. He caught
‘ me in his Arms, pulled me down upon the
‘ Settee, and thrust his Hand into my Bosom,
‘ and kissed it with such Violence, that I have
‘ the Mark upon my left Breast at this Moment.
‘ ——— Indeed!’ said Mrs. *Western*. ‘ Yes, in-
‘ deed, Madam,’ answered *Sophia*; ‘ my Fa-
‘ ther luckily came in at that Instant, or Heaven
‘ knows what Rudeness he intended to have pro-
‘ ceeded to.’ ‘ I am astonished and confound-
‘ ed,’ cries the Aunt. ‘ No Woman of the
‘ Name of *Western* hath been ever treated so,
‘ since we were a Family. I would have torn
‘ the Eyes of a Prince out, if he had attempted
‘ such Freedoms with me. It is impossible:
‘ Sure, *Sophia*, you must invent this to raise my
‘ Indignation against him.’ ‘ I hope, Madam,’
said *Sophia*, ‘ you have too good an Opinion of
‘ me, to imagine me capable of telling an Un-
‘ truth. Upon my Soul it is true.’ ‘ I should
‘ have stabbed him to the Heart had I been
‘ present,’

‘ present,’ returned the Aunt. ‘ Yet surely he
‘ could have no dishonourable Design: It is im-
‘ possible; he durst not: Besides, his Proposals
‘ shew he had not; for they are not only ho-
‘ nourable but generous. I don’t know; the
‘ Age allows too great Freedoms. A distant
‘ Salute is all I would have allowed before the
‘ Ceremony. I have had Lovers formerly, not
‘ so long ago neither; several Lovers, though I
‘ never would consent to Marriage, and I never
‘ encouraged the least Freedom. It is a foolish
‘ Custom, and what I never would agree to.
‘ No Man kissed more of me than my Cheek.
‘ It is as much as one can bring one’s self to give
‘ Lips up to a Husband; and, indeed, could I
‘ ever have been persuaded to marry, I believe I
‘ should not have soon been brought to endure
‘ so much.’ ‘ You will pardon me, dear Ma-
‘ dam,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ if I make one Observa-
‘ tion: You own you have had many Lovers.
‘ and the World knows it, even if you should
‘ deny it. You refused them all, and I am con-
‘ vinced one Coronet at least among them.’
‘ You say true, dear *Sophy*,’ answered she; ‘ I
‘ had once the Offer of a Title.’ ‘ Why then,’
said *Sophia*, ‘ will you not suffer me to refuse
‘ this once?’ ‘ It is true, Child,’ said she, ‘ I
‘ have refused the Offer of a Title; but it was
‘ not so good an Offer; that is, not so very,
‘ very good an Offer.’——‘ Yes, Madam,’ said
Sophia; ‘ but you have had very great Proposals
‘ from Men of vast Fortunes. It was not the
‘ first, nor the second, nor the third advantage-
‘ ous Match that offered itself.’ ‘ I own it was
‘ not,’ said she. ‘ Well, Madam,’ continued
Sophia, ‘ and why may not I expect to have a
‘ second

‘second perhaps better than this? You are now
 ‘but a young Woman, and I am convinced
 ‘would not promise to yield to the first Lover
 ‘of Fortune, nay, or of Title too. I am a ve-
 ‘ry young Woman, and sure I need not de-
 ‘spair.’ ‘Well, my dear, dear *Sophy*,’ cries the
 Aunt, ‘what would you have me say?’ ‘Why
 ‘I only beg that I may not be left alone, at least
 ‘this Evening: Grant me that, and I will sub-
 ‘mit, if you think, after what is past, I ought
 ‘to see him in your Company.’ ‘Well, I will
 ‘grant it,’ cries the Aunt. ‘*Sophy*, you know
 ‘I love you, and can deny you nothing. You
 ‘know the Easiness of my Nature; I have not
 ‘always been so easy. I have been formerly
 ‘thought cruel; by the Men I mean. I was
 ‘called the cruel *Parthenissa*. I have broke
 ‘many a Window that has had Verses to the
 ‘cruel *Parthenissa* in it. *Sophy*, I was never so
 ‘handsome as you, and yet I had something of
 ‘you formerly. I am a little altered. King-
 ‘doms and States, as *Tully Cicero* says in his
 ‘Epistles, undergo Alteration, and so must the
 ‘human Form.’ Thus run she on for near half
 an Hour upon herself, and her Conquests and her
 Cruelty, till the Arrival of my Lord, who, after
 a most tedious Visit, during which Mrs. *West-
 ern* never once offered to leave the Room, re-
 tired, not much more satisfied with the Aunt
 than with the Niece. For *Sophia* had brought
 her Aunt into so excellent a Temper, that she
 consented to almost every Thing her Niece said;
 and agreed, that a little distant Behaviour might
 not be improper to so forward a Lover.

Thus *Sophia*, by a little well-directed Flattery,
 for which surely none will blame her, obtained a

little Ease for herself, and at least put off the evil Day. And now we have seen our Heroine in a better Situation than she hath been for a long Time before, we will look a little after Mr. *Jones*, whom we left in the most deplorable Situation that can well be imagined.

C H A P. V.

Mrs. Miller and Mr. Nightingale visit Jones in the Prison.

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy* and his Nephew went to meet Mr. *Western*, Mrs. *Miller* set forward to her Son-in-Law's Lodgings, in order to acquaint him with the Accident which had befallen his Friend *Jones*; but he had known it long before from *Partridge*, (for *Jones*, when he left Mrs. *Miller*, had been furnished with a Room in the same House with Mr. *Nightingale*.) The good Woman found her Daughter under great Affliction on Account of Mr. *Jones*, whom having comforted as well as she could, she set forward to the *Gate-house*, where she heard he was, and where Mr. *Nightingale* was arrived before her.

The Firmness and Constancy of a true Friend is a Circumstance so extremely delightful to Persons in any Kind of Distress, that the Distress itself, if it be only temporary, and admits of Relief, is more than compensated by bringing this Comfort with it. Nor are Instances of this Kind so rare, as some superficial and inaccurate Observers have reported. To say the Truth, Want of Compassion is not to be numbered among our general Faults. The black Ingredient which fouls
our

our Disposition is Envy. Hence our Eye is seldom, I am afraid, turned upwards to those who are manifestly greater, better, wiser, or happier than ourselves, without some Degree of Malignity; while we commonly look downwards on the Mean and Miserable, with sufficient Benevolence and Pity. In Fact, I have remarked, that most of the Defects which have discovered themselves in the Friendships within my Observation, have arisen from Envy only; a hellish Vice; and yet one from which I have known very few absolutely exempt. But enough of a Subject which, if pursued, would lead me too far.

Whether it was that Fortune was apprehensive lest *Jones* should sink under the Weight of his Adversity, and that she might thus lose any future Opportunity of tormenting him; or whether she really abated somewhat of her Severity towards him, she seemed a little to relax her Persecution, by sending him the Company of two such faithful Friends, and what is perhaps more rare, a faithful Servant. For *Partridge*, though he had many Imperfections, wanted not Fidelity; and though Fear would not suffer him to be hanged for his Master, yet the World, I believe, could not have bribed him to desert his Cause.

While *Jones* was expressing great Satisfaction in the Presence of his Friends, *Partridge* brought an Account, that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was still alive, though the Surgeon declared that he had very little Hopes. Upon which *Jones* fetching a deep Sigh, *Nightingale* said to him; ‘ My dear Tom, ‘ why should you afflict yourself so upon an Accident, which, whatever be the Consequence, ‘ can be attended with no Danger to you, and

‘ in which your Conscience cannot accuse you
 ‘ of having been in the least to blame. If the
 ‘ Fellow should die, what have you done more
 ‘ than taken away the Life of a Russian in your
 ‘ own Defence? So will the Coroner’s Inquest
 ‘ certainly find it; and then you will be easily
 ‘ admitted to Bail: And though you must un-
 ‘ dergo the Form of a Trial, yet it is a Trial
 ‘ which many Men would stand for you for a
 ‘ Shilling.’ ‘ Come, come, Mr. *Jones*,’ said Mrs.
Miller, ‘ cheer yourself up. I knew you could
 ‘ not be the Aggressor, and so I told Mr. *Allwor-*
 ‘ *thy*, and so he shall acknowledge too before I
 ‘ have done with him.’

Jones gravely answered, ‘ That whatever might
 ‘ be his Fate, he should always lament the hav-
 ‘ ing shed the Blood of one of his Fellow-crea-
 ‘ tures, as one of the highest Misfortunes which
 ‘ could have befallen him. But I have another
 ‘ Misfortune of the tenderest Kind.—O! Mrs.
 ‘ *Miller*, I have lost what I held most dear up-
 ‘ on Earth.’ ‘ That must be a Mistress,’ said
 Mrs. *Miller*: ‘ But come, come; I know more
 ‘ than you imagine;’ (for indeed *Partridge* had
 blabbed all) ‘ and I have heard more than you
 ‘ know. Matters go better, I promise you, than
 ‘ you think; and I would not give *Blifil* Six-
 ‘ pence for all the Chance which he hath of the
 ‘ Lady.’

‘ Indeed, my dear Friend, indeed,’ answered
Jones, ‘ you are an entire Stranger to the Cause
 ‘ of my Grief. If you was acquainted with the
 ‘ Story, you would allow my Case admitted of
 ‘ no Comfort. I apprehend no Danger from
 ‘ *Blifil*. I have undone myself.’ ‘ Don’t de-
 ‘ spair,’ replied Mrs. *Miller*; ‘ you know not
 ‘ what

‘ what a Woman can do, and if any Thing be
 ‘ in my Power, I promise you I will do it to
 ‘ serve you. It is my Duty. My Son, my dear
 ‘ Mr. *Nightingale*, who is so kind to tell me he
 ‘ hath Obligations to you on the same Account,
 ‘ knows it is my Duty. Shall I go to the Lady
 ‘ myself? I will say any Thing to her you would
 ‘ have me say.’

‘ Thou best of Women,’ cries *Jones*, taking
 her by the Hand, ‘ talk not of Obligations to
 ‘ me;—but, as you have been so kind to men-
 ‘ tion it, there is a Favour which, perhaps, may
 ‘ be in your Power. I see you are acquainted
 ‘ with the Lady, (how you came by your Infor-
 ‘ mation I know not) who sits indeed very near
 ‘ my Heart. If you could contrive to deliver
 ‘ this, (giving her a Paper from his Pocket) I
 ‘ shall for ever acknowledge your Goodness.’

‘ Give it me,’ said Mrs. *Miller*. ‘ If I see
 ‘ it not in her own Possession before I sleep, may
 ‘ my next Sleep be my last. Comfort yourself,
 ‘ my good young Man; be wise enough to take
 ‘ Warning from past Follies, and I warrant all
 ‘ shall be well, and I shall yet see you happy
 ‘ with the most charming young Lady in the
 ‘ World; for so I hear from every one she is.’

‘ Believe me, Madam,’ said he, ‘ I do not
 ‘ speak the common Cant of one in my unhappy
 ‘ Situation. Before this dreadful Accident hap-
 ‘ pened, I had resolved to quit a Life of which
 ‘ I was become sensible of the Wickedness as
 ‘ well as Folly. I do assure you, notwithstanding
 ‘ the Disturbances I have unfortunately occa-
 ‘ sioned in your House, for which I heartily ask
 ‘ your Pardon, I am not an abandoned Pro-
 ‘ fligate. Though I have been hurried into Vices,

‘ I do not approve a vicious Character; nor will
‘ I ever, from this Moment, deserve it.’

Mrs. *Miller* expressed great Satisfaction in these Declarations, in the Sincerity of which she averred she had an entire Faith: And now, the Remainder of the Conversation past in the joint Attempts of that good Woman and Mr. *Nightingale*, to cheer the dejected Spirits of Mr. *Jones*, in which they so far succeeded, as to leave him much better comforted and satisfied than they found him; to which happy Alteration nothing so much contributed as the kind Undertaking of Mrs. *Miller*, to deliver his Letter to *Sophia*, which he despaired of finding any Means to accomplish: For when *Black George* produced the last from *Sophia*, he informed *Partridge*, that she had strictly charged him, on Pain of having it communicated to her Father, not to bring her any Answer. He was moreover not a little pleased, to find he had so warm an Advocate to Mr. *Allworthy* himself in this good Woman, who was in Reality, one of the worthiest Creatures in the World.

After about an Hour’s Visit from the Lady, (for *Nightingale* had been with him much longer) they both took their Leave, promising to return to him soon; during which Mrs. *Miller* said, she hoped to bring him some good News from his Mistress, and Mr. *Nightingale* promised to enquire into the State of Mr. *Fitzpatrick*’s Wound, and likewise to find out some of the Persons who were present at the Rencontre.

The former of these went directly in quest of *Sophia*, whither we likewise shall now attend her.

C H A P. VI.

In which Mrs. Miller pays a Visit to Sophia.

ACCESS to the young Lady was by no Means difficult; for as she lived now on a perfect friendly Footing with her Aunt, she was at full Liberty to receive what Visitants she pleased.

Sophia was dressing, when she was acquainted that there was a Gentlewoman below to wait on her: As she was neither afraid nor ashamed to see any of her own Sex, *Mrs. Miller* was immediately admitted.

Court'sies, and the usual Ceremonials between Women who are Strangers to each other, being past, *Sophia* said, 'I have not the Pleasure to know you, Madam.' 'No, Madam,' answered *Mrs. Miller*, 'and I must beg Pardon for intruding upon you. But when you know what has induced me to give you this Trouble, I hope—' 'Pray, what is your Business, Madam?' said *Sophia*, with a little Emotion. 'Madam, we are not alone,' replied *Mrs. Miller*, in a low Voice. 'Go out, *Betty*,' said *Sophia*.

When *Betty* was departed, *Mrs. Miller* said, 'I was desired, Madam, by a very unhappy young Gentleman, to deliver you this Letter.' *Sophia* changed Colour when she saw the Direction, well knowing the Hand, and after some Hesitation, said,—'I could not conceive, Madam, from your Appearance, that your Business had been of such a Nature.—Whomever you brought this Letter from, I shall not open it. I should be sorry to entertain an unjust

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Suspicion.

‘ Suspicion of any one; but you are an utter Stranger to me.’

‘ If you will have Patience, Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ I will acquaint you who I am, and how I came by that Letter.’ ‘ I have no Curiosity, Madam, to know any Thing,’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ but I must insist on your delivering that Letter back to the Person who gave it you.’

Mrs. *Miller* then fell upon her Knees, and in the most passionate Terms, implored her Compassion; to which *Sophia* answered: ‘ Sure, Madam, it is surprising you should be so very strongly interested in the Behalf of this Person. I would not think, Madam,’—‘ No, Madam,’ says Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ you shall not think any Thing but the Truth. I will tell you all, and you will not wonder that I am interested. He is the best natured Creature that ever was born.’—She then began and related the Story of Mr. *Henderson*—After this she cried, ‘ This, Madam, this is his Goodness; but I have much more tender Obligations to him. He hath preserved my Child.’—Here, after shedding some Tears, she related every Thing concerning that Fact, suppressing only those Circumstances which would have most reflected on her Daughter, and concluded with saying, ‘ Now, Madam, you shall judge whether I can ever do enough for so kind, so good, so generous a young Man; and sure he is the best and worthiest of all human Beings.’

The Alterations in the Countenance of *Sophia* had hitherto been chiefly to her Disadvantage, and had inclined her Complexion to too great Paleness; but she now waxed redder, if possible, than
Vermi-

Vermilion, and cried, ‘ I know not what to say ;
 ‘ certainly what arises from Gratitude cannot be
 ‘ blamed.—But what Service can my reading
 ‘ this Letter do your Friend, since I am resolved
 ‘ never’—Mrs. *Miller* fell again to her Entreaties,
 and begged to be forgiven, but she could not, she
 said, carry it back. ‘ Well, Madam,’ says *Sophia*,
 ‘ I cannot help it, if you will force it upon
 ‘ me.—Certainly you may leave it whether I will
 ‘ or no.’—What *Sophia* meant, or whether she
 meant any Thing, I will not presume to deter-
 mine ; but Mrs. *Miller* actually understood this as
 a Hint, and presently laying the Letter down on
 the Table, took her Leave, having first begged
 Permission to wait again on *Sophia* ; which Request
 had neither Assent nor Denial.

The Letter lay upon the Table no longer than
 till Mrs. *Miller* was out of Sight ; for then *Sophia*
 opened and read it.

This Letter did very little Service to his Cause ;
 for it consisted of little more than Confessions of
 his own Unworthiness, and bitter Lamentations
 of Despair, together with the most solemn Pro-
 testations of his unalterable Fidelity to *Sophia*, of
 which, he said, he hoped to convince her, if he
 had ever more the Honour of being admitted to
 her Presence ; and that he could account for the
 Letter to Lady *Bellafton*, in such a Manner, that
 though it would not entitle him to her Forgiveness,
 he hoped at least to obtain it from her
 Mercy. And concluded with vowing, that no-
 thing was ever less in his Thoughts than to marry
 Lady *Bellafton*.

Though *Sophia* read the Letter twice over
 with great Attention, his Meaning still remained

a Riddle to her ; nor could her Invention suggest to her any Means to excuse *Jones*. She certainly remained very angry with him, though indeed *Lady Bellaſton* took up ſo much of her Reſentment, that her gentle Mind had but little left to beſtow on any other Perſon.

That Lady was moſt unluckily to dine this very Day with her Aunt *Western*, and in the Afternoon, they were all three, by Appointment, to go together to the Opera, and thence to Lady *Thomas Hatchet's* Drum. *Sophia* would have gladly been excuſed from all, but ſhe would not diſoblige her Aunt ; and as to the Arts of counterfeiting Illneſs, ſhe was ſo entirely a Stranger to them, that it never once entered into her Head. When ſhe was dreſt, therefore, down ſhe went, reſolved to encounter all the Horrors of the Day, and a moſt diſagreeable one it proved ; for *Lady Bellaſton* took every Opportunity very civilly and ſtily to inſult her ; to all which her Dejection of Spirits diſabled her from making any Return ; and indeed, to confeſs the Truth, ſhe was at the very beſt but an indifferent Miſtreſs of Re-
partee.

Another Miſfortune which beſel poor *Sophia*, was the Company of Lord *Fellamar*, whom ſhe met at the Opera, and who attended her to the Drum. And though both Places were too public to admit of any Particularities, and ſhe was farther relieved by the Muſic at the one Place, and by the Cards at the other, ſhe could not however enjoy herſelf in his Company : For there is ſomething of Delicacy in Women, which will not ſuffer them to be even eaſy in the Preſence of a Man whom they know to have Pre-
tenſions

tensions to them, which they are disinclined to favour.

Having in this Chapter twice mentioned a Drum, a Word which our Posterity, it is hoped, will not understand in the Sense it is here applied, we shall, notwithstanding our present Haste, stop a Moment to describe the Entertainment here meant, and the rather as we can in a Moment describe it.

A Drum then, is an Assembly of well-dressed Persons of both Sexes, most of whom play at Cards, and the rest do nothing at all; while the Mistress of the House performs the Part of the Landlady at an Inn, and like the Landlady of an Inn prides herself in the Number of her Guests, though she doth not always, like her, get any thing by it.

No Wonder then, as so much Spirits must be required to support any Vivacity in these Scenes of Dulness, that we hear Persons of Fashion eternally complaining of the Want of them; a Complaint confined entirely to upper Life. How insupportable must we imagine this Round of Impertinence to have been to *Sophia*, at this Time; how difficult must she have found it to force the Appearance of Gaiety into her Looks, when her Mind dictated nothing but the tenderest Sorrow, and when every Thought was charged with tormenting Ideas.

Night, however, at last, restored her to her Pillow, where we will leave her to soothe her Melancholy at least, though incapable we fear of Rest, and shall pursue our History, which something whispers us, is now arrived at the Eve of some great Event.

C H A P. VII.

A pathetic Scene between Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller.

MR S. Miller had a long Discourse with Mr. Allworthy, at his Return from Dinner, in which she acquainted him with Jones's having unfortunately lost all which he was pleased to bestow on him at their Separation; and with the Distresses to which that Loss had subjected him; of all which she had received a full Account from the faithful Retailer Partridge. She then explained the Obligations she had to Jones; not that she was entirely explicit with Regard to her Daughter: For though she had the utmost Confidence in Mr. Allworthy, and though there could be no Hopes of keeping an Affair secret, which was unhappily known to more than Half a Dozen; yet she could not prevail with herself to mention those Circumstances which reflected most on the Chastity of poor Nancy; but smothered that Part of her Evidence as cautiously as if she had been before a Judge, and the Girl was now on her Trial for the Murder of a Bastard.

Allworthy said, there were few Characters so absolutely vicious as not to have the least Mixture of Good in them. 'However,' says he, 'I cannot deny but that you had some Obligations to the Fellow, bad as he is, and I shall therefore excuse what hath past already, but must insist you never mention his Name to me more; for I promise you, it was upon the fullest and plainest Evidence that I resolved to take the Measures I have taken.' 'Well, Sir,' says

says she, ' I make not the least Doubt, but Time
' will shew all Matters in their true and natural
' Colours, and that you will be convinced this
' poor young Man deserves better of you than some
' other Folks that shall be nameless.'

' Madam,' cries *Allworthy*, a little ruffled, ' I
' will not hear any Reflections on my Nephew ;
' and if you ever say a Word more of that Kind,
' I will depart from your House that Instant.
' He is the worthiest and best of Men ; and I
' once more repeat it to you, he hath carried his
' Friendship to this Man to a blameable Length,
' by too long concealing Facts of the blackest Die.
' The Ingratitude of the Wretch to this good
' young Man is what I most resent : For, Ma-
' dam, I have the greatest Reason to imagine he
' had laid a Plot to supplant my Nephew in my
' Favour, and to have disinherited him.'

' I am sure, Sir,' answered Mrs. *Miller*, a
little frightened (for though Mr. *Allworthy* had
the utmost Sweetness and Benevolence in his
Smiles, he had great Terror in his Frowns) ' I
' shall never speak against any Gentleman you
' are pleased to think well of. I am sure, Sir,
' such Behaviour would very little become me,
' especially when the Gentleman is your nearest
' Relation ; but, Sir, you must not be angry
' with me, you must not indeed, for my good
' Wishes to this poor Wretch. Sure I may call
' him so now, though once you would have been
' angry with me, if I had spoke of him with the
' least Disrespect. How often have I heard you
' call him your Son ? How often have you prat-
' tled to me of him, with all the Fondness of a
' Parent ? Nay, Sir, I cannot forget the many

‘ tender Expressions, the many good Things you
‘ have told me of his Beauty and his Parts, and
‘ his Virtues; of his Good-nature and Genero-
‘ fity.—I am sure, Sir, I cannot forget them;
‘ for I find them all true. I have experienced
‘ them in my own Cause. They have preserved
‘ my Family. You must pardon my Tears, Sir,
‘ indeed you must, when I consider the cruel
‘ Reverse of Fortune which this poor Youth, to
‘ whom I am so much obliged, hath suffered:
‘ When I consider the Loss of your Favour, which
‘ I know he valued more than his Life, I must,
‘ I must lament him. If you had a Dagger in
‘ your Hand, ready to plunge into my Heart, I
‘ must lament the Misery of one whom you have
‘ loved, and I shall ever love.’

Allworthy was pretty much moved with this Speech, but it seemed not to be with Anger: For after a short Silence, taking *Mrs. Miller* by the Hand, he said very affectionately to her: ‘ Come, Madam, let us consider a little about your
‘ Daughter. I cannot blame you, for rejoicing
‘ in a Match which promises to be advantageous
‘ to her; but you know this Advantage, in a
‘ great Measure, depends on the Father’s Recon-
‘ ciliation. I know Mr. *Nightingale* very well,
‘ and have formerly had Concerns with him; I
‘ will make him a Visit, and endeavour to serve
‘ you in this Matter. I believe he is a worldly
‘ Man: But as this is an only Son, and the
‘ Thing is now irretrievable, perhaps he may in
‘ Time be brought to Reason. I promise you I
‘ will do all I can for you.’

Many were the Acknowledgements which the poor Woman made to *Allworthy*, for this kind
and

and generous Offer; nor could she refrain from taking this Occasion again to express her Gratitude towards *Jones*, 'to whom,' said she, 'I owe the Opportunity of giving you, Sir, this present Trouble.' *Allworthy* gently stopped her; but he was too good a Man to be really offended with the Effects of so noble a Principle as now actuated *Mrs. Miller*; and indeed had not this new Affair inflamed his former Anger against *Jones*, it is possible he might have been a little softened towards him, by the Report of an Action which Malice itself could not have derived from an evil Motive.

Mr. Allworthy and *Mrs. Miller* had been above an Hour together, when their Conversation was put an End to, by the Arrival of *Blifil*, and another Person, which other Person was no less than *Mr. Dowling*, the Attorney, who was now become a great Favourite with *Mr. Blifil*, and whom *Mr. Allworthy*, at the Desire of his Nephew, had made his Steward; and had likewise recommended him to *Mr. Western*, from whom the Attorney received a Promise of being promoted to the same Office upon the first Vacancy; and in the mean Time, was employed in transacting some Affairs which the Squire then had in *London*, in Relation to a Mortgage.

This was the principal Affair which then brought *Mr. Dowling* to Town; therefore he took the same Opportunity to charge himself with some Money for *Mr. Allworthy*, and to make a Report to him of some other Business; in all which, as it was of much too dull a Nature to find any Place in this History, we will leave the Uncle, Nephew, and their Lawyer concerned, and resort to other Matters.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing various Matters.

BEFORE we return to Mr. *Jones*, we will take one more View of *Sophia*.

Though that young Lady had brought her Aunt into great Good-humour by those soothing Methods, which we have before related, she had not brought her in the least to abate of her Zeal for the Match with Lord *Fellamar*. This Zeal was now inflamed by Lady *Bellafton*, who had told her the preceding Evening, that she was well satisfied from the Conduct of *Sophia*, and from her Carriage to his Lordship, that all Delays would be dangerous, and that the only Way to succeed, was to press the Match forward with such Rapidity, that the young Lady should have no Time to reflect, and be obliged to consent, while she scarce knew what she did. In which Manner, she said, one half of the Marriages among People of Condition were brought about. A Fact very probably true, and to which I suppose is owing the mutual Tendernefs which afterwards exists among so many happy Couples.

A Hint of the same Kind was given by the same Lady to Lord *Fellamar*; and both these so readily embraced the Advice, that the very next Day was, at his Lordship's Request, appointed by Mrs. *Western* for a private Interview between the young Parties. This was communicated to *Sophia* by her Aunt, and insisted upon in such high Terms, that after having urged every thing she possibly could invent against it, without the least Effect, she at last agreed to give the highest
Initance

Instance of Complaisance which any young Lady can give, and consented to see his Lordship.

As Conversations of this Kind afford no great Entertainment, we shall be excused from reciting the whole that past at this Interview; in which, after his Lordship had made many Declarations of the most pure and ardent Passion, to the silent, blushing *Sophia*; she at last collected all the Spirits she could raise, and with a trembling low Voice, said, ‘My Lord, you must be yourself conscious whether your former Behaviour to me hath been consistent with the Professions you now make.’ ‘Is there,’ answered he, ‘no Way by which I can atone for Madness? What I did, I am afraid, must have too plainly convinced you, that the Violence of Love had deprived me of my Senses.’ ‘Indeed, my Lord,’ said she, ‘it is in your Power to give me a Proof of an Affection which I much rather wish to encourage, and to which I should think myself more beholden.’ ‘Name it, Madam,’ said my Lord, very warmly. — ‘My Lord,’ says she, looking down upon her Fan, ‘I know you must be sensible how uneasy this pretended Passion of yours hath made me.’ — ‘Can you be so cruel to call it pretended?’ says he. ‘Yes, my Lord,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘all Professions of Love to those whom we persecute, are most insulting Pretences. This Pursuit of yours is to me a most cruel Persecution; nay, it is taking a most ungenerous Advantage of my unhappy Situation.’ ‘Most lovely, most adorable Charmer, do not accuse me,’ cries he, ‘of taking an ungenerous Advantage, while I have no Thoughts but what are directed to your Honour and Interest, and
‘ while

‘ while I have no View, no Hope, no Ambition
‘ but to throw myself, Honour, Fortune, every
‘ Thing at your Feet.’ ‘ My Lord,’ says she,
‘ it is that Fortune, and those Honours, which
‘ give you the Advantage of which I complain.
‘ These are the Charms which have seduced my
‘ Relations, but to me they are Things indif-
‘ ferent. If your Lordship will merit my Gra-
‘ titude, there is but one Way.’——‘ Pardon me,
‘ divine Creature,’ said he, ‘ there can be none.
‘ All I can do for you is so much your Due, and
‘ will give me so much Pleasure, that there is no
‘ Room for your Gratitude.’——‘ Indeed, my
‘ Lord,’ answered she, ‘ you may obtain my
‘ Gratitude, my good Opinion, every kind
‘ Thought and Wish which it is in my Power
‘ to bestow; nay, you may obtain them with
‘ Ease; for sure to a generous Mind it must be
‘ easy to grant my Request. Let me beseech
‘ you then, to cease a Pursuit, in which you can
‘ never have any Success. For your own Sake as
‘ well as mine, I entreat this Favour: For sure
‘ you are too noble to have any Pleasure in tor-
‘ menting an unhappy Creature. What can
‘ your Lordship propose but Uneasiness to your-
‘ self, by a Perseverance, which, upon my Ho-
‘ nour, upon my Soul, cannot, shall not prevail
‘ with me, whatever Distresses you may drive me
‘ to.’ Here my Lord fetched a deep Sigh, and then
‘ said — ‘ Is it then, Madam, that I am so unhap-
‘ py to be the Object of your Dislike and Scorn;
‘ or will you pardon me if I suspect there is
‘ some other?’——Here he hesitated, and So-
‘ phia answered with some Spirit, ‘ My Lord, I
‘ shall not be accountable to you for the Rea-
‘ sons of my Conduct. I am obliged to your Lord-
‘ ship

‘ ship for the generous Offer you have made: I
 ‘ own it is beyond either my Deserts or Expec-
 ‘ tations; yet I hope, my Lord, you will not in-
 ‘ sist on my Reasons, when I declare I cannot
 ‘ accept it.’ Lord *Fellamar* returned much to
 this, which we do not perfectly understand, and
 perhaps it could not all be strictly reconciled ei-
 ther to Sense or Grammar; but he concluded his
 ranting Speech with saying, ‘ That if she had
 ‘ pre-engaged herself to any Gentleman, however
 ‘ unhappy it would make him, he should think
 ‘ himself bound in Honour to desist.’ Perhaps
 my Lord laid too much Emphasis on the Word
 Gentleman; for we cannot else well account for
 the Indignation with which he inspired *Sophia*,
 who, in her Answer, seemed greatly to resent some
 Affront he had given her.

While she was speaking, with her voice more
 raised than usual, Mrs. *Western* came into the
 the Room, the Fire glaring in her Cheeks, and
 the Flames bursting from her Eyes. ‘ I am
 ‘ ashamed,’ says she, ‘ my Lord, of the Recep-
 ‘ tion which you have met with. I assure your
 ‘ Lordship we are all sensible of the Honour done
 ‘ us; and I must tell you, Miss *Western*, the Fa-
 ‘ mily expect a different Behaviour from you.’
 Here my Lord interfered on behalf of the young
 Lady, but to no Purpose; the Aunt proceeded
 till *Sophia* pulled out her Handkerchief, threw
 herself into a Chair, and burst into a violent Fit
 of Tears.

The Remainder of the Conversation between
 Mrs. *Western* and his Lordship, till the latter
 withdrew, consisted of bitter Lamentations on his
 Side, and on hers of the strongest Assurances that
 her Niece should and would consent to all he
 wished.

wished. 'Indeed, my Lord,' says she, 'the Girl
' hath had a foolish Education, neither adapted to
' her Fortune nor her Family. Her Father, I
' am sorry to say it, is to blame for every Thing.
' The Girl hath silly Country Notions of Bash-
' fulness. Nothing else, my Lord, upon my Ho-
' nour; I am convinced she hath a good Under-
' standing at the Bottom, and will be brought to
' Reason.'

This last Speech was made in the Absence of *Sophia*; for she had some time before left the Room, with more Appearance of Passion than she had ever shewn on any Occasion; and now his Lordship, after many Expressions of Thanks to Mrs. *Western*, many ardent Professions of Passion which nothing could conquer, and many Assurances of Perseverance, which Mrs. *Western* highly encouraged, took his Leave for this Time.

Before we relate what now passed between Mrs. *Western* and *Sophia*, it may be proper to mention an unfortunate Accident which had happened, and which had occasioned the Return of Mrs. *Western* with so much Fury, as we have seen.

The Reader then must know, that the Maid who at present attended on *Sophia*, was recommended by Lady *Bellafton*, with whom she had lived for some Time in the Capacity of a Comb-brush; she was a very sensible Girl, and had received the strictest Instructions to watch her young Lady very carefully. These Instructions, we are sorry to say, were communicated to her by Mrs. *Honour*, into whose Favour Lady *Bellafton* had now so ingratiated herself, that the violent Affection which the good Waiting-woman had formerly

merly borne to *Sophia*, was entirely obliterated by that great Attachment which she had to her new Mistress.

Now when Mrs. *Miller* was departed, *Betty*, (for that was the Name of the Girl) returning to her young Lady, found her very attentively engaged in reading a long Letter, and the visible Emotions which she betrayed on that Occasion, might have well accounted for some Suspicions which the Girl entertained; but indeed they had yet a stronger Foundation, for she had overheard the whole Scene which passed between *Sophia* and Mrs. *Miller*.

Mrs. *Western* was acquainted with all this Matter by *Betty*, who, after receiving many Commendations, and some Rewards for her Fidelity, was ordered, that if the Woman who brought the Letter, came again, she should introduce her to Mrs. *Western* herself.

Unluckily Mrs. *Miller* returned at the very Time when *Sophia* was engaged with his Lordship. *Betty*, according to Order, sent her directly to the Aunt; who being Mistress of so many Circumstances relating to what had past the Day before, easily imposed upon the poor Woman to believe that *Sophia* had communicated the whole Affair; and so pumped every Thing out of her which she knew, relating to the Letter, and relating to *Jones*.

This poor Creature might indeed be called Simplicity itself. She was one of that Order of Mortals, who are apt to believe every Thing which is said to them: To whom Nature hath neither indulged the offensive nor defensive Weapons of Deceit, and who are constantly liable to be imposed upon by any one, who will only be
at

at the Expence of a little Falsehood for that Purpose. Mrs. *Western* having drained Mrs. *Miller* of all she knew, which indeed was but little, but which was sufficient to make the Aunt suspect a great deal, dismissed her with Assurances that *Sophia* would not see her, that she would send no Answer to the Letter, nor ever receive another; nor did she suffer her to depart, without a handsome Lecture on the Merits of an Office, to which she could afford no better Name than that of Procurers. — This Discovery had greatly discomposed her Temper, when coming into the Apartment next to that in which the Lovers were, she overheard *Sophia* very warmly protesting against his Lordship's Addresses. At which the Rage already kindled, burst forth, and she rushed in upon her Niece in a most furious Manner, as we have already described, together with what passed at that Time till his Lordship's Departure.

No sooner was Lord *Fellamar* gone, than Mrs. *Western* returned to *Sophia*, whom she upbraided in the most bitter Terms, for the ill Use she had made of the Confidence reposed in her; and for her Treachery in conversing with a Man with whom she had offered but the Day before to bind herself in the most solemn Oath, never more to have any Conversation. *Sophia* protested she had maintained no such Conversation. 'How! How!' 'Miss *Western*,' said the Aunt, 'will you deny your receiving a Letter from him Yesterday?' 'A Letter, Madam!' answered *Sophia*, somewhat surprized. 'It is not very well bred, Miss,' replies the Aunt, 'to repeat my Words. I say a Letter, and insist upon your shewing it me immediately.' 'I scorn a Lie, Madam,' said *Sophia*, 'I did receive a Letter, but it was with-

out

‘ out my Desire, and indeed I may say against my
 ‘ Consent.’ ‘ Indeed, indeed, Miss,’ cries the
 Aunt, ‘ you ought to be ashamed of owning you
 ‘ had received it at all; but where is the Letter?
 ‘ for I will see it.’

To this peremptory Demand *Sophia* paused
 some Time before she returned an Answer; and
 at last only excused herself by declaring she had
 not the Letter in her Pocket, which was indeed
 true; upon which her Aunt, losing all Manner of
 Patience, asked her Niece this short Question,
 whether she would resolve to marry Lord *Fellamar*
 or no? to which she received the strongest Negative.
 Mrs. *Western* then replied with an Oath,
 or something very like one, that she would early
 the next Morning deliver her back into her Fa-
 ther’s Hand.

Sophia then began to reason with her Aunt in
 the following Manner; ‘ Why, Madam, must
 ‘ I of Necessity be forced to marry at all? Con-
 ‘ sider how cruel you would have thought it in
 ‘ your own Case, and how much kinder your
 ‘ Parents were in leaving you to your Liberty.
 ‘ What have I done to forfeit this Liberty? I
 ‘ will never marry contrary to my Father’s Con-
 ‘ sent, nor without asking yours. — And when I
 ‘ ask the Consent of either improperly, it will
 ‘ be then Time enough to force some other Mar-
 ‘ riage upon me.’ ‘ Can I bear to hear this?’
 cries Mrs. *Western*, ‘ from a Girl who hath now
 ‘ a Letter from a Murderer in her Pocket.’ ‘ I
 ‘ have no such Letter, I promise you,’ answered
Sophia; ‘ and if he be a *Murderer*, he will soon
 ‘ be in no Condition to give you any further
 ‘ Disturbance.’ ‘ How, Miss *Western*,’ said the
 Aunt, ‘ have you the Assurance to speak of him
 ‘ in

‘ in this Manner, to own your Affection for such
 ‘ a Villain to my Face ?’ ‘ Sure, Madam,’ said
Sophia, ‘ you put a very strange Construction on
 ‘ my Words.’ ‘ Indeed, Miss *Western*,’ cries
 the Lady, ‘ I shall not bear this Usage ; you have
 ‘ learnt of your Father this Manner of treating
 ‘ me ; he hath taught you to give me the Lie.
 ‘ He hath totally ruined you by his false System
 ‘ of Education ; and please Heaven he shall have
 ‘ the Comfort of its Fruits : For once more I
 ‘ declare to you, that To-morrow Morning I will
 ‘ carry you back. I will withdraw all my Forces
 ‘ from the Field, and remain henceforth, like
 ‘ the wise King of *Prussia*, in a State of perfect
 ‘ Neutrality. You are both too wise to be re-
 ‘ gulated by my Measures ; so prepare yourself ;
 ‘ for To-morrow Morning you shall evacuate this
 ‘ House.’

Sophia remonstrated all she could ; but her Aunt
 was deaf to all she said. In this Resolution there-
 fore we must at present leave her, as there seems
 to be no Hopes of bringing her to change it.

C H A P. IX.

What happened to Mr. Jones in the Prison.

MR. *Jones* past above twenty-four melancholy
 Hours by himself, unless when relieved by
 the Company of *Partridge*, before Mr. *Nightingale*
 returned ; not that this worthy young Man had
 deserted or forgot his Friend ; for indeed, he had
 been much the greatest Part of the Time employed
 in his Service.

He had heard upon Enquiry that the only Per-
 sons who had seen the Beginning of the unfortu-
 nate

nate Rencontre, were a Crew belonging to a Man of War, which then lay at *Deptford*. To *Deptford* therefore he went, in Search of this Crew, where he was informed that the Men he sought after, were all gone ashore. He then traced them from Place to Place, till at last he found two of them drinking together, with a third Person, at a Hedge-Tavern, near *Aldersgate*.

Nightingale desired to speak with *Jones* by himself (for *Partridge* was in the Room when he came in.) As soon as they were alone, *Nightingale* taking *Jones* by the Hand, cried, ‘Come, my brave Friend, be not too much dejected at what I am going to tell you—I am sorry I am the Messenger of bad News; but I think it my Duty to tell you.’ ‘I guess already what that bad News is,’ cries *Jones*. ‘The poor Gentleman then is dead.’—‘I hope not,’ answered *Nightingale*. ‘He was alive this Morning; though I will not flatter you; I fear from the Accounts I could get, that his Wound is mortal. But if the Affair be exactly as you told it, your own Remorse would be all you would have Reason to apprehend, let what would happen; but forgive me, my dear *Tom*, if I entreat you to make the worst of your Story to your Friends. If you disguise any Thing to us, you will only be an Enemy to yourself.’

‘What Reason, my dear *Jack*, have I ever given you,’ said *Jones*, ‘to stab me with so cruel a Suspicion?’ ‘Have Patience,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘and I will tell you all. After the most diligent Enquiry I could make, I at last met with two of the Fellows who were present at this unhappy Accident, and I am sorry to say, they do not relate the Story so much

‘ in your Favour as you yourself have told it.’
‘ Why, what do they say?’ cries *Jones*. ‘ Indeed what I am sorry to repeat, as I am afraid
‘ of the Consequence of it to you. They say
‘ that they were at too great a Distance to over-
‘ hear any Words that passed between you; but
‘ they both agree that the first Blow was given by
‘ you.’ ‘ Then upon my Soul,’ answered *Jones*,
‘ they injure me. He not only struck me first,
‘ but struck me without the least Provocation.
‘ What should induce those Villains to accuse
‘ me falsely?’ ‘ Nay, that I cannot guess,’
said *Nightingale*, ‘ and if you yourself, and I
‘ who am so heartily your Friend, cannot conceive a Reason why they should belie you, what
‘ Reason will an indifferent Court of Justice be
‘ able to assign, why they should not believe
‘ them? I repeated the Question to them several
‘ Times, and so did another Gentleman who
‘ was present, who, I believe, is a Sea-faring
‘ Man, and who really acted a very friendly Part
‘ by you; for he begged them often to consider,
‘ that there was the Life of a Man in the Case;
‘ and asked them over and over, if they were
‘ certain; to which they both answered, that
‘ they were, and would abide by their Evidence
‘ upon Oath. For Heaven’s Sake, my dear
‘ Friend, recollect yourself; for if this should
‘ appear to be the Fact, it will be your Business
‘ to think in Time of making the best of your
‘ Interest. I would not shock you; but you
‘ know, I believe, the Severity of the Law,
‘ whatever verbal Provocations may have been
‘ given you.’ ‘ Alas! my Friend,’ cries *Jones*,
‘ What Interest hath such a Wretch as I? Besides,
‘ do you think I would even wish to live
‘ with

‘ with the Reputation of a Murderer? If I had
 ‘ any Friends, (as, alás! I have none) could I have
 ‘ the Confidence to solicit them to speak in the
 ‘ Behalf of a Man condemned for the blackest
 ‘ Crime in human Nature? Believe me, I have
 ‘ no such Hope; but I have some Reliance on a
 ‘ Throne still greatly superior; which will, I am
 ‘ certain, afford me all the Protection I merit.’

He then concluded with many solemn and vehement Protestations of the Truth of what he had at first asserted.

The Faith of *Nightingale* was now again staggered, and began to incline to credit his Friend; when Mrs. *Miller* appeared, and made a sorrowful Report of the Success of her Embassy; which when *Jones* had heard, he cried out most heroically, ‘ Well, my Friend, I am now indifferent
 ‘ as to what shall happen, at least with Regard
 ‘ to my Life; and if it be the Will of Heaven
 ‘ that I shall make an Atonement with that for
 ‘ the Blood I have spilt, I hope the Divine Good-
 ‘ ness will one Day suffer my Honour to be clear-
 ‘ ed, and that the Words of a dying Man at
 ‘ least, will be believed, so far as to justify his
 ‘ Character.’

A very mournful Scene now past between the Prisoner and his Friends, at which, as few Readers would have been pleased to be present, so few, I believe, will desire to hear it particularly related. We will, therefore, pass on to the Entrance of the Turnkey, who acquainted *Jones*, that there was a Lady without who desired to speak with him, when he was at Leisure.

Jones declared his Surprise at this Message. He said, ‘ He knew no Lady in the World whom
 ‘ he could possibly expect to see there.’ How-
 ever as he saw no Reason to decline seeing any

Person, Mrs. *Miller* and Mr. *Nightingale* presently took their Leave, and he gave Orders to have the Lady admitted.

If *Jones* was surprized at the News of a Visit from a Lady, how greatly was he astonished when he discovered this Lady to be no other than Mrs. *Waters*! In this Astonishment then we shall leave him a-while, in order to cure the Surprize of the Reader, who will likewise, probably, not a little wonder at the Arrival of this Lady.

Who this Mrs. *Waters* was, the Reader pretty well knows; what she was, he must be perfectly satisfied. He will therefore be pleased to remember, that this Lady departed from *Upton* in the same Coach with Mr. *Fitzpatrick* and the other *Irish* Gentleman, and in their Company travelled to the *Bath*.

Now there was a certain Office in the Gift of Mr. *Fitzpatrick* at that Time vacant, namely, that of a Wife; for the Lady who had lately filled that Office had resigned, or at least deserted her Duty. Mr. *Fitzpatrick* therefore having thoroughly examined Mrs. *Waters* on the Road, found her extremely fit for the Place, which, on her Arrival at *Bath*, he presently conferred upon her, and she without any Scruple accepted. As Husband and Wife this Gentleman and Lady continued together all the Time they stayed at *Bath*, and as Husband and Wife they arrived together in Town.

Whether Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was so wise a Man as not to part with one good Thing till he had secured another, which he had at present only a Prospect of regaining; or whether Mrs. *Waters* had so well discharged her Office, that he intended still to retain her as Principal, and to make his Wife

(as

(as is often the Case) only her Deputy, I will not say; but certain it is he never mentioned his Wife to her, never communicated to her the Letter given him by Mrs. *Western*, nor ever once hinted his Purpose of repossessing his Wife; much less did he ever mention the Name of *Jones*. For though he intended to fight with him wherever he met him, he did not imitate those prudent Persons who think a Wife, a Mother, a Sister, or sometimes a whole Family, the safest Seconds on these Occasions. The first Account therefore which she had of all this, was delivered to her from his Lips, after he was brought home from the Tavern where his Wound had been drest.

As Mr. *Fitzpatrick* however had not the clearest Way of telling a Story at any Time, and was now, perhaps, a little more confused than usual, it was some Time before she discovered, that the Gentleman who had given him this Wound was the very same Person from whom her Heart had received a Wound, which though not of a mortal Kind, was yet so deep that it had left a considerable Scar behind it. But no sooner was she acquainted that Mr. *Jones* himself was the Man who had been committed to the Gatehouse for this supposed Murder, than she took the first Opportunity of committing Mr. *Fitzpatrick* to the Care of his Nurse, and hastened away to visit the Conqueror.

She now entered the Room with an Air of Gaiety, which received an immediate Check from the melancholy Aspect of poor *Jones*, who started and blessed himself when he saw her. Upon which she said, ‘Nay, I do not wonder at your Surprise; I believe you did not expect to see me; for few Gentlemen are troubled here with

‘ Visits from any Lady, unless a Wife. You see
‘ the Power you have over me, Mr. Jones. In-
‘ deed I little thought, when we parted at *Upton*,
‘ that our next Meeting would have been in such
‘ a Place.’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ says Jones, ‘ I
‘ must look upon this Visit as kind; few will
‘ follow the Miserable, especially to such dismal
‘ Habitations.’ ‘ I protest, Mr. Jones,’ says she,
‘ I can hardly persuade myself you are the same
‘ agreeable Fellow I saw at *Upton*. Why, your
‘ Face is more miserable than any Dungeon in the
‘ Universe. What can be the Matter with you?’
‘ I thought, Madam,’ said Jones, ‘ as you knew
‘ of my being here, you knew the unhappy Rea-
‘ son.’ ‘ Pugh,’ says she, ‘ you have pinked a
‘ Man in a Duel, that’s all.’ Jones express’d some
Indignation at this Levity, and spoke with the ut-
most Contrition for what had happened. To which
she answered, ‘ Well then, Sir, if you take it so
‘ much to Heart, I will relieve you; the Gentle-
‘ man is not dead; and, I am pretty confident, is
‘ in no Danger of dying. The Surgeon indeed
‘ who first dress’d him was a young Fellow, and
‘ seem’d desirous of representing his Case to be as
‘ bad as possible, that he might have the more
‘ Honour from curing him; but the King’s Sur-
‘ geon hath seen him since, and says, unless from
‘ a Fever, of which there are at present no Symp-
‘ toms, he apprehends not the least Danger of
‘ Life.’ Jones shew’d great Satisfaction in his
Countenance at this Report; upon which she af-
firm’d the Truth of it, adding, ‘ By the most
‘ extraordinary Accident in the World I lodge at
‘ the same House, and have seen the Gentleman;
‘ and I promise you he doth you Justice, and says,
‘ Whatever be the Consequence, that he was en-
‘ tirely

‘ tirely the Aggressor, and that you was not in the
‘ least to blame.’

Jones expressed the utmost Satisfaction at the Account which *Mrs. Waters* brought him. He then informed her of many Things which she well knew before, as who *Mrs. Fitzpatrick* was, the Occasion of his Resentment, &c. He likewise told her several Facts of which she was ignorant, as the Adventure of the Muff, and other Particulars, concealing only the Name of *Sophia*. He then lamented the Follies and Vices of which he had been guilty; every one of which, he said, had been attended with such ill Consequences, that he should be unpardonable if he did not take Warning, and quit those vicious Courses for the future. He lastly concluded with assuring her of his Resolution to sin no more, lest a worse Thing should happen to him.

Mrs. Waters with great Pleasantry ridiculed all this, as the Effects of low Spirits and Confiement. She repeated some Witticisms about *the Devil when he was sick*, and told him, ‘ She doubted
‘ not but shortly to see him at Liberty, and as
‘ lively a Fellow as ever; and then,’ says she,
‘ I don’t question but your Conscience will be
‘ safely delivered of all these Qualms that it
‘ is now so sick in breeding.’

Many more Things of this Kind she uttered, some of which it would do her no great Honour, in the Opinion of some Readers, to remember; nor are we quite certain but that the Answers made by *Jones* would be treated with Ridicule by others. We shall therefore suppress the rest of this Conversation, and only observe that it ended at last with perfect Innocence, and much more to the Satisfaction of *Jones* than of the Lady: For

the former was greatly transported with the News she had brought him; but ~~the~~ latter was not altogether so pleased with the penitential Behaviour of a Man, whom she had at her first Interview conceived a very different Opinion of from what she now entertained of him.

Thus the Melancholy occasioned by the Report of Mr. *Nightingale* was pretty well effaced: but the Dejection into which Mrs. *Miller* had thrown him still continued. The Account she gave, so well tallied with the Words of *Sophia* herself in her Letter, that he made not the least Doubt but that she had disclosed his Letter to her Aunt, and had taken a fixed Resolution to abandon him. The Torments this Thought gave him, were to be equalled only by a Piece of News which Fortune had yet in Store for him, and which we shall communicate in the second Chapter. of the ensuing Book.

THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

BOOK XVIII.

Containing about Six Days.

CHAP. I.

A Farewel to the Reader.

WE are now, Reader, arrived at the last Stage of our long Journey. As we have therefore travelled together through so many Pages, let us behave to one another like Fellow Travellers in a Stage-Coach, who have passed several Days in Company of each other; and who, notwithstanding any Bickerings or little Animosities which may have occurred on the Road, generally make all up at last, and mount, for the last Time, into their Vehicle with

Chearfulness and Good-humour; since after this one Stage, it may possibly happen to us, as it commonly happens to them, never to meet more.

As I have here taken up this Simile, give me Leave to carry it a little farther. I intend then in this last Book to imitate the good Company I have mentioned in their last Journey. Now it is well known, that all Jokes and Raillery are at this Time laid aside: whatever Characters any of the Passengers have for the Jest-sake personated on the Road, are now thrown off, and the Conversation is usually plain and serious.

In the same Manner, if I have now and then, in the Course of this Work, indulged any Pleasantry for thy Entertainment, I shall here lay it down. The Variety of Matter, indeed, which I shall be obliged to cram into this Book, will afford no Room for any of those ludicrous Observations which I have elsewhere made, and which may sometimes, perhaps, have prevented thee from taking a Nap when it was beginning to steal upon thee. In this last Book thou wilt find nothing (or at most very little) of that Nature. All will be plain Narrative only; and, indeed, when thou hast perused the many great Events which this Book will produce, thou wilt think the Number of Pages contained in it, scarce sufficient to tell the Story.

And now, my Friend, I take this Opportunity (as I shall have no other) of heartily wishing thee well. If I have been an entertaining Companion to thee, I promise thee it is what I have desired. If in any Thing I have offended, it was really without any Intention. Some Things perhaps here said may have hit thee or thy Friends; but

but I do most solemnly declare they were not pointed at thee or them. I question not but thou hast been told, among other Stories of me, that thou wast to travel with a very scurrilous Fellow: But whoever told thee so, did me an Injury. No Man detests and despises Scurrility more than myself; nor hath any Man more Reason; for none hath ever been treated with more: And what is a very severe Fate, I have had some of the abusive Writings of those very Men fathered upon me, who in other of their Works have abused me themselves with the utmost Virulence.

All these Works, however, I am well convinced, will be dead long before this Page shall offer itself to thy perusal: For however short the Period may be of my own Performances, they will most probably outlive their own infirm Author, and the weekly Productions of his abusive Cotemporaries.

C H A P. II.

Containing a very tragical Incident.

WHILE *Jones* was employed in those unpleasant Meditations, with which we left him tormenting himself, *Partridge* came stumbling into the Room with his Face paler than Ashes, his Eyes fixed in his Head, his Hair standing an End, and every Limb trembling. In short, he looked as he would have done had he seen a Spectre, or had he indeed been a Spectre himself.

Jones, who was little subject to Fear, could not avoid being somewhat shocked at this sudden Appearance. He did indeed himself change Co-

lour, and his Voice a little faltered, while he asked him what was the Matter:

‘ I hope, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ you will not be angry with me. Indeed I did not listen, but I was obliged to stay in the outward Room. I am sure I wish I had been a hundred Miles off, rather than have heard what I have heard.’ ‘ Why what is the Matter?’ said *Jones*. ‘ The Matter, Sir? O good Heaven!’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ was that Woman who is just gone out, the Woman who was with you at *Upton*?’ ‘ She was, *Partridge*,’ cries *Jones*. ‘ And did you really, Sir, go to bed with that Woman?’ said he trembling—‘ I am afraid what past between us, is no Secret,’ said *Jones*.—‘ Nay, but pray, Sir, for Heaven’s Sake, Sir, answer me,’ cries *Partridge*.—‘ You know I did,’ cries *Jones*.—‘ Why then the Lord have Mercy upon your Soul, and forgive you,’ cries *Partridge*; ‘ but as sure as I stand here alive, you have been a-bed with your own Mother.’

Upon these Words, *Jones* became in a Moment a greater Picture of Horror than *Partridge* himself. He was indeed, for some Time, struck dumb with Amazement, and both stood staring wildly at each other. At last his Words found Way, and in an interrupted Voice he said—— ‘ How! how! What’s this you tell me?’ ‘ Nay, Sir,’ cries *Partridge*, ‘ I have not Breath enough left to tell you now—but what I have said is most certainly true—That Woman who now went out is your own Mother. How unlucky was it for you, Sir, that I did not happen to see her at that Time, to have prevented it? Sure the Devil himself must have contrived to bring about this Wickedness?’

‘ Sure,

‘ Sure,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ Fortune will never have done with me, till she hath driven me to Distraction. But why do I blame Fortune? I am myself the Cause of all my Misery. All the dreadful Mischiefs which have befallen me, are the Consequences only of my own Folly and Vice. What thou hast told me, *Partridge*, hath almost deprived me of my Senses. And was Mrs. *Waters* then — But why do I ask? for thou must certainly know her. — If thou hast any Affection for me; nay, if thou hast any Pity, let me beseech thee to fetch this miserable Woman back again to me. O good Heaven! Incest — with a Mother! To what am I reserved?’ He then fell into the most violent and frantic Agonies of Grief and Despair, in which *Partridge* declared he would not leave him: But at last having vented the first Torrent of Passion, he came a little to himself; and then having acquainted *Partridge* that he would find this wretched Woman in the same House where the wounded Gentleman was lodged, he dispatched him in quest of her.

If the Reader will please to refresh his Memory, by turning to the Scene at *Upton*, in the Ninth Book, he will be apt to admire the many strange Accidents which unfortunately prevented any Interview between *Partridge* and Mrs. *Waters*, when she spent a whole Day there with Mr. *Jones*. Instances of this Kind we may frequently observe in Life, where the greatest Events are produced by a nice Train of little Circumstances; and more than one Example of this may be discovered by the accurate Eye, in this our History.

After a fruitless Search of two or three Hours, *Partridge* returned back to his Master, without
having

having seen Mrs. *Waters*. *Jones*, who was in a State of Desperation at his Delay, was almost raving Mad when he brought him this Account. He was not long however in this Condition, before he received the following Letter.

‘ Sir,
 ‘ SINCE I left you, I have seen a Gentle-
 ‘ man, from whom I have learnt something
 ‘ concerning you which greatly surprizes and
 ‘ affects me: but as I have not at present Leisure
 ‘ to communicate a Matter of such high Import-
 ‘ ance, you must suspend your Curiosity till our
 ‘ next Meeting, which shall be the first Moment
 ‘ I am able to see you. O Mr. *Jones*, little did I
 ‘ think, when I past that happy Day at *Upton*,
 ‘ the Reflection upon which is like to embitter
 ‘ all my future Life, who it was to whom I owed
 ‘ such perfect Happiness. Believe me to be ever
 ‘ sincerely your unfortunate

‘ *J. Waters.*

‘ P. S. I would have you comfort yourself as
 ‘ much as possible; for Mr. *Fitzpatrick* is in no
 ‘ Manner of Danger; so that whatever other
 ‘ grievous Crimes you may have to repent of, the
 ‘ Guilt of Blood is not among the Number.’

Jones having received the Letter, let it drop
 (for he was unable to hold it, and indeed had
 scarce the Use of any one of his Faculties.) *Par-*
tridge took it up, and having received Consent
 by Silence, read it likewise; nor had it upon him
 a less sensible Effect. The Pencil, and not the
 Pen, should describe the Horrors which appeared
 in

in both their Countenances. While they both remained speechless, the Turnkey entered the Room, and without taking any Notice of what sufficiently discovered itself in the Faces of them both, acquainted *Jones* that a Man without desired to speak with him. This Person was presently introduced, and was no other than *Black George*.

As Sights of Horror were not so usual to *George* as they were to the Turnkey, he instantly saw the great Disorder which appeared in the Face of *Jones*. This he imputed to the Accident that had happened, which was reported in the very worst Light in Mr. *Western's* Family; he concluded therefore that the Gentleman was dead, and that Mr. *Jones* was in a fair Way of coming to a shameful End. A Thought which gave him much Uneasiness; for *George* was of a compassionate Disposition, and notwithstanding a small Breach of Friendship which he had been overtempted to commit, was, in the main, not insensible of the Obligations he had formerly received from Mr. *Jones*.

The poor Fellow therefore scarce refrained from a Tear at the present Sight. He told *Jones* he was heartily sorry for his Misfortunes, and begged him to consider, if he could be of any Manner of Service. 'Perhaps, Sir,' said he, 'you may want a little Matter of Money upon this Occasion; if you do, Sir, what little I have is heartily at your Service.'

Jones shook him very heartily by the Hand, and gave him many Thanks for the kind Offer he had made; but answered, 'He had not the least Want of that Kind.' Upon which *George* began to press his Services more eagerly than before.

fore. *Jones* again thanked him, with Assurances that he wanted nothing which was in the Power of any Man living to give. ‘Come, come, my good Master,’ answered *George*, ‘do not take the Matter so much to Heart. Things may end better than you imagine; to be sure you are not the first Gentleman who hath killed a Man, and yet come off.’ ‘You are wide of the Matter, *George*,’ said *Partridge*, ‘the Gentleman is not dead, nor like to die. Don’t disturb my Master, at present, for he is troubled about a Matter in which it is not in your Power to do him any good.’ ‘You don’t know what I may be able to do, Mr. *Partridge*,’ answered *George*, ‘if his Concern is about my young Lady, I have some News to tell my Master.’ — ‘What do you say, Mr. *George*?’ cries *Jones*: ‘Hath any thing lately happened in which my *Sophia* is concerned? My *Sophia*! How dares such a Wretch as I, mention her so prophanely!’ — ‘I hope she will be yours yet,’ answered *George*. — ‘Why, yes, Sir, I have something to tell you about her. Madam *Western* hath just brought Madam *Sophia* Home, and there hath been a terrible to do. I could not possibly learn the very Right of it; but my Master he hath been in a vast big Passion, and so was Madam *Western*, and I heard her say as she went out of Doors into her Chair, that she would never set her Foot in Master’s House again. I don’t know what’s the Matter, not I, but every thing was very quiet when I came out; but *Robin*, who waited at Supper, said he had never seen the Squire for a long while in such good Humour with young Madam; that he kissed her several Times, and swore she

‘should

‘ should be her own Mistress, and he never would
 ‘ think of confining her any more. I thought
 ‘ this News would please you, and so I slipped out,
 ‘ though it was so late, to inform you of it.’ Mr.
Jones assured *George* that it did greatly please him;
 for though he should never more presume to lift
 his Eyes towards that incomparable Creature,
 nothing could so much relieve his Misery as the
 Satisfaction he should always have, in hearing of
 her Welfare.

The rest of the Conversation which passed at
 the Visit, is not important enough to be here re-
 lated. The Reader will therefore forgive us this
 abrupt breaking off; and be pleased to hear how
 this great good Will of the Squire towards his
 Daughter was brought about.

Mrs. *Western*, on her first Arrival at her Bro-
 ther’s Lodging, began to set forth the great Ho-
 nours and Advantages which would accrue to the
 Family by the Match with Lord *Fellamar*, which
 her Niece had absolutely refused; in which Re-
 fusal, when the Squire took the Part of his
 Daughter, she fell immediately into the most
 violent Passion, and so irritated and provoked the
 Squire, that neither his Patience nor his Prudence
 could bear it any longer; upon which there
 ensued between them both so warm a Bout at
 Altercation, that perhaps the Regions of *Billings-
 gate* never equalled it. In the Heat of this Scold-
 ing Mrs. *Western* departed, and had consequently
 no Leisure to acquaint her Brother with the
 Letter which *Sophia* received, which might have
 possibly produced ill Effects; but to say Truth, I
 believe it never once occurred to her Memory at
 this Time.

When

When Mrs. *Western* was gone, *Sophia*, who had been hitherto silent, as well indeed from Necessity as Inclination, began to return the Compliment which her Father had made her, in taking her Part against her Aunt, by taking his likewise against the Lady. This was the first Time of her so doing, and it was in the highest Degree acceptable to the Squire. Again he remembered that Mr. *Allworthy* had insisted on an entire Relinquishment of all violent Means; and indeed as he made no doubt but that *Jones* would be hanged, he did not in the least question succeeding with his Daughter by fair Means; he now therefore once more gave a Loose to his natural Fondness for her, which had such an Effect on the dutiful, grateful, tender and affectionate Heart of *Sophia*, that had her Honour given to *Jones*, and something else perhaps in which he was concerned, been removed, I much doubt whether she would not have sacrificed herself to a Man she did not like, to have obliged her Father. She promised him she would make it the whole Business of her Life to oblige him, and would never marry any Man against his Consent; which brought the old Man so near to his highest Happiness, that he was resolved to take the other Step, and went to Bed completely drunk.

C H A P. III.

Allworthy visits old Nightingale; with a strange Discovery that he made on that Occasion.

THE Morning after these Things had happened, Mr. *Allworthy* went according to his Promise to visit old *Nightingale*, with whom his Authority

Authority was so great, that after having sat with him three Hours, he at last prevailed with him to consent to see his Son.

Here an Accident happened of a very extraordinary Kind ; one indeed of those strange Chances, whence very good and grave Men have concluded that Providence often interposes in the Discovery of the most secret Villany, in order to caution Men from quitting the Paths of Honesty, however warily they tread in those of Vice.

Mr. *Allworthy*, at his Entrance into Mr. *Nightingale's*, saw *Black George* ; he took no Notice of him, nor did *Black George* imagine he had perceived him. However, when their Conversation on the principal Point was over, *Allworthy* asked *Nightingale* whether he knew one *George Seagrim*, and upon what Business he came to his House.

‘ Yes,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘ I know him very well, and a most extraordinary Fellow he is, who, in these Days, hath been able to hoard up 500 *l.* from renting a very small Estate of 30 *l.* a Year.’ ‘ And is this the Story which he hath told you ?’ cries *Allworthy*. ‘ Nay, it is true, I promise you,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘ for I have the Money now in my own Hands, in five Bank Bills, which I am to lay out either in a Mortgage, or in some Purchase in the North of *England*.’ The Bank Bills were no sooner produced at *Allworthy's* Desire, than he blessed himself at the Strangeness of the Discovery. He presently told *Nightingale*, that these Bank Bills were formerly his, and then acquainted him with the whole Affair. As there are no Men who complain more of the Frauds of Business than Highwaymen, Gamesters, and other Thieves of that Kind ; so there are none who
so

so bitterly exclaim against the Frauds of Gamblers, &c. as Usurers, Brokers, and other Thieves of this Kind; whether it be that the one Way of Cheating is a Discountenance or Reflection upon the other, or that Money, which is the common Mistress of all Cheats, makes them regard each other in the Light of Rivals; but *Nightingale* no sooner heard the Story, than he exclaimed against the Fellow in Terms much severer than the Justice and Honesty of *Allworthy* had bestowed on him.

Allworthy desired *Nightingale* to retain both the Money and the Secret till he should hear farther from him; and if he should in the mean Time see the Fellow, that he would not take the least Notice to him of the Discovery which he had made. He then returned to his Lodgings, where he found Mrs. *Miller* in a very dejected Condition, on Account of the Information she had received from her Son-in-law. Mr. *Allworthy*, with great Chearfulness, told her that he had much good News to communicate; and with little further Preface acquainted her, that he had brought Mr. *Nightingale* to consent to see his Son, and did not in the least doubt to effect a perfect Reconciliation between them; though he found the Father more soured by another Accident of the same Kind, which had happened in his Family. He then mentioned the running away of the Uncle's Daughter, which he had been told by the old Gentleman, and which Mrs. *Miller*, and her Son-in-law, did not yet know.

The Reader may suppose Mrs. *Miller* received this Account with great Thankfulness and no less Pleasure; but so uncommon was her Friendship to *Jones*, that I am not certain whether the Uneasiness

ness she suffered for his Sake, did not overbalance her Satisfaction at hearing a Piece of News tending so much to the Happiness of her own Family; nor whether even this very News, as it reminded her of the Obligations she had to *Jones*, did not hurt as well as please her; when her grateful Heart said to her, ‘ While my own Family is happy, how ‘ miserable is the poor Creature, to whose Generosity we owe the Beginning of all this Happiness!’

Allworthy having left her a little while to chew the Cud (if I may use that Expression) on these first Tidings, told her, he had still something more to impart, which he believed would give her Pleasure. ‘ I think,’ said he, ‘ I have discovered a pretty considerable Treasure belonging ‘ to the young Gentleman, your Friend; but ‘ perhaps indeed, his present Situation may be ‘ such, that it will be of no Service to him.’ The latter Part of the Speech gave Mrs. *Miller* to understand who was meant, and she answered with a Sigh, ‘ I hope not, Sir.’ ‘ I hope so too,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ with all my Heart; but my Nephew ‘ told me this Morning, he had heard a very bad ‘ Account of the Affair.’——‘ Good Heaven! ‘ Sir,’ said she. — ‘ Well, I must not speak, and ‘ yet it is certainly very hard to be obliged to ‘ hold one’s Tongue when one hears’—Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ you may say whatever you ‘ please; you know me too well to think I have ‘ a Prejudice against any one; and as for that ‘ young Man, I assure you I should be heartily ‘ pleased to find he could acquit himself of every ‘ thing, and particularly of this sad Affair. You ‘ can testify the Affection I have formerly borne ‘ him, The world, I know, censured me for ‘ loving

‘ loving him so much. I did not withdraw
 ‘ that Affection from him without thinking I had
 ‘ the justest Cause. Believe me, Mrs. *Miller*, I
 ‘ should be glad to find I have been mistaken.’
 Mrs. *Miller* was going eagerly to reply, when
 a Servant acquainted her, that a Gentleman with-
 out desired to speak with her immediately. *All-*
worthy then enquired for his Nephew, and was
 told, that he had been for some Time in his
 Room with the Gentleman who used to come to
 him, and whom Mr. *Allworthy* guessing rightly to
 be Mr. *Dowling*, he desired presently to speak with
 him.

When *Dowling* attended, *Allworthy* put the Case
 of the Bank Notes to him, without mentioning
 any Name, and asked in what Manner such a Per-
 son might be punished. To which *Dowling* an-
 swered, he thought he might be indicted on the
 Black Act; but said, as it was a Matter of some
 Nicety, it would be proper to go to Counsel.
 He said he was to attend Counsel presently, upon
 an Affair of Mr. *Western*’s, and if Mr. *Allworthy*
 pleased, he would lay the Case before them. This
 was agreed to, and then Mrs. *Miller* opening the
 Door, cry’d, ‘ I ask Pardon, I did not know you
 ‘ had Company;’ ‘but *Allworthy* desired her to
 come in, saying, he had finished his Business.
 Upon which Mr. *Dowling* withdrew, and Mrs.
Miller introduced Mr. *Nightingale* the younger,
 to return Thanks for the great Kindness done him
 by *Allworthy*; but she had scarce Patience to let
 the young Gentleman finish his Speech before she
 interrupted him, saying, ‘ O Sir, Mr. *Nightin-*
 ‘ *gale* brings great News about poor Mr. *Jones*;
 ‘ he hath been to see the wounded Gentleman,
 ‘ who is out of all Danger of Death, and, what

‘ is more, declares he fell upon poor Mr. *Jones*
 ‘ himself, and beat him. I am sure, Sir, you
 ‘ would not have Mr. *Jones* be a Coward. If I
 ‘ was a Man myself, I am sure if any Man was to
 ‘ strike me, I should draw my Sword. Do pray,
 ‘ my Dear, tell Mr. *Allworthy*, tell him all your-
 ‘ self.’ *Nightingale* then confirmed what Mrs.
Miller had said; and concluded with many hand-
 some Things of *Jones*, who was, he said, one of
 the best natured Fellows in the World, and not in
 the least inclined to be quarrelsome. Here *Night-*
ingale was going to cease, when Mrs. *Miller* again
 begged him to relate all the many dutiful Expres-
 sions he had heard him make use of towards Mr.
Allworthy. ‘ To say the utmost good of Mr. *All-*
 ‘ *worthy*,’ cries *Nightingale*, ‘ is doing no more
 ‘ than strict Justice, and can have no Merit in
 ‘ it; but indeed I must say, no Man can be more
 ‘ sensible of the Obligations he hath to so good a
 ‘ Man, than is poor *Jones*. Indeed, Sir, I am
 ‘ convinced the Weight of your Displeasure is
 ‘ the heaviest Burthen he lies under. He hath
 ‘ often lamented it to me, and hath as often pro-
 ‘ tested in the most solemn Manner he hath never
 ‘ been intentionally guilty of any Offence towards
 ‘ you; nay, he hath sworn he would rather die a
 ‘ thousand Deaths than he would have his Con-
 ‘ science upbraid him with one disrespectful, un-
 ‘ grateful, or undutiful Thought towards you.
 ‘ But I ask Pardon, Sir, I am afraid I presume to
 ‘ intermeddle too far in so tender a Point.’ ‘ You
 ‘ have spoke no more than what a Christian
 ‘ ought,’ cries Mrs. *Miller*. ‘ Indeed, Mr. *Night-*
 ‘ *ingale*,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ I applaud your
 ‘ generous Friendship, and I wish he may merit
 ‘ it of you. I confess I am glad to hear the Report
 ‘ you

‘ you bring from this unfortunate Gentleman;
‘ and if that Matter should turn out to be as you
‘ represent it (and indeed I doubt nothing of what
‘ you say) I may perhaps, in Time, be brought to
‘ think better than lately I have of this young
‘ Man : For this good Gentlewoman here, nay all
‘ who know me, can witness that I loved him as
‘ dearly as if he had been my own Son. Indeed
‘ I have considered him as a Child sent by For-
‘ tune to my Care. I still remember the innocent,
‘ the helpless Situation in which I found him. I
‘ feel the tender Pressure of his little Hands at this
‘ Moment.—He was my Darling, indeed he was.’
At which Words he ceased, and the Tears stood
in his Eyes.

As the Answer which Mrs. *Miller* made may lead us into fresh Matters, we will here stop to account for the visible Alteration in Mr. *Allworthy*’s Mind, and the Abatement of his Anger to *Jones*. Revolutions of this Kind, it is true, do frequently occur in Histories and dramatic Writers, for no other Reason than because the History or Play draws to a Conclusion, and are justified by Authority of Authors ; yet though we insist upon as much Authority as any Author whatever, we shall use this Power very sparingly, and never but when we are driven to it by Necessity, which we do not at present foresee will happen in this Work.

This Alteration then in the Mind of Mr. *Allworthy*, was occasioned by a Letter he had just received from Mr. *Square*, and which we shall give the Reader in the Beginning of the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*Containing two Letters in very different Stiles.**“ My worthy Friend,*

“ I Informed you in my last, that I was forbidden the Use of the Waters, as they were found by Experience rather to increasethan lessen the Symptoms of my Distemper. I must now acquaint you with a Piece of News, which, I believe, will afflict my Friends more than it hath afflicted me. Dr. Harrington and Dr. Brewester have informed me, that there is no Hopes of my Recovery.

“ I have somewhere read, that the great Use of Philosophy is to learn to die. I will not therefore so far disgrace mine, as to shew any Surprize at receiving a Lesson which I must be thought to have so long studied. Yet, to say the Truth, one Page of the Gospel teaches this Lesson better than all the Volumes of ancient or modern Philosophers. The Assurance it gives us of another Life is a much stronger Support to a good Mind, than all the Consolations that are drawn from the Necessity of Nature, the Emptiness or Satiety of our Enjoyments here, or any other Topic of those Declamations which are sometimes capable of arming our Minds with a stubborn Patience in bearing the Thoughts of Death; but never of raising them to a real Contempt of it, and much less of making us think it as a real Good. I would not here be understood to throw the horrid Censure of Atheism, or even the absolute

“ lute Denial of Immortality, on all who are
“ called Philosophers. Many of that Sect, as
“ well ancient as modern, have, from the Light
“ of Reason, discovered some Hopes of a future
“ State; but, in Reality, that Light was so faint
“ and glimmering, and the Hopes were so un-
“ certain and precarious, that it may be justly
“ doubted on which Side their Belief turned.
“ *Plato* himself concludes his *Phædon* with de-
“ claring, that his best Arguments amounts only
“ to raise a Probability; and *Cicero* himself seems
“ rather to profess an Inclination to believe, than
“ any actual Belief in the Doctrines of Immorta-
“ lity. As to myself, to be very sincere with you,
“ I never was much in earnest in this Faith, till
“ I was in earnest a Christian.

“ You will perhaps wonder at the latter Ex-
“ pression; but I assure you it hath not been till
“ very lately, that I could, with Truth, call
“ myself so. The Pride of Philosophy had in-
“ toxicated my Reason, and the sublimest of all
“ Wisdom appeared to me, as it did to the
“ *Greeks* of old, to be Foolishness. God hath
“ however been so gracious to shew me my Er-
“ ror in Time, and to bring me into the Way of
“ Truth, before I sunk into utter Darkness for
“ ever.

“ I find myself beginning to grow weak. I
“ shall therefore hasten to the main Purpose of
“ this Letter.

“ When I reflect on the Actions of my past
“ Life, I know of nothing which sits heavier
“ upon my Conscience, than the Injustice I have
“ been guilty of to that poor Wretch, your
“ adopted Son. I have indeed not only connived
“ at

“ at the Villany of others, but been myself ac-
 “ tive in Injustice towards him. Believe me, my
 “ dear Friend, when I tell you, on the Word of
 “ a dying Man, he hath been basely injured.
 “ As to the principal Fact, upon the Misrepre-
 “ sentation of which you discarded him, I so-
 “ lemnly assure you he is innocent. When you
 “ lay upon your supposed Death-bed, he was
 “ the only Person in the House who testified any
 “ real Concern; and what happened afterwards
 “ arose from the Wildness of his Joy on your
 “ Recovery; and, I am sorry to say it, from
 “ the Baseness of another Person (but it is my
 “ Desire to justify the Innocent, and to ac-
 “ cuse none.) Believe me, my Friend, this
 “ young Man hath the noblest Generosity of
 “ Heart, the most perfect Capacity for Friend-
 “ ship, the highest Integrity, and indeed every
 “ Virtue which can ennoble a Man. He hath
 “ some Faults, but among them is not to be
 “ numbered the least Want of Duty or Gra-
 “ titude towards you. On the contrary, I am
 “ satisfied when you dismissed him from your
 “ House, his Heart bled for you more than
 “ for himself.

“ Worldly Motives were the wicked and base
 “ Reasons of my concealing this from you so
 “ long; to reveal it now I can have no Induce-
 “ ment but the Desire of serving the Cause of
 “ Truth, of doing Right to the Innocent, and of
 “ making all the Amends in my Power for a
 “ past Offence. I hope this Declaration there-
 “ fore will have the Effect desired, and will re-
 “ store this deserving young Man to your Fa-
 “ vour; the hearing of which, while I am yet
 N 2 “ alive,

“ alive, will afford the utmost Consolation
 “ to,

“ Sir,

“ Your most obliged,

“ Obedient humble Servant,

“ Thomas Square.”

The Reader will, after this, scarce wonder at the Revolution so visibly appearing in Mr. *Allworthy*, notwithstanding he received from *Thwackum*, by the same Post, another Letter of a very different Kind, which we shall here add, as it may possibly be the last Time we shall have Occasion to mention the Name of that Gentleman.

“ Sir,

“ I am not at all surprized at hearing from your
 “ worthy Nephew a fresh Instance of the Villany
 “ of Mr. *Square* the Atheist’s young Pupil. I shall
 “ not wonder at any Murders he may commit;
 “ and I heartily pray that your own Blood may
 “ not seal up this final Commitment to the Place
 “ of Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth.

“ Though you cannot want sufficient Calls to
 “ Repentance for the many unwarrantable Weak-
 “ nesses exemplified in your Behaviour to this
 “ Wretch, so much to the Prejudice of your own
 “ lawful Family, and of your Character. I say,
 “ tho’ these may sufficiently be supposed to prick
 “ and goad your Conscience at this Season; I
 “ should yet be wanting to my Duty, if I spared
 “ to give you some Admonition, in order to bring
 “ you

‘ you to a due Sense of your Errors. I there-
 ‘ fore pray you seriously to consider the Judg-
 ‘ ment which is likely to overtake this wicked
 ‘ Villain; and let it serve at least as a Warning
 ‘ to you, that you may not for the future despise
 ‘ the Advice of one who is so indefatigable in his
 ‘ Prayers for your Welfare.

‘ Had not my Hand been with-held from due
 ‘ Correction, I had scourged much of this diabo-
 ‘ lical Spirit out of a Boy, of whom from his
 ‘ Infancy I discovered the Devil had taken such
 ‘ entire Possession; but Reflections of this Kind
 ‘ now come too late.

‘ I am sorry you have given away the Living
 ‘ of *Western* so hastily. I should have applied on
 ‘ that Occasion earlier, had I thought you would
 ‘ not have acquainted me previous to the Dispo-
 ‘ sition.—Your Objection to Pluralities is being
 ‘ righteous over-much. If there were any Crime
 ‘ in the Practice, so many godly Men would not
 ‘ agree to it. If the Vicar of *Aldergrove* should
 ‘ die (as we hear he is in a declining Way) I hope
 ‘ you will think of me, since I am certain you
 ‘ must be convinced of my most sincere Attach-
 ‘ ment to your highest Welfare. A Welfare to
 ‘ which all worldly Considerations are as trifling
 ‘ as the small Tithes mentioned in Scripture are,
 ‘ when compared to the weighty Matters of the
 ‘ Law.

‘ I am, Sir,

‘ Your faithful humble Servant,

‘ Roger Thwackum.”

This was the first Time *Thwackum* ever wrote
 in this authoritative Stile to *Allworthy*, and of this
 he had afterwards sufficient Reason to repent, as

is the Case of those who mistake the highest Degree of Goodness for the lowest Degree of Weakness. *Allworthy* had indeed never liked this Man. He knew him to be proud and ill-natured ; he also knew that his Divinity itself was tinged with his Temper, and such as in many Respects he himself did by no Means approve : But he was at the same Time an excellent Scholar, and most indefatigable in teaching the two Lads. Add to this the strict Severity of his Life and Manners, an unimpeached Honesty, and a most devout Attachment to Religion. So that upon the whole, though *Allworthy* did not esteem nor love the Man, yet he could never bring himself to part with a Tutor to the Boys, who was, both by Learning and Industry, extremely well qualified for his Office ; and he hoped, that as they were bred up in his own House, and under his own Eye, he should be able to correct whatever was wrong in *Thwackum's* Instructions.

C H A P. V.

In which the History is continued.

MR. *Allworthy*, in his last Speech, had recollected some tender Ideas concerning *Jones*, which had brought Tears into the good Man's Eyes. This *Mrs. Miller* observing, said, ' Yes, yes, Sir, your Goodness to this poor young Man is known, notwithstanding all your Care to conceal it ; but there is not a single Syllable of Truth in what those Villains said. Mr. *Nightingale* hath now discovered the whole Matter. It seems these Fellows were employed by a Lord, who is a Rival of poor
' Mr.

‘ Mr. *Jones*, to have pressed him on board a Ship,
‘ — I assure them I don’t know who they
‘ will press next. Mr. *Nightingale* here hath
‘ seen the Officer himself, who is a very pretty
‘ Gentleman, and hath told him all, and is very
‘ sorry for what he undertook, which he would
‘ never have done, had he known Mr. *Jones* to
‘ have been a Gentleman; but he was told that
‘ he was a common strolling Vagabond.’

Allworthy stared at all this, and declared he was
a Stranger to every Word she said. ‘ Yes, Sir,’
answered she, ‘ I believe you are.—It is a very
‘ different Story, I believe, from what those Fel-
‘ lows told the Lawyer.’

‘ What Lawyer, Madam? What is it you
‘ mean?’ said *Allworthy*. ‘ Nay, nay,’ said
she, ‘ this is so like you to deny your own Good-
‘ ness; but Mr. *Nightingale* here saw him.’
‘ Saw whom, Madam?’ answered he. ‘ Why
‘ your Lawyer, Sir,’ said she, ‘ that you so
‘ kindly sent to enquire into the Affair.’ ‘ I am
‘ still in the dark upon my Honour,’ said *All-
worthy*. ‘ Why then do you tell him, my
‘ dear Sir,’ cries she. ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said *Night-
ingale*, ‘ I did see that very Lawyer who went
‘ from you when I came into the Room, at an
‘ Alehouse at *Aldersgate*, in Company with two
‘ of the Fellows who were employed by Lord
‘ *Fellamar* to press Mr. *Jones*, and who were by
‘ that means present at the unhappy Rencontre
‘ between him and Mr. *Fitzpatrick*.’ ‘ I own,
‘ Sir,’ said Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ when I saw this Gen-
‘ tleman come into the Room to you, I told
‘ Mr. *Nightingale* that I apprehended you had
‘ sent him thither to enquire into the Affair.’
Allworthy shewed Marks of Astonishment in his

Countenance at this News, and was indeed for two or three Minutes struck dumb by it. At last, addressing himself to Mr. *Nightingale*, he said, ‘I must confess myself, Sir, more surprized at what you tell me, than I have ever been before at any Thing in my whole Life. Are you certain this was the Gentleman?’ ‘I am most certain,’ answered *Nightingale*. ‘At *Aldersgate*?’ cries *Allworthy*. ‘And was you in Company with this Lawyer and the two Fellows?’—‘I was, Sir,’ said the other, ‘very near half an Hour.’—‘Well, Sir,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘and in what Manner did the Lawyer behave? Did you hear all that past between him and the Fellows?’ ‘No, Sir,’ answered *Nightingale*, ‘they had been together before I came.—In my Presence the Lawyer said little; but after I had several Times examined the Fellows, who persisted in a Story directly contrary to what I have heard from Mr. *Jones*, and which I find by Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was a rank Falsehood; the Lawyer then desired the Fellows to say nothing but what was the Truth, and seemed to speak so much in Favour of Mr. *Jones*, that when I saw the same Person with you, I concluded your Goodness had prompted you to send him thither.’—‘And did you not send him thither?’ says Mrs. *Miller*.—‘Indeed I did not,’ answered *Allworthy*; ‘nor did I know he had gone on such an Errand ’till this Moment.’—‘I see it all!’ said Mrs. *Miller*: ‘Upon my Soul, I see it all! No Wonder they have been closeted so close lately. Son *Nightingale*, let me beg you run for these Fellows immediately—find them out if they are above Ground. I will go myself.’—‘Dear Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘be patient,

‘tient, and do me the Favour to send a Servant
 ‘up Stairs to call Mr. *Dowling* hither, if he be
 ‘in the House, or if not, Mr. *Blifl*.’ Mrs. *Mil-*
ler went out muttering something to herself, and
 presently returned with an Answer, ‘That Mr.
 ‘*Dowling* was gone; but that the t’other, as she
 ‘called him, was coming.’

Allworthy was of a cooler Disposition than the
 good Woman, whose Spirits were all up in Arms
 in the Cause of her Friend. He was not, how-
 ever, without some Suspicions which were near
 a-kin to hers. When *Blifl* came into the Room,
 he asked him with a very serious Countenance,
 and with a less friendly Look than he had ever
 before given him, ‘Whether he knew any thing
 ‘of Mr. *Dowling*’s having seen any of the Persons
 ‘who were present at the Duel between *Jones* and
 ‘another Gentleman?’

There is nothing so dangerous as a Question.
 which comes by Surprise on a Man, whose Bu-
 siness it is to conceal Truth, or to defend False-
 hood. For which Reason those worthy Per-
 sonages, whose noble Office it is to save the
 Lives of their Fellow Creatures at the *Old Bai-*
ley, take the utmost Care, by frequent previ-
 ous Examinations, to divine every Question,
 which may be asked their Clients on the Day of
 Trial, that they may be supplied with proper and
 ready Answers, which the most fertile Invention
 cannot supply in an Instant. Besides, the sudden
 and violent Impulse on the Blood, occasioned by
 these Surprises, causes frequently such an Al-
 teration in the Countenance, that the Man is
 obliged to give Evidence against himself. And
 such indeed were the Alterations which the Coun-
 tenance of *Blifl* underwent from this sudden Ques-

tion, that we can scarce blame the Eagerness of Mrs. *Miller*, who immediately cried out, ‘Guilty, upon my Honour! Guilty, upon my Soul!’

Mr. *Allworthy* sharply rebuked her for this Impetuosity; and then turning to *Blifil*, who seemed sinking into the Earth, he said, ‘Why do you hesitate, Sir, at giving me an Answer? You certainly must have employed him; for he would not, of his own Accord, I believe, have undertaken such an Errand, and especially without acquainting me.’

Blifil then answered, ‘I own, Sir, I have been guilty of an Offence, yet may I hope your Pardon?’——‘My Pardon?’ said *Allworthy*, very angrily.——‘Nay, Sir,’ answered *Blifil*, ‘I knew you would be offended; yet surely my dear Uncle will forgive the Effects of the most amiable of human Weaknesses. Compassion for those who do not deserve it, I own, is a Crime; and yet it is a Crime from which you yourself are not entirely free. I know I have been guilty of it in more than one Instance to this very Man; and I will own I did send Mr. *Dowling*, not on a vain and fruitless Enquiry, but to discover the Witnesses, and to endeavour to soften their Evidence. This, Sir, is the Truth; which, though I intended to conceal from you, I will not deny.’

‘I confess,’ said *Nightingale*, ‘this is the Light in which it appeared to me from the Gentleman’s Behaviour.’

‘Now, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘I believe you will once in your Life own you have entertained a wrong Suspicion, and are not so angry with my Nephew as you was.’

Mrs. *Miller* was silent; for though she could not so hastily be pleased with *Blifil*, whom she looked

looked upon to have been the Ruin of *Jones*, yet in this particular Instance he had imposed upon her as well as the rest; so entirely had the Devil stood his Friend. And indeed, I look upon the vulgar Observation, *That the Devil often deserts his Friends, and leaves them in the Lurch*, to be a great Abuse on that Gentleman's Character. Perhaps he may sometimes desert those who are only his Cup Acquaintance; or who, at most, are but half his; but he generally stands by those who are thoroughly his Servants, and helps them off in all Extremities, till their Bargain expires.

As a conquered Rebellion strengthens a Government, or as Health is more perfectly established by Recovery from some Diseases; so Anger, when removed, often gives new Life to Affection. This was the Case of Mr. *Allworthy*; for *Blifil* having wiped off the greater Suspicion, the lesser, which had been raised by *Square's* Letter, sunk of Course, and was forgotten; and *Thwackum*, with whom he was greatly offended, bore alone all the Reflections which *Square* had cast on the Enemies of *Jones*.

As for that young Man, the Resentment of Mr. *Allworthy* began more and more to abate towards him. He told *Blifil*, 'he did not only forgive the extraordinary Efforts of his Good-Nature, but would give him the Pleasure of following his Example.' Then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, with a Smile which would have become an Angel, he cried, 'What say you, Madam; shall we take a Hackney-Coach, and all of us together pay a Visit to your Friend? I promise you it is not the first Visit I have made in a Prison.'

Every Reader, I believe, will be able to answer for the worthy Woman; but they must have a great deal of Good-nature, and be well acquainted with Friendship, who can feel what she felt on this Occasion. Few, I hope, are capable of feeling what now past in the Mind of *Bliss*; but those who are, will acknowledge, that it was impossible for him to raise any Objection to this Visit. Fortune, however, or the Gentleman lately mentioned above, stood his Friend, and prevented his undergoing so great a Shock: For at the very Instant when the Coach was sent for, *Partridge* arrived, and having called Mrs. *Miller* from the Company, acquainted her with the dreadful Accident lately come to Light; and hearing Mr. *Allworthy's* Intention, begged her to find some Means of stopping him; 'for,' says he, 'the Matter must at all Hazards be kept a Secret from him; and if he should now go, he will find Mr. *Jones* and his Mother, who arrived just as I left him, lamenting over one another the horrid Crime they had ignorantly committed.'

The poor Woman, who was almost deprived of her Senses at this dreadful News, was nevertheless capable of Invention than at present. However, as Women are much readier at this than Men, she bethought herself of an Excuse, and returning to *Allworthy*, said, 'I am sure, Sir, you will be surprized at hearing any Objection from me to the kind Proposal you just now made; and yet I am afraid of the Consequence of it, if carried immediately into Execution. You must imagine, Sir, that all the Calamities which have lately befallen this poor young Fellow, must have thrown him into the lowest
' De-

‘ Dejection of Spirits: And now, Sir, should we
 ‘ all on a sudden fling him into such a violent Fit
 ‘ of Joy as I know your Presence will occasion,
 ‘ it may, I am afraid, produce some fatal Mis-
 ‘ chief, especially as his Servant, who is without,
 ‘ tells me he is very far from being well.’

‘ Is his Servant without?’ cries *Allworthy*;
 ‘ Pray call him hither. I will ask him some
 ‘ Questions concerning his Master.’

Partridge was at first afraid to appear before
 Mr. *Allworthy*; but was at length persuaded, after
 Mrs. *Miller*, who had often heard his whole Story
 from his own Mouth, had promised to introduce
 him.

Allworthy recollected *Partridge* the Moment
 he came into the Room, though many Years
 had passed since he had seen him. Mrs. *Miller*
 therefore might have spared here a formal Oration,
 in which indeed she was something prolix: For
 the Reader, I believe, may have observed already
 that the good Woman, among other Things,
 had a Tongue always ready for the Service of
 her Friends.

‘ And are you,’ said *Allworthy* to *Partridge*,
 ‘ the Servant of Mr. *Jones*?’ ‘ I can’t say, Sir,’
 answered he, ‘ that I am regularly a Servant, but
 ‘ I live with him, an’t please your Honour, at
 ‘ present. *Non sum qualis eram*, as your Honour
 ‘ very well knows.’

Mr. *Allworthy* then asked him many Questions
 concerning *Jones*, as to his Health, and other
 Matters; to all which *Partridge* answered, with-
 out having the least Regard to what was, but con-
 sidered only what he would have Things appear;
 for a strict Adherence to Truth was not among
 the

the Articles of this honest Fellow's Morality, or his Religion.

During this Dialogue Mr. *Nightingale* took his Leave, and presently after Mrs. *Miller* left the Room, when *Allworthy* likewise dispatched *Blifil*, for he imagined that *Partridge*, when alone with him, would be more explicit than before Company. They were no sooner left in private together, than *Allworthy* began as in the following Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

In which the History is farther continued.

‘S U R E, Friend,’ said the good Man, ‘you are the strangest of all human Beings. Not only to have suffered as you have formerly, for obstinately persisting in a Falsehood; but to persist in it thus to the last, and to pass thus upon the World for the Servant of your own Son! What Interest can you have in all this? What can be your Motive?’

‘I see, Sir,’ said *Partridge*, falling down upon his Knees, ‘that your Honour is prepossessed against me, and resolved not to believe any thing I say, and therefore what signifies my Protestations? But yet there is one above who knows that I am not the Father of this young Man.’

‘How!’ said *Allworthy*, ‘Will you yet deny what you was formerly convicted of upon such unanswerable, such manifest Evidence? Nay, what a Confirmation is your being now found with this very Man, of all which twenty Years ago appeared against you. I thought
‘you

‘ you had left the Country ; nay, I thought you
 ‘ had been long since dead.—In what Manner
 ‘ did you know any thing of this young Man?
 ‘ Where did you meet with him, unless you had
 ‘ kept some Correspondence together ? Do not
 ‘ deny this ; for I promise you it will greatly raise
 ‘ your Son in my Opinion, to find that he hath
 ‘ such a Sense of filial Duty, as privately to sup-
 ‘ port his Father for so many Years.’

‘ If your Honour will have Patience to hear
 ‘ me,’ said *Partridge*, ‘ I will tell you all.’—Being
 bid go on, he proceeded thus : ‘ When your
 ‘ Honour conceived that Displeasure against me,
 ‘ it ended in my Ruin soon after ; for I lost my
 ‘ little School ; and the Minister, thinking, I
 ‘ suppose, it would be agreeable to your Honour,
 ‘ turned me out from the Office of Clerk ; so
 ‘ that I had nothing to trust to but the Barber’s
 ‘ Shop, which, in a Country Place like that, is
 ‘ a poor Livelihood ; and when my Wife died
 ‘ (for till that Time I received a Pension of 12 l.
 ‘ a Year from an unknown Hand, which in-
 ‘ deed I believe was your Honour’s own, for no
 ‘ Body that ever I heard of doth these Things
 ‘ besides) but as I was saying, when she died,
 ‘ this Pension forsook me ; so that now as I
 ‘ owed two or three small Debts, which began
 ‘ to be troublesome to me, particularly one*
 ‘ which an Attorney brought up by Law-char-

* This is a Fact which I knew happen to a poor Clergyman in *Dorsetshire*, by the Villany of an Attorney, who not contented with the exorbitant Costs to which the poor Man was put by a single Action, brought afterwards another Action on the Judgment, as it was called. A Method frequently used to oppress the Poor, and bring Money into the Pockets of Attornies, to the great Scandal of the Law, of the Nation, of Christianity, and even of Human Nature itself.

ges from 15 s. to near 30 l. and as I found all my usual Means of living had forsook me, I packed up my little All as well as I could, and went off.

‘ The first Place I came to was *Salisbury*, where I got into the Service of a Gentleman belonging to the Law, and one of the best Gentlemen that ever I knew; for he was not only good to me, but I know a thousand good and charitable Acts which he did while I staid with him; and I have known him often refuse Business, because it was paultry and oppressive.’——‘ You need not be so particular,’ said *Allworthy*; ‘ I know this Gentleman, and a very worthy Man he is, and an honour to his Profession.’——‘ Well, Sir,’ continued *Partridge*, ‘ from hence I removed to *Lymington*, where I was above three Years in the Service of another Lawyer, who was likewise a very good Sort of a Man, and to be sure one of the merriest Gentlemen in *England*. Well, Sir, at the End of the three Years I set up a little School, and was likely to do well again, had it not been for a most unlucky Accident. Here I kept a Pig; and one Day, as ill Fortune would have it, this Pig broke out, and did a Trespas I think they call it, in a Garden belonging to one of my Neighbours, who was a proud, revengeful Man, and employed a Lawyer, one—one—I can’t think of his Name; but he sent for a Writ against me, and had me to *Size*. When I came there, Lord have Mercy upon me—to hear what the Counsellors said. There was one that told my Lord a Parcel of the confoundest Lies about me; he said, that I used to drive my Hogs into other Folks Gardens, and
‘ a great

‘ a great deal more; and at last he said, He
 ‘ hoped I had at last brought my Hogs to a fair
 ‘ Market. To be sure, one would have thought,
 ‘ that instead of being Owner only of one poor
 ‘ little Pig, I had been the greatest Hog-mer-
 ‘ chant in *England*. Well’—‘ Pray,’ said *All-*
worthy, ‘ do not be so particular. I have heard
 ‘ nothing of your Son yet.’ ‘ O it was a great
 ‘ many Years,’ answered *Partridge*, ‘ before I
 ‘ saw my Son, as you are pleased to call him.—
 ‘ I went over to *Ireland* after this, and taught
 ‘ School at *Cork*, (for that one Suit ruined me
 ‘ again, and I lay seven Years in *Winchester*
 ‘ Gaol.)’—‘ Well,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ pass that
 ‘ over till your Return to *England*.’—‘ Then,
 ‘ Sir,’ said he, ‘ it was about half a Year ago
 ‘ that I landed at *Bristol*, where I stayed some
 ‘ Time, and not finding it do there, and hearing
 ‘ of a Place between that and *Gloucester*, where
 ‘ the Barber was just dead, I went thither, and
 ‘ there I had been about two Months when
 ‘ Mr. *Jones* came thither.’ He then gave *All-*
worthy a very particular Account of their first
 Meeting, and of every thing, as well as he could
 remember, which had happened from that Day
 to this; frequently interlarding his Story with
 Panegyrics on *Jones*, and not forgetting to insi-
 nuate the great Love and Respect which he had
 for *Allworthy*. He concluded with saying, ‘ Now,
 ‘ Sir, I have told your Honour the whole Truth.’
 And then repeated a most solemn Protestation,
 ‘ That he was no more the Father of *Jones* than
 ‘ of the Pope of *Rome* ;’ and imprecated the most
 bitter Curses on his Head, if he did not speak
 Truth.

‘ What

‘What am I to think of this Matter?’ cries *Allworthy*. ‘For what Purpose should you so strongly deny a Fact, which I think it would be rather your Interest to own?’—‘Nay, Sir,’ answered *Partridge*, (for he could hold no longer) ‘if your Honour will not believe me, you are like soon to have Satisfaction enough. I wish you had mistaken the Mother of this young Man, as well as you have his Father.’—And now being asked what he meant, with all the Symptoms of Horror, both in his Voice and Countenance, he told *Allworthy* the whole Story, which he had a little before expressed such a Desire to Mrs. *Miller* to conceal from him.

Allworthy was almost as much shocked at this Discovery as *Partridge* himself had been while he related it. ‘Good Heavens!’ says he, ‘in what miserable Distresses do Vice and Impudence involve Men! How much beyond our Designs are the Effects of Wickedness sometimes carried!’ He had scarce uttered these Words when Mrs. *Waters* came hastily and abruptly into the Room. *Partridge* no sooner saw her, than he cried, ‘Here, Sir, here is the very Woman herself. This is the unfortunate Mother of Mr. *Jones*; I am sure she will acquit me before your Honour.—Pray, Madam’—

Mrs. *Waters*, without paying any Regard to what *Partridge* said, and almost without taking any notice of him, advanced to Mr. *Allworthy*. ‘I believe, Sir, it is so long since I had the Honour of seeing you, that you do not recollect me.’—‘Indeed,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘you are so very much altered, on many Accounts, that had not this Man already acquainted me
‘who

‘ who you are, I should not have immediately called you to my Remembrance. Have you, Madam, any particular Business which brings you to me?’—*Allworthy* spoke this with great Reserve; for the Reader may easily believe he was not well pleased with the Conduct of this Lady; neither with what he had formerly heard, nor with what *Partridge* had now delivered.

Mrs. Waters answered,—‘ Indeed, Sir, I have very particular Business with you; and it is such as I can impart only to yourself.—I must desire therefore the Favour of a Word with you alone; for I assure you, what I have to tell you is of the utmost Importance.’

Partridge was then ordered to withdraw; but before he went, he begged the Lady to satisfy *Mr. Allworthy* that he was perfectly innocent. To which she answered,—‘ You need be under no Apprehension, Sir, I shall satisfy *Mr. Allworthy* very perfectly of that Matter.’

Then *Partridge* withdrew, and that past between *Mr. Allworthy* and *Mrs. Waters* which is written in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

Continuation of the History.

MR S. *Waters* remaining a few Moments silent, *Mr. Allworthy* could not refrain from saying, ‘ I am sorry, Madam, to perceive, by what I have since heard, that you have made so very ill a Use’—‘ *Mr. Allworthy,*’ says she, interrupting him, ‘ I know I have Faults, but Ingratitude to you is not one of them. I never can nor shall forget your Goodness, which I
‘ own.

‘ I own I have very little deserved ; but be pleased
 ‘ to wave all upbraiding me at present, as I have
 ‘ so important an Affair to communicate to you
 ‘ concerning this young Man, to whom you
 ‘ have given my Maiden Name of *Jones*.’

‘ Have I then,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ ignorantly punished an innocent Man, in the Person of him
 ‘ who hath just left us ? Was he not the Father of the Child ?’—‘ Indeed he was not,’ said Mrs. *Waters*. ‘ You may be pleased to
 ‘ remember, Sir, I formerly told you, you should
 ‘ one Day know ; and I acknowledge myself to
 ‘ have been guilty of a cruel Neglect in not
 ‘ having discovered it to you before. Indeed I
 ‘ little knew how necessary it was.’—‘ Well,
 ‘ Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ be pleased to proceed.’ ‘ You must remember, Sir,’ said she,
 ‘ a young Fellow, whose Name was *Summer*.’
 ‘ Very well,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ he was the Son
 ‘ of a Clergyman of great Learning and Virtue,
 ‘ for whom I had the highest Friendship.’ ‘ So
 ‘ it appeared, Sir,’ answered she ; ‘ for I believe
 ‘ you bred the young Man up, and maintained
 ‘ him at the University ; where, I think, he
 ‘ had finished his Studies, when he came to reside at your House ; a finer Man, I must say,
 ‘ the Sun never shone upon ; for, besides the
 ‘ handsomest Person I ever saw, he was so genteel,
 ‘ and had so much Wit and good Breeding.’ ‘ Poor Gentleman,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ he
 ‘ was indeed untimely snatched away ; and little
 ‘ did I think he had any Sins of this Kind to answer for ; for I plainly perceive, you are going
 ‘ to tell me he was the Father of your Child.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ he was not.’
 ‘ How ?’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ to what then tends
 ‘ all

‘ all this Preface?’ ‘ To a Story, Sir,’ said she,
 ‘ which I am concerned falls to my Lot to un-
 ‘ fold to you.—O, Sir, prepare to hear something
 ‘ which will surprize you, will grieve you.’
 ‘ Speak,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I am conscious of no
 ‘ Crime, and cannot be afraid to hear.’——‘ Sir,’
 said she, ‘ that Mr. *Summer*, the Son of your
 ‘ Friend, educated at your Expence, who, after
 ‘ living a Year in the House as if he had been your
 ‘ own Son, died there of the Small-pox, was
 ‘ tenderly lamented by you, and buried as if he
 ‘ had been your own; that *Summer*, Sir, was the
 ‘ Father of this Child.’——‘ How!’ said *Allwor-*
thy, ‘ you contradict yourself.’——‘ That I do
 ‘ not,’ answered she; ‘ he was indeed the Father
 ‘ of this Child, but not by me.’ ‘ Take Care
 ‘ Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ do not, to shun
 ‘ the Imputation of any Crime, be guilty of
 ‘ Falsehood. Remember there is one from
 ‘ whom you can conceal nothing, and before
 ‘ whose Tribunal Falsehood will only aggravate
 ‘ your Guilt.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says she, ‘ I am
 ‘ not his Mother; nor would I now think my-
 ‘ self so for the World.’ ‘ I know your Rea-
 ‘ son,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ and shall rejoice as much
 ‘ as you to find it otherwise; yet you must re-
 ‘ member, you yourself confest it before me.’
 ——‘ So far what I confest,’ said she, ‘ was true,
 ‘ that these Hands conveyed the Infant to your
 ‘ Bed; conveyed it thither at the Command of
 ‘ its Mother; at her Commands I afterwards
 ‘ owned it, and thought myself, by her Genero-
 ‘ sity, nobly rewarded, both for my Secrecy and
 ‘ my Shame.’ ‘ Who could this Woman be?’
 said *Allworthy*. ‘ Indeed I tremble to name her,’
 answered Mrs. *Waters*. ‘ By all this Prepara-
 ‘ tion

tion I am to guess that she was a Relation
‘ of mine,’ cried he. ‘ Indeed she was a near
‘ one.’ At which Words *Allworthy* started, and
she continued—‘ You had a Sister, Sir.’—‘ A
‘ Sister!’ repeated he, looking aghast. —‘ As
‘ there is Truth in Heaven,’ cries she, ‘ your
‘ Sister was the Mother of that Child you found
‘ between your Sheets.’ ‘ Can it be possible?’
cries he, ‘ good Heavens!’ ‘ Have Patience,
‘ Sir,’ said Mrs. *Waters*, ‘ and I will unfold to
‘ you the whole Story. Just after your Depar-
‘ ture for *London*, Miss *Bridget* came one Day
‘ to the House of my Mother. She was pleased
‘ to say she had heard an extraordinary Charac-
‘ ter of me, for my Learning and superior Un-
‘ derstanding to all the young Women there, so
‘ she was pleased to say. She then bid me come
‘ to her to the great House; where when I at-
‘ tended, she employed me to read to her. She
‘ expressed great Satisfaction in my Reading,
‘ shewed great Kindness to me, and made me
‘ many Presents. At last she began to catechise
‘ me on the Subject of Secrecy, to which I gave
‘ her such satisfactory Answers, that, at last ha-
‘ ving locked the Door of her Room, she took
‘ me into her Closet, and then locking that Door
‘ likewise, she said, she should convince me of
‘ the vast Reliance she had on my Integrity, by
‘ communicating a Secret in which her Honour,
‘ and consequently her Life, was concerned. She
‘ then stopt, and after a Silence of a few Minutes,
‘ during which she often wiped her Eyes, she
‘ enquired of me, if I thought my Mother might
‘ safely be confided in. I answered, I would
‘ stake my Life on her Fidelity. She then im-
‘ parted to me the great Secret which laboured
‘ in

‘ in her Breast, and which, I believe, was deli-
 ‘ vered with more Pains than she afterwards suf-
 ‘ fered in Child-birth. It was then contrived,
 ‘ that my Mother and myself only should attend
 ‘ at the Time, and that Mrs. *Wilkins* should be
 ‘ sent out of the Way, as she accordingly was, to
 ‘ the very furthest Part of *Dorsetshire*, to enquire
 ‘ the Character of a Servant; for the Lady had
 ‘ turned away her own Maid near three Months
 ‘ before; during all which Time I officiated
 ‘ about her Person upon Trial, as she said, tho’,
 ‘ as she afterwards declared, I was not suffici-
 ‘ ently handy for the Place. This, and many
 ‘ other such Things which she used to say of me,
 ‘ were all thrown out to prevent any Suspicion
 ‘ which *Wilkins* might hereafter have, when I
 ‘ was to own the Child; for she thought it could
 ‘ never be believed she would venture to hurt a
 ‘ young Woman with whom she had intrusted
 ‘ such a Secret. You may be assured, Sir, I was
 ‘ well paid for all these Affronts, which, toge-
 ‘ ther with being informed with the Occasion of
 ‘ them, very well contented me. Indeed the
 ‘ Lady had a greater Suspicion of Mrs. *Wilkins*
 ‘ than of any other Person; not that she had the
 ‘ least Aversion to the Gentlewoman, but she
 ‘ thought her incapable of keeping a Secret, espe-
 ‘ cially from you, Sir: For I have often heard
 ‘ Miss *Bridget* say, that if Mrs. *Wilkins* had
 ‘ committed a Murder, she believed she would
 ‘ acquaint you with it. At last the expected
 ‘ Day came, and Mrs. *Wilkins*, who had been
 ‘ kept a Week in Readiness, and put off from
 ‘ Time to Time, upon some Pretence or other,
 ‘ that she might not return too soon, was dis-
 ‘ patched. Then the Child was born, in the
 ‘ Presence

‘ Prefence only of myself and my Mother, and was
 ‘ by my Mother conveyed to her own House,
 ‘ where it was privately kept by her till the Even-
 ‘ ing of your Return, when I, by the Command
 ‘ of Miss *Bridget*, conveyed it into the Bed where
 ‘ you found it. And all Suspicions were after-
 ‘ wards laid asleep by the artful Conduct of your
 ‘ Sister, in pretending Ill-will to the Boy, and that
 ‘ any Regard she shewed him was out of meer
 ‘ Complaisance to you.’

Mrs. *Waters* then made many Protestations of
 the Truth of this Story, and concluded by saying,
 ‘ Thus, Sir, you have at last discovered your Ne-
 ‘ phew; for so I am sure you will hereafter think
 ‘ him, and I question not but he will be both an
 ‘ Honour and a Comfort to you under that Appel-
 ‘ lation.’

‘ I need not, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ ex-
 ‘ press my Astonishment at what you have told
 ‘ me; and yet surely you would not, and could
 ‘ not, have put together so many Circumstances
 ‘ to evidence an Untruth. I confess, I recollect
 ‘ some Passages relating to that *Summer*, which
 ‘ formerly gave me a Conceit, that my Sister had
 ‘ some Liking to him. I mentioned it to her :
 ‘ For I had such a Regard to the young Man,
 ‘ as well on his own Account, as on his Father’s,
 ‘ that I should willingly have consented to a Match
 ‘ between them; but she exprest the highest Dis-
 ‘ dain of my unkind Suspicion, as she called
 ‘ it; so that I never spoke more on the Sub-
 ‘ ject. Good Heavens! Well! the Lord dis-
 ‘ poseth all Things. — Yet sure it was a most
 ‘ unjustifiable Conduct in my Sister to carry
 ‘ this Secret with her out of the World.’ ‘ I
 ‘ promise you, Sir,’ said Mrs. *Waters*, ‘ she al-
 ‘ ways

‘ ways profess a contrary Intention, and frequently told me, she intended one Day to communicate it to you. She said indeed, she was highly rejoiced that her Plot had succeeded so well, and that you had of your own Accord taken such a Fancy to the Child, that it was yet unnecessary to make any express Declaration. Oh! Sir, had that Lady lived to have seen this poor young Man turned like a Vagabond from your House; nay, Sir, could she have lived to hear that you had yourself employed a Lawyer to prosecute him for a Murder of which he was not guilty.—Forgive me, Mr. *Allworthy*, I must say it was unkind.—Indeed you have been abused, he never deserved it of you.’ ‘Indeed, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘I have been abused by the Person, whoever he was, that told you so.’ ‘Nay, Sir,’ said she, ‘I would not be mistaken, I did not presume to say you were guilty of any Wrong, The Gentleman, who came to me, proposed no such Matter: He only said, taking me for Mr. *Fitzpatrick’s* Wife, that if Mr. *Jones* had murdered my Husband, I should be assisted with any Money I wanted to carry on the Prosecution, by a very worthy Gentleman, who, he said, was well apprized what a Villain I had to deal with. It was by this Man I found out who Mr. *Jones* was; and this Man, whose Name is *Dowling*, Mr. *Jones* tells me, is your Steward. I discovered his Name by a very odd Accident; for he himself refused to tell it me; but *Partridge*, who met him at my Lodgings the second Time he came, knew him formerly at *Salisbury*.’

‘ And did this Mr. *Dowling*,’ says *Allworthy*, with great Astonishment in his Countenance, ‘ tell you that I would assist in the Prosecution?’ — ‘ No, Sir,’ answered she, ‘ I will not charge him wrongfully. He said I should be assisted, but he mentioned no Name.—Yet you must pardon me, Sir, if from Circumstances I thought it could be no other.’—— ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ from Circumstances I am too well convinced it was another.—— Good Heaven! by what wonderful Means is the blackest and deepest Villany sometimes discovered!—Shall I beg you, Madam, to stay till the Person you have mentioned comes; for I expect him every Minute; nay, he may be, perhaps, already in the House.’

Allworthy then stepped to the Door, in order to call a Servant, when in came, not Mr. *Dowling*, but the Gentleman who will be seen in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

Further Continuation.

THE Gentleman who now arrived was no other than Mr. *Western*. He no sooner saw *Allworthy*, than, without considering in the least the Presence of Mrs. *Waters*, he began to vociferate in the following Manner: ‘ Fine Doings at my House! A rare Kettle of Fish I have discovered at last; who the Devil would be plagued with a Daughter?’ ‘ What’s the Matter, Neighbour?’ said *Allworthy*. ‘ Matter enough,’ answered *Western*; ‘ when I thought she was a just coming to; nay, when she

' she had in a Manner promised me to do as I
 ' would ha her, and when I was a hoped to have
 ' had nothing more to do than to have sent for
 ' the Lawyer, and finished all. What do you think
 ' I have found out? that the little B— hath bin
 ' playing Tricks with me all the while, and car-
 ' rying on a Correspondence with that Bastard
 ' of yours. Sister *Western*, whom I have quaf-
 ' relled with upon her Account, sent me Word
 ' o't, and I ordered her Pockets to be searched
 ' when she was asleep, and here I have got un-
 ' signed with the Son of a Whore's own Name.
 ' I have not had Patience to read half o't, for
 ' 'tis longer than one of Parson *Supple's* Ser-
 ' mons; but I find plainly it is all about Love;
 ' and indeed what should it be else? I have
 ' packed her up in Chamber again, and To-
 ' morrow Morning down she goes into the Coun-
 ' try, unless she consents to be married directly,
 ' and there she shall live in a Garret upon Bread
 ' and Water all her Days; and the sooner such
 ' a B— breaks her Heart the better, though
 ' d—n her, that I believe is too tough. She
 ' will live long enough to plague me.' 'Mr.
 ' *Western*,' answered *Allworthy*, ' you know I
 ' have always protested against Force, and you
 ' yourself consented that none should be used.'
 ' Ay,' cries he, ' that was only upon Condition
 ' that she would consent without. What the
 ' Devil and Doctor *Faustus*! shan't I do what I
 ' will with my own Daughter, especially when
 ' I desire nothing but her own Good?' 'Well,
 ' Neighbour,' answered *Allworthy*, ' if you will
 ' give me Leave, I will undertake once to argue
 ' with the young Lady.' 'Will you?' said *Wes-*
tern, ' why that is kind now and neighbourly,
 O 2 ' and

' and mayhap you will do more than I have
 ' been able to do with her; for I promise you
 ' she hath a very good Opinion of you.' ' Well,
 ' Sir,' said *Allworthy*, ' if you will go Home, and
 ' release the young Lady from her Captivity, I
 ' will wait upon her within this Half Hour.' —
 ' But suppose,' said *Western*, ' she should run
 ' away with un in the mean Time? for Law-
 ' yer *Dowling* tells me there is no Hopes of
 ' hanging the Fellow at last; for that the Man
 ' is alive, and like to do well, and that he
 ' thinks *Jones* will be out of Prison again pre-
 ' sently.' — ' How!' said *Allworthy*, ' what
 ' did you employ him then to enquire, or to do
 ' any Thing in that Matter?' ' Not I,' an-
 ' swered *Western*, ' he mentioned it to me just
 ' now of his own Accord.' — ' Just now!' cries
Allworthy, ' why where did you see him then?
 ' I want much to see Mr. *Dowling*.' — ' Why
 ' you may see un an you will presently at my
 ' Lodgings; for there is to be a Meeting of
 ' Lawyers there this Morning, about a Mort-
 ' gage. — Icod! I shall lose two or three thousand
 ' Pounds, I believe, by that honest Gentleman,
 ' Mr. *Nightingale*.' — ' Well, Sir,' said *Allwor-*
thy, ' I will be with you within the Half Hour.'
 ' And do for once,' cries the Squire, ' take a
 ' Fool's Advice; never think of dealing with
 ' her by gentle Methods; take my Word for it,
 ' those will never do. I have tried um long
 ' enough. She must be frightened into it, there
 ' is no other Way. Tell her I'm her Father;
 ' and of the horrid Sin of Disobedience, and of
 ' the dreadful Punishment of it in t'other World,
 ' and then tell her about being locked up all her
 ' Life in a Garret in this, and being kept only on
 ' Bread

‘ Bread and Water.’ ‘ I will do all I can,’ said *Allworthy*; ‘ for I promise you, there is nothing I wish for more than an Alliance with this amiable Creature.’ ‘ Nay, the Girl is well enough for Matter o’ that,’ cries the Squire, ‘ a Man may go farther and meet with worse Meat; that I may declare o’ her, thof she be my own Daughter. And if she will but be obedient to me, there is n’arrow a Father within a hundred Miles o’ the Place, that loves a Daughter better than I do: But I fee you are busy with the Lady here, fo I will go Huome and expect you, and fo your humble Servant.’

As soon as Mr. *Western* was gone, Mrs. *Waters* said, ‘ I fee, Sir, the Squire hath not the least Remembrance of my Face. I believe, Mr. *Allworthy*, you would not have known me neither. I am very considerably altered since that Day when you fo kindly gave me that Advice, which I had been happy had I followed.’—‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ it gave me great Concern when I first heard the contrary.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ says she, ‘ I was ruined by a very deep Scheme of Villany, which if you knew, though I pretend not to think it would justify me in your Opinion, it would at least mitigate my Offence, and induce you to pity me; you are not now at Leisure to hear my whole Story; but this I assure you, I was betrayed by the most solemn Promises of Marriage; nay, in the Eye of Heaven I was married to him: For after much reading on the Subject, I am convinced that particular Ceremonies are only requisite to give a legal Sanction to Marriage, and have only a worldly Use

‘ in giving a Woman the Privileges of a Wife ;
 ‘ but that she who lives constant to one Man,
 ‘ after a solemn private Affiance, whatever the
 ‘ World may call her, hath little to charge on
 ‘ her own Conscience.’ ‘ I am sorry, Madam,’
 said *Allworthy*, ‘ you made so ill an Use of your
 ‘ Learning. Indeed it would have been well
 ‘ that you had been possessed of much more, or
 ‘ had remained in a State of Ignorance. And
 ‘ yet, Madam, I am afraid you have more than
 ‘ this Sin to answer for.’ ‘ During his Life,’
 answered she, ‘ which was above a dozen Years,
 ‘ I most solemnly assure you, I had not. And
 ‘ consider, Sir, on my Behalf, what is in the
 ‘ Power of a Woman stript of her Reputation,
 ‘ and left destitute ; whether the good-natured
 ‘ World will suffer such a stray Sheep to return
 ‘ to the Road of Virtue, even if she was never
 ‘ so desirous. I protest then I would have chose
 ‘ it, had it been in my Power ; but Necessity
 ‘ drove me into the Arms of Captain *Waters*, with
 ‘ whom, though still unmarried, I lived as a
 ‘ Wife for many Years, and went by his Name.
 ‘ I parted with this Gentleman at *Worcester*, on
 ‘ his March against the Rebels, and it was then
 ‘ I accidentally met with Mr. *Jones*, who re-
 ‘ scued me from the Hands of a Villain. Indeed
 ‘ he is the worthiest of Men. No young Gen-
 ‘ tleman of his Age is, I believe, freer from
 ‘ Vice, and few have the twentieth Part of his
 ‘ Virtues ; nay, whatever Vices he hath had, I
 ‘ am firmly persuaded he hath now taken a Re-
 ‘ solution to abandon them.’ ‘ I hope he hath,’
 cries *Allworthy*, ‘ and I hope he will preserve
 ‘ that Resolution. I must say I have still the
 ‘ same Hopes with Regard to yourself. The
 ‘ World,

‘ World, I do agree, are apt to be too unmerciful on these Occasions; yet Time and Perseverance will get the better of this their Disinclination, as I may call it, to Pity; for though they are not, like Heaven, ready to receive a penitent Sinner; yet a continued Repentance will at length obtain Mercy even with the World. This you may be assured of, Mrs. *Waters*, that whenever I find you are sincere in such good Intentions, you shall want no Assistance in my Power to make them effectual.’

Mrs. *Waters* fell now upon her Knees before him, and, in a Flood of Tears, made him many most passionate Acknowledgments of his Goodness, which, as she truly said, favoured more of the divine than human Nature.

Allworthy raised her up, and spoke in the most tender Manner, making Use of every Expression which his Invention could suggest to comfort her, when he was interrupted by the Arrival of Mr. *Dowling*, who, upon his first Entrance, seeing Mrs. *Waters*, started, and appeared in some Confusion; from which he soon recovered himself as well as he could, and then said, he was in the utmost Hasten to attend Council at Mr. *Western*’s Lodgings; but, however, thought it his Duty to call and acquaint him with the Opinion of Council, upon the Case which he had before told him, which was, that the Conversion of the Moneys in that Case could not be questioned in a Criminal Cause, but that an Action of Trover might be brought, and if it appeared to the Jury to be the Moneys of Plaintiff, that Plaintiff would recover a Verdict for the Value.

Allworthy, without making any Answer to this, bolted the Door, and then advancing with a stern Look to *Dowling*, he said, ‘Whatever be your Haste, Sir, I must first receive an Answer to some Questions. Do you know this Lady?’—‘That Lady, Sir?’ answered *Dowling*, with great Hesitation. *Allworthy* then, with the most solemn Voice, said, ‘Look you, Mr. *Dowling*, as you value my Favour, or your Continuance a Moment longer in my Service, do not hesitate nor prevaricate; but answer faithfully and truly to every Question I ask.—Do you know this Lady?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ said *Dowling*, ‘I have seen the Lady.’ ‘Where, Sir?’ ‘At her own Lodgings.’—‘Upon what Business did you go thither, Sir; and who sent you?’ ‘I went, Sir, to enquire, Sir, about Mr. *Jones*.’ ‘And who sent you to enquire about him?’ ‘Who, Sir? why, Sir, Mr. *Blifil* sent me.’ ‘And what did you say to the Lady concerning that Matter?’ ‘Nay, Sir, it is impossible to recollect every Word.’ ‘Will you please, Madam, to assist the Gentleman’s Memory?’ ‘He told me, Sir,’ said Mrs. *Waters*, “That if Mr. *Jones* had murdered my Husband, I should be assisted with any Money I wanted to carry on the Prosecution, by a very worthy Gentleman, who was well apprized what a Villain I had to deal with.” ‘These, I can safely swear, were the very Words he spoke.’—‘Were these the Words, Sir?’ said *Allworthy*. ‘I cannot charge my Memory exactly,’ cries *Dowling*, ‘but I believe I did speak to that Purpose.’—‘And did Mr. *Blifil* order you to say so?’ ‘I am sure, Sir, I should not have gone on my own Ac-

‘cord,

‘ cord, nor have willingly exceeded my Authority in Matters of this Kind. If I said so, I must have so understood Mr. *Blifil*’s Instructions.’ ‘ Look you, Mr. *Dowling*,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I promise you before this Lady, that whatever you have done in this Affair by Mr. *Blifil*’s Order, I will forgive, provided you now tell me strictly the Truth: For I believe what you say, that you would not have acted of your own Accord, and without Authority, in this Matter.—Mr. *Blifil* then likewise sent you to examine the two Fellows at *Aldersgate*?’—‘ He did, Sir.’ ‘ Well, and what Instructions did he then give you? Recollect as well as you can, and tell me, as near as possible, the very Words he used.’——‘ Why, Sir, Mr. *Blifil* sent me to find out the Persons who were Eye-Witnesses of this Fight. He said, he feared they might be tampered with by Mr. *Jones*, or some of his Friends. He said, Blood required Blood; and that not only all who concealed a Murderer, but those who omitted any Thing in their Power to bring him to Justice, were Sharers in his Guilt. He said, he found you was very desirous of having the Villain brought to Justice, though it was not proper you should appear in it.’——‘ He did so?’ said *Allworthy*.——‘ Yes, Sir;’ cries *Dowling*, ‘ I should not, I am sure, have proceeded such Lengths for the Sake of any other Person living but your Worship.’——‘ What Lengths, Sir?’ said *Allworthy*.——‘ Nay, Sir,’ cries *Dowling*, ‘ I would not have your Worship think I would, on any Account, be guilty of Subornation of Perjury; but there are two Ways of delivering Evidence. I told them therefore, that if any

O 5

‘ Offers

‘ Offers should be made them on the other Side,
 ‘ they should refuse them, and that they might
 ‘ be assured they should lose nothing by being
 ‘ honest Men, and telling the Truth. I said,
 ‘ we were told, that Mr. *Jones* had assaulted the
 ‘ Gentleman first, and that if that was the
 ‘ Truth they should declare it; and I did give
 ‘ them some Hints that they should be no Lo-
 ‘ sers.’——‘ I think you went Lengths indeed,’
 cries *Allworthy*.——‘ Nay, Sir,’ answered *Dow-*
 ‘ *ling*, ‘ I am sure I did not desire them to tell an
 ‘ Untruth;—nor should I have said what I did,
 ‘ unless it had been to oblige you.’——‘ You
 ‘ would not have thought, I believe,’ says *All-*
 ‘ *worthy*, ‘ to have obliged me, had you known
 ‘ that this Mr. *Jones* was my own Nephew.’—
 ‘ I am sure, Sir,’ answered he, ‘ it did not be-
 ‘ come me to take any Notice of what I thought
 ‘ you desired to conceal.’——‘ How!’ cries *All-*
 ‘ *worthy*, ‘ and did you know it then?’——‘ Nay,
 ‘ Sir,’ answered *Dowling*, ‘ if your Worship
 ‘ bids me speak the Truth, I am sure I shall do
 ‘ it.—Indeed, Sir, I did know it; for they were
 ‘ almost the last Words which Madam *Bliss* ever
 ‘ spoke, which she mentioned to me as I stood
 ‘ alone by her Bedside, when she delivered me
 ‘ the Letter I brought your Worship from her.’
 —‘ What Letter?’ cries *Allworthy*?——‘ The
 ‘ Letter, Sir,’ answered *Dowling*, ‘ which I
 ‘ brought from *Salisbury*, and which I delivered
 ‘ into the Hands of Mr. *Bliss*.’——‘ O Heavens!’
 cries *Allworthy*. ‘ Well, and what were the
 ‘ Words? What did my Sister say to you?’—
 ‘ She took me by the Hand,’ answered he, ‘ and
 ‘ as she delivered me the Letter, said, “ I scarce
 “ know what I have written. Tell my Bro-
 “ ther,

“ther, Mr. *Jones* is his Nephew—He is my
“Son.—Bless him,” says she, and then fell
“backward, as if dying away. I presently called
“in the People, and she never spoke more to me,
“and died within a few Minutes afterwards.”
—*Allworthy* stood a Minute silent, lifting up his
Eyes, and then turning to *Dowling*, said,—
“How came you, Sir, not to deliver me this
“Message?” “Your Worship,” answered he,
“must remember that you was at that Time ill
“in Bed; and being in a violent Hurry, as in-
“deed I always am, I delivered the Letter and
“Message to Mr. *Blifil*, who told me he would
“carry them both to you, which he hath since
“told me he did, and that your Worship, partly
“out of Friendship to Mr. *Jones*, and partly out
“of Regard to your Sister, would never have it
“mentioned; and did intend to conceal it from
“the World; and therefore, Sir, if you had not
“mentioned it to me first, I am certain I should
“never have thought it belonged to me to say
“any Thing of the Matter, either to your Wor-
“ship, or any other Person.”

We have remarked somewhere already, that it
is possible for a Man to convey a Lie in the
Words of Truth; this was the Case at present:
For *Blifil* had, in Fact, told *Dowling* what he
now related; but had not imposed upon him, nor
indeed had imagined that he was able so to do.
In Reality, the Promises which *Blifil* had made to
Dowling, were the Motives which had induced
him to Secrecy; and as he very plainly saw
Blifil would not be able to keep them, he thought
proper now to make this Confession, which the
Promises of Forgiveness, joined to the Threats,
the Voice, the Looks of *Allworthy*, and the Dis-

coveries he had made before, extorted from him, who was besides taken unawares, and had no Time to consider of Evasions.

Allworthy appeared well satisfied with this Relation, and having enjoined on *Dowling* strict Silence as to what had past, conducted that Gentleman himself to the Door, lest he should see *Bliss*, who was returned to his Chamber, where he exulted in the Thoughts of his last Deceit on his Uncle, and little suspected what had since passed below Stairs.

As *Allworthy* was returning to his Room, he met Mrs. *Miller* in the Entry, who, with a Face all pale and full of Terror, said to him, ‘ O !
‘ Sir, I find this wicked Woman hath been with
‘ you, and you know all; yet do not on this
‘ Account abandon the poor young Man. Con-
‘ sider, Sir, he was ignorant it was his own
‘ Mother; and the Discovery itself will most
‘ probably break his Heart, without your Un-
‘ kindness.’

‘ Madam,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ I am under such
‘ an Astonishment at what I have heard, that
‘ I am really unable to satisfy you; but come
‘ with me into my Room. Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*,
‘ I have made surprizing Discoveries, and you
‘ shall soon know them.’

The poor Woman followed him trembling; and now *Allworthy* going up to Mrs. *Waters*, took her by the Hand, and then turning to Mrs. *Miller*, said, ‘ What Reward shall I bestow upon
‘ this Gentlewoman for the Services she hath
‘ done me?—O! Mrs. *Miller*, you have a thou-
‘ sand Times heard me call the young Man to
‘ whom you are so faithful a Friend, my Son.
‘ Little did I then think he was indeed related to
‘ me

‘ me at all.—Your Friend, Madam, is my Nephew; he is the Brother of that wicked Viper which I have so long nourished in my Bosom. — She will herself tell you the whole Story, and how the Youth came to pass for her Son. Indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, I am convinced that he hath been wronged, and that I have been abused; abused by one whom you too justly suspected of being a Villain. He is, in Truth, the worst of Villains.’

The Joy which Mrs. *Miller* now felt, bereft her of the Power of Speech, and might perhaps have deprived her of her Senses, if not of Life, had not a friendly Shower of Tears come seasonably to her Relief. At length recovering so far from her Transport as to be able to speak, she cried, ‘ And is my dear Mr. *Jones* then your Nephew, Sir; and not the son of this Lady? And are your Eyes opened to him at last? And shall I live to see him as happy as he deserves!’ ‘ He certainly is my Nephew,’ says *Allworthy*, ‘ and I hope all the rest.’—‘ And is this dear good Woman, the Person,’ cries she, ‘ to whom all this Discovery is owing?’—‘ She is indeed,’ says *Allworthy*.—‘ Why then,’ cried Mrs. *Miller*, upon her Knees, ‘ may Heaven shower down its choicest Blessings upon her Head, and for this one good Action forgive her all her Sins, be they never so many.’

Mrs. *Waters* then informed them, that she believed *Jones* would very shortly be released; for that the Surgeon was gone, in Company with a Nobleman, to the Justice who committed him, in order to certify that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was out of all Manner of Danger, and to procure the Prisoner his Liberty.

Allworthy

Allworthy said, he should be glad to find his Nephew there at his Return Home; but that he was then obliged to go on some Business of Consequence. He then called to a Servant to fetch him a Chair, and presently left the two Ladies together.

Mr. *Blifl* hearing the Chair ordered, came down Stairs to attend upon his Uncle; for he never was deficient in such Acts of Duty. He asked his Uncle if he was going out? which is a civil Way of asking a Man where he is going: To which the other making no Answer, he again desired to know, when he would be pleased to return?—*Allworthy* made no Answer to this neither, till he was just getting into his Chair, and then turning about, he said—‘Harkee, Sir, do you find out, before my Return, the Letter which your Mother sent me on her Death-bed.’ *Allworthy* then departed, and left *Blifl* in a Situation to be envied only by a Man who is just going to be hanged.

C H A P. IX.

A further Continuation.

ALLWORTHY took an Opportunity, whilst he was in the Chair, of reading the Letter from *Jones* to *Sophia*, which *Western* delivered him; and there were some Expressions in it concerning himself, which drew Tears from his Eyes. At length he arrived at Mr. *Western*’s, and was introduced to *Sophia*.

When the first Ceremonies were past, and the Gentleman and Lady had taken their Chairs, a Silence of some Minutes ensued; during which,
the

the latter, who had been prepared for the Visit by her Father, sat playing with her Fan, and had every Mark of Confusion both in her Countenance and Behaviour. At length *Allworthy*, who was himself a little disconcerted, began thus :
 ‘ I am afraid, Miss *Western*, my Family hath
 ‘ been the Occasion of giving you some Uneasiness! To which, I fear, I have innocently become more instrumental than I intended. Be
 ‘ assured, Madam, had I at first known how disagreeable the Proposals had been, I should not
 ‘ have suffered you to have been so long persecuted.
 ‘ I hope therefore, you will not think the Design
 ‘ of this Visit is to trouble you with any further
 ‘ Solicitations of that Kind, but entirely to relieve you from them.’

‘ Sir,’ said *Sophia*, with a little modest Hesitation, ‘ this Behaviour is most kind and generous, and such as I could expect only from
 ‘ Mr. *Allworthy*: But as you have been so kind
 ‘ to mention this Matter, you will pardon me
 ‘ for saying it hath indeed given me great Uneasiness, and hath been the Occasion of my suffering much cruel Treatment from a Father,
 ‘ who was, till that unhappy Affair, the tenderest and fondest of all Parents. I am convinced,
 ‘ Sir, you are too good and generous to resent
 ‘ my Refusal of your Nephew. Our Inclinations are not in our own Power; and whatever
 ‘ may be his Merit, I cannot force them in his
 ‘ Favour.’ ‘ I assure you, most amiable young
 ‘ Lady,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ I am capable of no
 ‘ such Resentment, had the Person been my own
 ‘ Son, and had I entertained the highest Esteem
 ‘ for him. For you say truly, Madam, we
 ‘ cannot force our Inclinations, much less can
 ‘ they

' they be directed by another.' ' Oh! Sir,' answered *Sophia*, ' every Word you speak proves
 ' you to deserve that good, that great, that benevolent Character the whole World allows
 ' you. I assure you, Sir, nothing less than the certain Prospect of future Misery could have
 ' made me resist the Commands of my Father.' ' I sincerely believe you, Madam,' replied *Allworthy*,
 ' and I heartily congratulate you on your prudent Foresight, since by so justifiable
 ' a Resistance you have avoided Misery indeed.' ' You speak now, Mr. *Allworthy*,' cries she,
 ' with a Delicacy which few Men are capable of feeling; but surely in my Opinion, to lead
 ' our Lives with one to whom we are indifferent, must be a State of Wretchedness.—Perhaps that
 ' Wretchedness would be even increased by a Sense of the Merits of the Object to whom we
 ' cannot give our Affections. If I had married Mr. *Blifil*—' Pardon my interrupting you, Madam,' answered *Allworthy*, ' but I cannot bear
 ' the Supposition.—Believe me, Miss *Western*, I rejoice from my Heart, I rejoice in your
 ' Escape.—I have discovered the Wretch, for whom you have suffered all this cruel Violence
 ' from your Father, to be a Villain!' ' How, Sir!' cries *Sophia*,—' you must believe this surprizes
 ' me.'—' It hath surprized me, Madam,' answered *Allworthy*, ' and so it will the World.—
 ' But I have acquainted you with the real Truth.' ' Nothing but Truth,' says *Sophia*, ' can, I am
 ' convinced, come from the Lips of Mr. *Allworthy*.—Yet, Sir, such sudden, such unexpected
 ' News—Discovered, you say—may Villany be ever so.'—' You will soon enough hear
 ' the Story,' cries *Allworthy*,—' at present let
 ' us

' us not mention so detested a Name—I have
 ' another Matter of a very serious Nature to
 ' propose.—O! Miss *Western*, I know your vast
 ' Worth, nor can I so easily part with the Am-
 ' bition of being allied to it.—I have a near Re-
 ' lation, Madam, a young Man whose Charac-
 ' ter is, I am convinced, the very opposite to
 ' that of this Wretch, and whose Fortune I will
 ' make equal to what his was to have been.—
 ' Could I, Madam, hope you would admit a
 ' Visit from him?' *Sophia*, after a Minute's Si-
 ' lence, answered, ' I will deal with the utmost
 ' Sincerity with Mr. *Allworthy*. His Character,
 ' and the Obligation I have just received from
 ' him, demand it. I have determined at present
 ' to listen to no such Proposals from any Person.
 ' My only Desire is to be restored to the Affec-
 ' tion of my Father, and to be again the Mistress
 ' of his Family. This, Sir, I hope to owe to
 ' your good Offices. Let me beseech you, let
 ' me conjure you by all the Goodness which I,
 ' and all who know you, have experienced; do
 ' not the very Moment when you have released
 ' me from one Persecution, do not engage me
 ' in another, as miserable and as fruitless.' 'In-
 ' deed, Miss *Western*,' replied *Allworthy*, ' I am
 ' capable of no such Conduct; and if this be
 ' your Resolution, he must submit to the Disap-
 ' pointment, whatever Torments he may suffer
 ' under it.' ' I must smile now, Mr. *Allwor-*
 ' *thy*,' answered *Sophia*, ' when you mention the
 ' Torments of a Man whom I do not know,
 ' and who can consequently have so little Ac-
 ' quaintance with me.' ' Pardon me, dear young
 ' Lady,' cries *Allworthy*, ' I begin now to be
 ' afraid he hath had too much Acquaintance for
 ' the

‘ the Repose of his future Days ; since, if ever
 ‘ Man was capable of a sincere, violent and noble
 ‘ Passion, such, I am convinced, is my un-
 ‘ happy Nephew’s for Miss *Western*.’ ‘ A Ne-
 ‘ phew of yours ! Mr. *Allworthy*,’ answered *Sophia*. ‘ It is surely strange, I never heard of him
 ‘ before.’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ cries *Allworthy*,
 ‘ it is only the Circumstance of his being my
 ‘ Nephew to which you are a Stranger, and
 ‘ which, till this Day, was a Secret to me.—
 ‘ Mr. *Jones*, who has long loved you, he ! he
 ‘ is my Nephew.’ ‘ Mr. *Jones* your Nephew,
 ‘ Sir ?’ cries *Sophia*, ‘ can it be possible ?’—
 ‘ He is indeed, Madam,’ answered *Allworthy* :
 ‘ He is my own Sister’s Son——as such I shall
 ‘ always own him ; nor am I ashamed of own-
 ‘ ing him. I am much more ashamed of my
 ‘ past Behaviour to him ; but I was as ignorant
 ‘ of his Merit as of his Birth. Indeed, Miss
 ‘ *Western*, I have used him cruelly——Indeed I
 ‘ have.’——Here the good Man wiped his Eyes,
 and after a short Pause proceeded.—‘ I never shall
 ‘ be able to reward him for his Sufferings with-
 ‘ out your Assistance. Believe me, most amiable
 ‘ young Lady, I must have a great Esteem of
 ‘ that Offering which I make to your Worth.
 ‘ I know he hath been guilty of Faults ; but
 ‘ there is great Goodness of Heart at the Bot-
 ‘ tom. Believe me, Madam, there is.’——Here
 he stopped, seeming to expect an Answer, which
 he presently received from *Sophia*, after she had
 a little recovered herself from the Hurry of Spirits
 into which so strange and sudden Information had
 thrown her : ‘ I sincerely wish you Joy, Sir, of
 ‘ a Discovery in which you seem to have such
 ‘ Satisfaction. I doubt not but you will have all
 ‘ the

‘ the Comfort you can promise yourself from it.
 ‘ The young Gentleman hath certainly a thou-
 ‘ sand good Qualities, which makes it impossible
 ‘ he should not behave well to such an Uncle.’—
 ‘ I hope, Madam,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ he hath
 ‘ those good Qualities which must make him a
 ‘ good Husband.—He must, I am sure, be of all
 ‘ Men the most abandoned, if a Lady of your
 ‘ Merit should condescend’—‘ You must pardon
 ‘ me, Mr. *Allworthy*,’ answered *Sophia*, ‘ I can-
 ‘ not listen to a Proposal of this Kind. Mr.
 ‘ *Jones*, I am convinced, hath much Merit but
 ‘ I shall never receive Mr. *Jones* as one who is
 ‘ to be my Husband——Upon my Honour I
 ‘ never will.’—‘ Pardon me, Madam,’ cries *All-*
worthy, ‘ if I am a little surprized, after what
 ‘ I have heard from Mr. *Western*——I hope the
 ‘ unhappy young Man hath done nothing to for-
 ‘ feit your good Opinion, if he had ever the
 ‘ Honour to enjoy it.—Perhaps he may have
 ‘ been misrepresented to you, as he was to me.
 ‘ The same Villany may have injured him every
 ‘ where.—He is no Murderer, I assure you, as
 ‘ he hath been called.’——‘ Mr. *Allworthy*,’ an-
 swered *Sophia*, ‘ I have told you my Resolution.
 ‘ I wonder not at what my Father hath told
 ‘ you; but whatever his Apprehensions or Fears
 ‘ have been, if I know my Heart, I have given
 ‘ no Occasion for them; since it hath always
 ‘ been a fixed Principle with me, never to have
 ‘ married without his Consent. This is, I think,
 ‘ the Duty of a Child to a Parent; and this, I
 ‘ hope, nothing could ever have prevailed with
 ‘ me to swerve from. I do not indeed conceive,
 ‘ that the Authority of any Parent can oblige us
 ‘ to marry, in direct Opposition to our Inclina-
 ‘ tions,

' tions. To avoid a Force of this Kind, which
 ' I had Reason to suspect, I left my Father's
 ' House, and sought Protection elsewhere. This
 ' is the Truth of my Story; and if the World,
 ' or my Father, carry my Intentions any far-
 ' ther, my own Conscience will acquit me.' ' I
 ' hear you, Miss *Western*,' cries *Allworthy*, ' with
 ' Admiration. I admire the Justness of your
 ' Sentiments; but surely there is more in this.
 ' I am cautious of offending you, young Lady;
 ' but am I to look on all which I have hitherto
 ' heard or seen, as a Dream only? And have
 ' you suffered so much Cruelty from your Father
 ' on the Account of a Man to whom you have
 ' been always absolutely indifferent?' ' I beg,
 ' Mr. *Allworthy*,' answered *Sophia*, ' you will
 ' not insist on my Reasons:—Yes, I have suf-
 ' fered indeed: I will not, Mr. *Allworthy*, con-
 ' ceal—I will be very sincere with you—I own
 ' I had a great Opinion of Mr. *Jones*—I believe
 ' —I know I have suffered for my Opinion—I
 ' have been treated cruelly by my Aunt, as well
 ' as by my Father; but that is now past—I beg
 ' I may not be farther pressed; for whatever
 ' hath been, my Resolution is now fixed. Your
 ' Nephew, Sir, hath many Virtues——he hath
 ' great Virtues, Mr. *Allworthy*. I question not
 ' but he will do you Honour in the World, and
 ' make you happy.'——' I wish I could make him
 ' so, Madam,' replied *Allworthy*; ' but that I
 ' am convinced is only in your Power. It is
 ' that Conviction which hath made me so earnest
 ' a Solicitor in his Favour.' ' You are deceived;
 ' indeed, Sir, you are deceived,' said *Sophia*.—
 ' I hope not by him—It is sufficient to have de-
 ' ceived me.' ' Mr. *Allworthy*, I must insist on
 ' being

‘ being prest no farther on this Subject.—I should
 ‘ be sorry — Nay, I will not injure him in your
 ‘ Favour. I wish Mr. *Jones* very well. I sin-
 ‘ cerely wish him well; and I repeat it again
 ‘ to you, whatever Demerit he may have to me,
 ‘ I am certain he hath many good Qualities. I
 ‘ do not disown my former Thoughts; but no-
 ‘ thing can ever recall them. At present there
 ‘ is not a Man upon Earth whom I would more
 ‘ resolutely reject than Mr. *Jones*; nor would the
 ‘ Addressee of Mr. *Bliss* himself be less agreeable
 ‘ to me.’

Western had been long impatient for the Event
 of this Conference, and was just now arrived at
 the Door to listen; when having heard the last
 Sentiments of his Daughter’s Heart, he lost all
 Temper, and bursting open the Door in a Rage,
 cried out, — ‘ It is a Lie. It is a d—n’d Lie.
 ‘ It is all owing to that d—n’d Rascal *Jones*;
 ‘ and if she could get at un, she’d ha un any
 ‘ Hour of the Day.’—Here *Allworthy* interposed,
 and addressing himself to the Squire with some
 Anger in his Look, he said, ‘ Mr. *Western*, you
 ‘ have not kept your Word with me. You pro-
 ‘ mised to abstain from all Violence.’— ‘ Why
 ‘ so I did,’ cries *Western*, ‘ as long as it was
 ‘ possible; but to hear a Wench telling such
 ‘ confounded Lies.—Zounds! Doth she think if
 ‘ she can make Vools of other Volk, she can
 ‘ make one of me?—No, no, I know her bet-
 ‘ ter than thee dost.’ ‘ I am sorry to tell you,
 ‘ Sir,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ it doth not appear
 ‘ by your Behaviour to this young Lady, that
 ‘ you know her at all. I ask Pardon for what
 ‘ I say; but I think our Intimacy, your own
 ‘ Desires, and the Occasion, justify me. She is
 ‘ your

‘ your Daughter, Mr. *Western*, and I think she
 ‘ doth Honour to your Name. If I was capable
 ‘ of Envy, I should sooner envy you on this Ac-
 ‘ count, than any other Man whatever.’—‘ Od-
 ‘ rabbit it,’ cries the Squire, ‘ I wish she was
 ‘ thine with all my Heart—wouldst soon be glad
 ‘ to be rid of the Trouble o’ her.’——‘ Indeed,
 ‘ my good Friend,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ you
 ‘ yourself are the Cause of all the Trouble you
 ‘ complain of. Place that Confidence in the
 ‘ young Lady which she so well deserves, and I
 ‘ am certain you will be the happiest Father on
 ‘ Earth.’——‘ I Confidence in her!’ cries the
 Squire.—‘ ‘Sblood! what Confidence can I place
 ‘ in her, when she won’t do as I wou’d ha her?
 ‘ Let her gi but her Consent to marry as I would
 ‘ ha her, and I’ll place as much Confidence in
 ‘ her as wouldst ha me.’——‘ You have no Right,
 ‘ Neighbour,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ to insist on
 ‘ any such Consent. A negative Voice your
 ‘ Daughter allows you, and God and Nature have
 ‘ thought proper to allow you no more.’ ‘ A
 ‘ negative Voice?’ cries the Squire—‘ Ay! ay!
 ‘ I’ll shew you what a negative Voice I ha.—
 ‘ Go along, go into your Chamber, go, you
 ‘ Stubborn’——‘ Indeed, Mr. *Western*,’ said *All-
 worthy*,——‘ Indeed, you use her cruelly— I can-
 ‘ not bear to see this—You shall, you must be-
 ‘ have to her in a kinder Manner. She deserves
 ‘ the best of Treatment.’ ‘ Yes, yes,’ said the
 Squire, ‘ I know what she deserves: Now she’s
 ‘ gone, I’ll shew you what she deserves—See
 ‘ here, Sir, here is a Letter from my Cousin my
 ‘ Lady *Bellafton*, in which she is so kind to gi me
 ‘ to understand, that the Fellow is got out of Pri-
 ‘ son again; and here she advises me to take all
 ‘ the

‘ the Care I can o’ the Wench. Od-zookers !
 ‘ Neighbour *Allworthy*, you don’t know what it is
 ‘ to govern a Daughter.’

The Squire ended his Speech with some Compliments to his own Sagacity ; and then *Allworthy*, after a formal Preface, acquainted him with the whole Discovery which he had made concerning *Jones*, with his Anger to *Blifil*, and with every Particular which hath been disclosed to the Reader in the preceding Chapters.

Men over-violent in their Dispositions, are, for the most Part, as changeable in them. No sooner then was *Western* informed of Mr. *Allworthy*’s Intention to make *Jones* his Heir, than he joined heartily with the Uncle in every Commendation of the Nephew, and became as eager for her Marriage with *Jones*, as he had before been to couple her to *Blifil*.

Here Mr. *Allworthy* was again forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and *Sophia*, at which he testified great Surprise.

The Squire was silent a Moment, and looked wild with Astonishment at this Account.—At last he cried out, ‘ Why what can be the Meaning of this, Neighbour *Allworthy* ? Vond o un she was, that I’ll be sworn to.—Odzookers ! I have hit o’t. As sure as a Gun I have hit o’ the very right o’t. It’s all along o’ Zister. The Girl hath got a Hankering after this Son of a Whore of a Lord. I vound ’em together at my Cousin, my Lady *Bellafton*’s. He hath turned the Head o’her that’s certain—but d—n me if he shall ha her.—I’ll ha no Lords nor Courtiers in my Vamily.’

Allworthy now made a long Speech, in which he repeated his Resolution to avoid all violent Mea-

Measures, and very earnestly recommended gentle Methods to Mr. *Western*, as those by which he might be assured of succeeding best with his Daughter. He then took his Leave, and returned back to Mrs. *Miller*, but was forced to comply with the earnest Entreaties of the Squire, in promising to bring Mr. *Jones* to visit him that Afternoon, that he might, as he said, ‘ make all ‘ Matters up with the young Gentleman.’ At Mr. *Allworthy*’s Departure, *Western* promised to follow his Advice in his Behaviour to *Sophia*, saying, ‘ I ‘ don’t know how ’tis, but d—n me, *Allworthy*, ‘ if you don’t make me always do just as you ‘ please; and yet I have as good an Esteate as you, ‘ and am in the Commission of the Peace as well ‘ as yourself.’

C H A P. X.

Wherein the History begins to draw towards a Conclusion.

WHEN *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he heard Mr. *Jones* was just arrived before him. He hurried therefore instantly into an empty Chamber, whither he ordered Mr. *Jones* to be brought to him alone.

It is impossible to conceive a more tender moving Scene, than the Meeting between the Uncle and Nephew, (for Mrs. *Waters*, as the Reader may well suppose, had at their last Visit discovered to him the Secret of his Birth.) The first Agonies of Joy which were felt on both Sides, are indeed beyond my Power to describe: I shall not therefore attempt it. After *Allworthy* had raised *Jones* from his Feet, where he had prostrated

‘ thrown away upon me : Though I have been
‘ a great, I am not a hardened Sinner ; I thank
‘ Heaven I have had Time to reflect on my past
‘ Life, where, though I cannot charge myself
‘ with any gross Villany, yet I can discern Fol-
‘ lies and Vices more than enough to repent and
‘ to be ashamed of ; Follies which have been
‘ attended with dreadful Consequences to myself,
‘ and have brought me to the Brink of Destruction.’ ‘ I am rejoiced, my dear Child,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘ to hear you talk thus sensibly ; for as I am convinced Hypocrisy (good
‘ Heaven, how have I been imposed on by it
‘ in others !) was never among your Faults ; so
‘ I can readily believe all you say. You now
‘ see, *Tom*, to what Dangers Imprudence alone
‘ may subject Virtue (for Virtue, I am now convinced, you love in a great Degree.) Prudence
‘ is indeed the Duty which we owe to ourselves ;
‘ and if we will be so much our own Enemies as
‘ to neglect it, we are not to wonder if the World
‘ is deficient in discharging their Duty to us ; for
‘ when a Man lays the Foundation of his own
‘ Ruin, others will, I am afraid, be too apt to
‘ build upon it. You say, however, you have
‘ seen your Errors ; and will reform them. I
‘ firmly believe you, my dear Child ; and therefore, from this Moment, you shall never more
‘ be reminded of them by me. Remember them
‘ only yourself so far, as for the future to teach
‘ you the better to avoid them ; but still remember for your Comfort, that there is this great
‘ Difference between those Faults which Candour
‘ may construe into Imprudence, and those which
‘ can be deduced from Villany only. The former, perhaps, are even more apt to subject a
‘ Man

‘ Man to Ruin; but if he reform, his Character will, at length, be totally retrieved; the World, though not immediately, will, in Time, be reconciled to him; and he may reflect, not without some Mixture of Pleasure, on the Dangers he hath escaped: But Villany, my Boy, when once discovered, is irretrievable; the Stains which this leaves behind, no Time will wash away. The Censures of Mankind will pursue the Wretch, their Scorn will abash him in Publick; and if Shame drives him into Retirement, he will go to it with all those Terrors with which a weary Child, who is afraid of Hobgoblins, retreats from Company to go to Bed alone. Here his murdered Conscience will haunt him. Repose, like a false Friend, will fly from him. Where-ever he turns his Eyes, Horror presents itself; if he looks backward, unavailable Repentance treads on his Heel; if forward, incurable Despair stares him in the Face; till, like a condemned Prisoner confined in a Dungeon, he detests his present Condition, and yet dreads the Consequence of that Hour which is to relieve him from it. Comfort yourself, I say, my Child, that this is not your Case; and rejoice, with Thankfulness, to him who hath suffered you to see your Errors, before they have brought on you that Destruction, to which a Persistence in even those Errors must have led you. You have deserted them; and the Prospect now before you is such, that Happiness seems in your own Power.’ — At these Words *Jones* fetched a deep Sigh; upon which, when *Allworthy* remonstrated, he said, ‘ Sir, I will conceal nothing from you: I fear there is one Consequence

' of my Vices I shall never be able to retrieve.
 ' O my dear Uncle, I have lost a Treasure.'—
 ' You need say no more,' answered *Allworthy*;
 ' I will be explicit with you; I know what you
 ' lament; I have seen the young Lady, and
 ' have discoursed with her concerning you.
 ' This I must insist on, as an Earnest of your
 ' Sincerity in all you have said, and of the
 ' Stedfastness of your Resolution, that you obey
 ' me in one Instance. To abide entirely by the
 ' Determination of the young Lady, whether it
 ' shall be in your Favour or no. She hath al-
 ' ready suffered enough from Solicitations which
 ' I hate to think of; she shall owe no further
 ' Constraint to my Family: I know her Father
 ' will be as ready to torment her now on your
 ' Account, as he hath formerly been on an-
 ' other's; but I am determined she shall suffer
 ' no more Confinement, no more Violence, no
 ' more uneasy Hours.'——' O my dear Uncle,'
 answered *Jones*, ' lay, I beseech you, some Com-
 ' mand on me, in which I shall have some Merit
 ' in Obedience. Believe me, Sir, the only In-
 ' stance in which I could disobey you, would be
 ' to give an uneasy Moment to my *Sophia*. No,
 ' Sir, if I am so miserable to have incurred her
 ' Displeasure beyond all Hope of Forgiveness,
 ' that alone, with the dreadful Reflection of caus-
 ' ing her Misery, will be sufficient to overpower
 ' me. To call *Sophia* mine is the greatest, and
 ' now the only additional Blessing which Heaven
 ' can bestow; but it is a Blessing which I must
 ' owe to her alone.' ' I will not flatter you,
 ' Child,' cries *Allworthy*; ' I fear your Case is
 ' desperate: I never saw stronger Marks of an
 ' unalterable Resolution in any Person, than
 ' appeared

‘ appeared in her vehement Declarations against receiving your Addresses; for which, perhaps, you can account better than myself.’—‘ Oh, Sir! I can account too well,’ answered *Jones*; ‘ I have sinned against her beyond all Hope of Pardon; and guilty as I am, my Guilt unfortunately appears to her in ten Times blacker than the real Colours. O my dear Uncle, I find my Follies are irretrievable; and all your Goodness cannot save me from Perdition.’

A Servant now acquainted them, that Mr. *Western* was below Stairs; for his Eagerness to see *Jones* could not wait till the Afternoon. Upon which *Jones*, whose Eyes were full of Tears, begged his Uncle to entertain *Western* a few Minutes, till he a little recovered himself: To which the good Man consented, and having ordered Mr. *Western* to be shewn into a Parlour, went down to him.

Mrs. *Miller* no sooner heard that *Jones* was alone, (for she had not yet seen him since his Release from Prison) than she came eagerly into the Room, and advancing towards *Jones*, wished him heartily Joy of his new found Uncle, and his happy Reconciliation; adding, “ I wish I could give you Joy on another Account, my dear Child; but any thing so inexorable I never saw.”

Jones, with some Appearance of Surprise, asked her what she meant. ‘ Why then,’ says she, ‘ I have been with your young Lady, and have explained all Matters to her, as they were told me by my Son *Nightingale*. She can have no longer any Doubt about the Letter, that I am certain; for I told her my Son *Nightingale* was ready to take his Oath, if she pleased, that it was all his own Invention, and the Letter of

‘ his inditing. I told her the very Reason of
‘ sending the Letter ought to recommend you to
‘ her the more, as it was all upon her Account,
‘ and a plain Proof, that you was resolved to quit
‘ your Profligacy, for the future; that you had
‘ never been guilty of a single Instance of Infidelity to her since your seeing her in Town. I am
‘ afraid I went too far there; but Heaven forgive
‘ me: I hope your future Behaviour will be my
‘ Justification. I am sure I have said all I can;
‘ but all to no Purpose. She remains inflexible. She says, she had forgiven many Faults
‘ on Account of Youth; but expressed such Detestation of the Character of a Libertine, that
‘ she absolutely silenced me. I often attempted
‘ to excuse you; but the Justness of her Accusation flew in my Face. Upon my Honour,
‘ she is a lovely Woman, and one of the sweetest
‘ and most sensible Creatures I ever saw. I could
‘ have almost kissed her for one Expression she
‘ made use of. It was a Sentiment worthy of
‘ *Seneca*, or of a Bishop. “ I once fancied,
“ Madam,” said she, “ I had discovered great
“ Goodness of Heart in Mr. *Jones*; and for
“ that I own I had a sincere Esteem: But an
“ entire Profligacy of Manners will corrupt the
“ best Heart in the World; and all which a
“ good-natured Libertine can expect, is, that
“ we should mix some Grains of Pity with our
“ Contempt and Abhorrence.” She is an Angelic Creature, that is the Truth on’t.—“ O
‘ Mrs. *Miller*,” answered *Jones*, ‘ can I bear to
‘ think I have lost such an Angel!’ ‘ Lost! No,’
cries Mrs. *Miller*; ‘ I hope you have not lost her
‘ yet. Resolve to leave such vicious Courses,
‘ and you may yet have Hopes: Nay, if she
‘ should

‘ should remain inexorable, there is another
 ‘ young Lady, a sweet pretty young Lady, and
 ‘ a swinging Fortune, who is absolutely dying
 ‘ for Love of you. I heard of it this very Morn-
 ‘ ing, and I told it to Miss *Western*; nay, I went
 ‘ a little beyond the Truth again; for I told her
 ‘ you had refused her; but indeed I knew you
 ‘ would refuse her.—And here I must give you
 ‘ a little Comfort: When I mentioned the young
 ‘ Lady’s Name, who is no other than the pretty
 ‘ Widow *Hunt*, I thought she turned pale; but
 ‘ when I said you had refused her, I will be
 ‘ sworn her Face was all over Scarlet in an In-
 ‘ stant; and these were her very Words, “ I will
 “ not deny but that I believe he has some Affec-
 “ tion for me.”

Here the Conversation was interrupted by the
 Arrival of *Western*, who could no longer be kept
 out of the Room even by the Authority of *All-*
worthy himself; though this, as we have often
 seen, had a wonderful Power over him.

Western immediately went up to *Jones*, crying
 out, ‘ My old Friend *Tom*, I am glad to see thee
 ‘ with all my Heart. All past must be forgotten.
 ‘ I could not intend any Affront to thee, because,
 ‘ as *Allworthy* here knows, nay, dost know it thy-
 ‘ self, I took thee for another Person; and where
 ‘ a Body means no Harm, what signifies a hasty
 ‘ Word or two? one Christian must forget and
 ‘ forgive another.’ ‘ I hope, Sir,’ said *Jones*,
 ‘ I shall never forget the many Obligations I have
 ‘ had to you; but as for any Offence towards me,
 ‘ I declare I am an utter Stranger.’ — ‘ A’t,’
 says *Western*, ‘ then give me thy Fist, a’t as hearty
 ‘ an honest Cock as any in the Kingdom. Come
 ‘ along with me; I’ll carry thee to thy Mistress
 P. 4. ‘ this

‘ this Moment.’ Here *Allworthy* interposed; and the Squire being unable to prevail either with the Uncle or Nephew, was, after some Litigation, obliged to consent to delay introducing *Jones* to *Sophia* till the Afternoon; at which Time *Allworthy*, as well in Compassion to *Jones*, as in Compliance with the eager Desires of *Western*, was prevailed upon to promise to attend at the Tea-table.

The Conversation which now ensued was pleasant enough; and with which, had it happened earlier in our History, we would have entertained our Reader; but as we have now Leisure only to attend to what is very material, it shall suffice to say, that Matters being entirely adjusted as to the Afternoon Visit, Mr. *Western* again returned home.

C H A P. XI.

The History draws nearer to a Conclusion.

WHEN Mr. *Western* was departed, *Jones* began to inform Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller*, that his Liberty had been procured by two noble Lords, who, together with two Surgeons, and a Friend of Mr. *Nightingale*’s, had attended the Magistrate by whom he had been committed, and by whom, on the Surgeon’s Oath, that the wounded Person was out of all Manner of Danger from his Wound, he was discharged.

One only of these Lords, he said, he had ever seen before, and that no more than once; but the other had greatly surprized him, by asking his Pardon for an Offence he had been guilty of to-
wards

wards him, occasioned, he said, entirely by his Ignorance who he was.

Now the Reality of the Case, with which *Jones* was not acquainted till afterwards, was this : The Lieutenant whom Lord *Fellamar* had employed, according to the Advice of Lady *Bellaſton*, to preſs *Jones*, as a Vagabond, into the Sea Service, when he came to report to his Lordſhip the Event which we have before ſeen, ſpoke very favourably of the Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* on all Accounts, and ſtrongly aſſured that Lord, that he muſt have miſtaken the Perſon ; for that *Jones* was certainly a Gentleman : Inſomuch that his Lordſhip, who was ſtrictly a Man of Honour, and would by no Means have been guilty of an Action which the World in general would have condemned, began to be much concerned for the Advice which he had taken.

Within a Day or two after this, Lord *Fellamar* happened to dine with the *Iriſh* Peer, who, in a Converſation upon the Duel, acquainted his Company with the Character of *Fitzpatrick* ; to which indeed he did not do ſtrict Juſtice, eſpecially in what related to his Lady. He ſaid, ſhe was the moſt innocent, and moſt injured Woman alive, and that from Compaſſion alone he had undertaken her Cauſe. He then declared an Intention of going the next Morning to *Fitzpatrick's* Lodgings, in order to prevail with him, if poſſible, to conſent to a Separation from his Wife, who, the Peer ſaid, was in Apprehenſions for her Life, if ſhe ſhould ever return to be under the Power of her Huſband. Lord *Fellamar* agreed to go with him, that he might ſatisfy himſelf more concerning *Jones*, and the Circumſtances of the Duel ; for he was by no Means eaſy concerning the Part he

had acted. The Moment his Lordship gave a Hint of his Readiness to assist in the Delivery of the Lady, it was eagerly embraced by the other Nobleman, who depended much on the Authority of Lord *Fellamar*, as he thought it would greatly contribute to awe *Fitzpatrick* into a Compliance; and perhaps he was in the right; for the poor *Irishman* no sooner saw these noble Peers had undertaken the Cause of his Wife, than he submitted, and Articles of Separation were soon drawn up, and signed between the Parties.

Fitzpatrick had been so well satisfied by Mrs. *Waters* concerning the Innocence of his Wife with *Jones* at *Upton*, or perhaps from some other Reasons, was now become so indifferent to that Matter, that he spoke highly in Favour of *Jones*, to Lord *Fellamar*, took all the Blame upon himself, and said the other had behaved very much like a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour; and upon that Lord's further Enquiry concerning Mr. *Jones*, *Fitzpatrick* told him he was Nephew to a Gentleman of very great Fashion and Fortune, which was the Account he had just received from Mrs. *Waters*, after her Interview with *Dowling*.

Lord *Fellamar* now thought it behoved him to do every Thing in his Power to make Satisfaction to a Gentleman whom he had so grossly injured, and without any Consideration of Rivalship (for he had now given over all Thoughts of *Sophia*) determined to procure Mr. *Jones*'s Liberty, being satisfied, as well from *Fitzpatrick* as his Surgeon, that the Wound was not mortal. He therefore prevailed with the *Irish* Peer to accompany him to the Place where *Jones* was confined, to whom he behaved as we have already related.

When

When *Allworthy* returned to his Lodgings, he immediately carried *Jones* into his Room, and then acquainted him with the whole Matter, as well what he had heard from Mrs. *Waters*, as what he had discovered from Mr. *Dowling*.

Jones expressed great Astonishment, and no less Concern at this Account; but without making any Comment or Observation upon it. And now a Message was brought from Mr. *Blifil*, desiring to know if his Uncle was at Leisure, that he might wait upon him. *Allworthy* started, and turned pale, and then in a more passionate Tone than I believe he had ever used before, bid the Servant tell *Blifil*, he knew him not. ‘Consider, dear Sir,’—cries *Jones*, in a trembling Voice.—‘I have considered,’ answered *Allworthy*, ‘and you yourself shall carry my Message to the Villain.—No one can carry him the Sentence of his own Ruin so properly, as the Man whose Ruin he hath so villanously contrived.’—‘Pardon me, dear Sir,’ said *Jones*; ‘a Moment’s Reflection will, I am sure, convince you of the contrary. What might perhaps be but Justice from another Tongue would from mine be Insult? And to whom?—My own Brother, and your Nephew.—Nor did he use me so barbarously.—Indeed that would have been more inexcusable than any thing he hath done. Fortune may tempt Men of no very bad Dispositions to Injustice; but Insults proceed only from black and rancorous Minds, and have no Temptations to excuse them.—Let me beseech you, Sir, to do nothing by him in the present Height of your Anger. Consider, my dear Uncle, I was not myself condemned unheard.’ *Allworthy* stood silent a Mo-

ment, and then embracing *Jones*, he said with Tears gushing from his Eyes, ‘O my Child! to what Goodness have I been so long blind!’

Mrs. Miller entering the Room at that Moment, after a gentle Rap, which was not perceived, and seeing *Jones* in the Arms of his Uncle, the poor Woman, in an Agony of Joy, fell upon her Knees, and burst forth into the most ecstatic Thanksgivings to Heaven, for what had happened.—Then running to *Jones*, she embraced him eagerly, crying, ‘My dearest Friend, I wish you Joy a thousand and a thousand Times of this blest Day;’ and next *Mr. Allworthy* himself received the same Congratulations. To which he answered, ‘Indeed, indeed, *Mrs. Miller*, I am beyond Expression happy.’ Some few more Raptures having passed on all Sides, *Mrs. Miller* desired them both to walk down to Dinner in the Parlour, where she said there were a very happy Set of People assembled; being indeed no other than *Mr. Nightingale* and his Bride, and his Cousin *Harris* with her Bridegroom.

Allworthy excused himself from dining with the Company, saying he had ordered some little Thing for him and his Nephew in his own Apartment; for that they had much private Business to discourse of, but would not resist promising the good Woman, that both he and *Jones* would make Part of her Society at Supper.

Mrs. Miller then asked what was to be done with *Blifil*; ‘for indeed,’ says she, ‘I cannot be easy while such a Villain is in my House.’—*Allworthy* answered, ‘He was as uneasy as herself on the same Account.’ ‘O!’ cries she, ‘if that be the Case, leave the Matter to me;

‘ I’ll soon shew him the Outside of my Doors, I
 ‘ warrant you. Here are two or three lusty Fel-
 ‘ lows below Stairs.’ ‘ There will be no Need
 ‘ of any Violence,’ cries *Allworthy*; ‘ if you will
 ‘ carry him a Message from me, he will, I am
 ‘ convinced, depart of his own Accord.’ ‘ Will
 ‘ I?’ said Mrs. *Miller*, ‘ I never did any thing in
 ‘ my Life with a better Will.’ Here *Jones* inter-
 ‘ fered, and said, ‘ He had considered the Matter
 ‘ better, and would, if Mr. *Allworthy* pleased, be
 ‘ himself the Messenger. I know,’ says he,
 ‘ already enough of your Pleasure, Sir, and I beg
 ‘ Leave to acquaint him with it by my own
 ‘ Words. Let me beseech you, Sir,’ added he,
 ‘ to reflect on the dreadful Consequences of driv-
 ‘ ing him to violent and sudden Despair. How
 ‘ unfit, alas! is this poor Man to die in his pre-
 ‘ sent Situation.’ This Suggestion had not the
 ‘ least Effect on Mrs. *Miller*. She left the Room
 ‘ crying, ‘ You are too good, Mr. *Jones*, infi-
 ‘ nitely too good to live in this World.’ But it
 ‘ made a deeper Impression on *Allworthy*. ‘ My
 ‘ good Child,’ said he, ‘ I am equally astonished
 ‘ at the Goodness of your Heart, and the Quick-
 ‘ ness of your Understanding. Heaven indeed
 ‘ forbid that this Wretch should be deprived
 ‘ of any Means or Time for Repentance. That
 ‘ would be a shocking Consideration indeed. Go
 ‘ to him therefore and use your own Discretion;
 ‘ yet do not flatter him with any Hopes of my
 ‘ Forgiveness; for I shall never forgive Villany
 ‘ farther than my Religion obliges me, and that
 ‘ extends not either to our Bounty or our Con-
 ‘ versation.’

Jones went up to *Bliss’s* Room, whom he found
 in a Situation which moved his Pity, though it
 would

would have raised a less amiable Passion in many Beholders. He cast himself on his Bed, where he lay abandoning himself to Despair, and drowned in Tears; not in such Tears as flow from Contrition, and wash away Guilt from Minds which have been seduced or surprised into it unawares, against the Bent of their natural Dispositions, as will sometimes happen from human Frailty, even to the Good: No, these Tears were such as the frightened Thief sheds in his Cart, and are indeed the Effects of that Concern which the most savage Natures are seldom deficient in feeling for themselves.

It would be unpleasant and tedious to paint this Scene in full Length. Let it suffice to say, that the Behaviour of *Jones* was kind to Excess. He omitted nothing which his Invention could supply, to raise and comfort the drooping Spirits of *Blifil*, before he communicated to him the Resolution of his Uncle, that he must quit the House that Evening. He offered to furnish him with any Money he wanted, assured him of his hearty Forgiveness of all he had done against him, that he would endeavour to live with him hereafter as a Brother, and would leave nothing unattempted to effectuate a Reconciliation with his Uncle.

Blifil was at first sullen and silent, balancing in his Mind whether he should yet deny all: But finding at last the Evidence too strong against him, he betook himself at last to Confession. He then asked Pardon of his Brother in the most vehement Manner, prostrated himself on the Ground, and kissed his Feet: In short, he was now as remarkably mean, as he had been before remarkably wicked.

Jones

Jones could not so far check his Disdain, but that it a little discovered itself in his Countenance at this extreme Servility. He raised his Brother the Moment he could from the Ground, and advised him to bear his Afflictions more like a Man; repeating, at the same Time, his Promises, that he would do all in his Power to lessen them: For which *Blissl*, making many Professions of his Unworthiness, poured forth a Profusion of Thanks: And then, he having declared he would immediately depart to another Lodging, *Jones* returned to his Uncle.

Among other Matters, *Allworthy* now acquainted *Jones* with the Discovery which he made concerning the 500*l.* Bank-Notes. ‘I have,’ said he, ‘already consulted a Lawyer, who tells me, to my great Astonishment, that there is no Punishment for a Fraud of this Kind. Indeed, when I consider the black Ingratitude of this Fellow toward you, I think a Highwayman, compared to him, is an innocent Person.’

‘Good Heaven!’ says *Jones*, ‘is it possible! — I am shocked beyond Measure at this News. I thought there was not an honest Fellow in the World. The Temptation of such a Sum was too great for him to withstand; for smaller Matters have come safe to me through his Hand. Indeed, my dear Uncle, you must suffer me to call it Weakness rather than Ingratitude; for I am convinced the poor Fellow loves me, and hath done me some Kindnesses, which I can never forget; nay, I believe he hath repented of this very Act: For it is not above a Day or two ago, when my Affairs seemed in a most desperate Situation, that he visited me in my Confinement, and offered

‘ offered me any Money I wanted. Consider, Sir, what a Temptation to a Man who hath tasted such bitter Distress, it must be to have a Sum in his Possession, which must put him and his Family beyond any future Possibility of suffering the like.’

‘ Child,’ cries *Allworthy*, ‘ you carry this forgiving Temper too far. Such mistaken Mercy is not only Weakness, but borders on Injustice, and is very pernicious to Society, as it encourages Vice. The Dishonesty of this Fellow I might perhaps have pardoned, but never his Ingratitude. And give me leave to say, when we suffer any Temptation to atone for Dishonesty itself, we are as candid and merciful as we ought to be; and so far I confess I have gone; for I have often pitied the Fate of a Highwayman, when I have been on the Grand Jury; and have more than once applied to the Judge on the Behalf of such as have had any mitigating Circumstances in their Case; but when Dishonesty is attended with any blacker Crime, such as Cruelty, Murder, Ingratitude, or the like, Compassion and Forgiveness then become Faults. I am convinced the Fellow is a Villain, and he shall be punished; at least as far as I can punish him.’

This was spoke with so stern a Voice, that *Jones* did not think proper to make any Reply: Besides, the Hour appointed by Mr. *Western* now drew so near, that he had barely Time left to dress himself. Here therefore ended the present Dialogue, and *Jones* retired to another Room, where *Partridge* attended, according to Order, with his Clothes.

Partridge

Partridge had scarce seen his Master since the happy Discovery. The poor Fellow was unable either to contain or express his Transports. He behaved like one frantic, and made almost as many Mistakes while he was dressing *Jones*, as I have seen made by *Harlequin* in dressing himself on the Stage.

His Memory, however, was not in the least deficient. He recollected now many Omens and Presages of this happy Event, some of which he had remarked at the Time, but many more he now remembered; not did he omit the Dreams he had dreamt the Evening before his meeting with *Jones*; and concluded with saying, ‘I always told your Honour something boded in my Mind, that you would one Time or other have it in your Power to make my Fortune.’ *Jones* assured him, that this Boding should as certainly be verified with regard to him, as all the other Omens had been to himself; which did not a little add to all the Raptures which the poor Fellow had already conceived on Account of his Master.

C H A P. XII.

Approaching still nearer to the End.

JONES being now completely dressed, attended his Uncle to Mr. *Western*’s. He was indeed one of the finest Figures ever beheld, and his Person alone would have charmed the greater Part of Womankind; but we hope it hath already appeared in this History, that Nature, when she formed him, did not totally rely, as she some-
times

times doth, on this Merit only to recommend her Work.

Sophia, who, angry as she was, likewise set forth to the best Advantage, for which I leave my female Readers to account, appeared so extremely beautiful, that even *Allworthy*, when he saw her, could not forbear whispering *Western*, that he believed she was the finest Creature in the World. To which *Western* answered, in a Whisper overheard by all present, ' So much the better for *Tom*;—for d—n me if he shan't ha ' the touseling her.' *Sophia* was all over Scarlet at these Words, while *Tom*'s Countenance was altogether as pale, and he was almost ready to sink from his Chair.

The Tea-table was scarce removed, before *Western* lugged *Allworthy* out of the Room, telling him, he had Business of Consequence to impart, and must speak to him that Instant in private before he forgot it.

The Lovers were now alone, and it will, I question not, appear strange to many Readers, that those who had so much to say to one another, when Danger and Difficulty attended their Conversation; and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's Arms, when so many Bars lay in their Way, now that with Safety they were at Liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both remain for some Time silent and motionless; insomuch that a Stranger of moderate Sagacity might have well concluded they were mutually indifferent: But so it was, however strange it may seem; both sat with their Eyes cast downwards on the Ground, and for some Minutes continued in perfect Silence.

Mr.

Mr. *Jones*, during this Interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable, muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken Words; when *Sophia* at length, partly out of Pity to him, and partly to turn the Discourse from the Subject which she knew well enough he was endeavouring to open, said;—

‘ Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate Man in the World in this Discovery.’ ‘ And can you really, Madam, think me so fortunate,’ said *Jones*, sighing, ‘ while I have incurred your Displeasure?’—‘ Nay, Sir,’ says she, ‘ as to that, you best know whether you have deserved it.’ ‘ Indeed, Madam,’ answered he, ‘ you yourself are as well apprized of all my Demerits. Mrs. *Miller* has acquainted you with the whole Truth. O! my *Sophia*, am I never to hope for Forgiveness?’—‘ I think, Mr. *Jones*,’ said she, ‘ I may almost depend on your own Justice, and leave it to yourself to pass Sentence on your own Conduct.’——‘ Alas! Madam,’ answered he, ‘ it is Mercy, and not Justice, which I implore at your Hands. Justice I know must condemn me——Yet not for the Letter I sent to Lady *Bellafton*. Of that I most solemnly declare, you have had a true Account.’ He then insisted much on the Security given him by *Nightingale*, of a fair Penance for breaking off, if, contrary to their Expectations, her Ladyship should have accepted his Offer; but confessed, that he had been guilty of a great Indiscretion, to put such a Letter as that into her Power, ‘ which,’ said he, ‘ I have dearly paid for, in the Effect it has upon you.’ ‘ I do not, I cannot,’ says she, ‘ believe otherwise of that Letter than you would have me.

‘ My Conduct, I think, shews you clearly I do
 ‘ not believe there is much in that. And yet,
 ‘ Mr. Jones, have I not enough to resent? After
 ‘ what past at *Upton*, so soon to engage in a new
 ‘ Amour with another Woman, while I fancied,
 ‘ and you pretended, your Heart was bleeding
 ‘ for me——Indeed you have acted strangely.
 ‘ Can I believe the Passion you have profess’d to
 ‘ me to be sincere? Or if I can, what Happi-
 ‘ ness can I assure myself of with a Man capable
 ‘ of so much Inconstancy?’ ‘ O! my *Sophia*,’
 cries he, ‘ do not doubt the Sincerity of the
 ‘ purest Passion that ever inflamed a human
 ‘ Breast. Think, most adorable Creature, of
 ‘ my unhappy Situation, of my Despair.——
 ‘ Could I, my *Sophia*, have flattered myself with
 ‘ the most distant Hopes of being ever permitted
 ‘ to throw myself at your Feet, in the Manner I
 ‘ do now, it would not have been in the Power
 ‘ of any other Woman to have inspired a Thought
 ‘ which the severest Chastity could have con-
 ‘ demned. Inconstancy to you! O *Sophia*, if
 ‘ you can have Goodness enough to pardon what
 ‘ is past, do not let any future cruel Appre-
 ‘ hensions shut your Mercy against me.——No
 ‘ Repentance was ever more sincere. O! let
 ‘ it reconcile me to my Heaven in this dear
 ‘ Bosom.’ ‘ Sincere Repentance, Mr. Jones,’
 answered she, ‘ will obtain the Pardon of a Sinner,
 ‘ but it is from one who is a perfect Judge of
 ‘ that Sincerity. A human Mind may be im-
 ‘ posed on; nor is there any infallible Method
 ‘ to prevent it. You must expect, however, that
 ‘ if I can be prevailed on by your Repentance to
 ‘ pardon you, I will at least insist on the strong-
 ‘ est Proof of its Sincerity.’ ——‘ O! name any
 ‘ Proof

‘Proof in my Power,’ answered *Jones* eagerly.
 ‘Time,’ replied she, ‘Time alone, Mr. *Jones*,
 ‘can convince me that you are a true Penitent,
 ‘and have resolved to abandon these vicious
 ‘Courses, which I should detest you for, if I
 ‘imagined you capable of persevering in them.’
 ‘Do not imagine it,’ cries *Jones*. ‘On my
 ‘Knees I entreat, I implore your Confidence, a
 ‘Confidence which it shall be the Business of
 ‘my Life to deserve.’ ‘Let it then,’ said she,
 ‘be the Business of some Part of your Life to shew
 ‘me you deserve it. I think I have been explicit
 ‘enough in assuring you, that when I see you
 ‘merit my Confidence, you will obtain it. After
 ‘what is past, Sir, can you expect I should take
 ‘you upon your Word?’

He replied, ‘Don’t believe me upon my
 ‘Word; I have a better Security, a Pledge for
 ‘my Constancy, which it is impossible to see and
 ‘to doubt.’ ‘What is that?’ said *Sophia*, a little
 surprised. ‘I will shew you, my charming
 ‘Angel,’ cried *Jones*, seizing her Hand, and car-
 rying her to the Glass. ‘There, behold it
 ‘there in that lovely Figure, in that Face, that
 ‘Shape, those Eyes, that Mind which shines
 ‘through those Eyes: Can the Man who shall
 ‘be in Possession of these be inconstant? Impossi-
 ‘ble! my *Sophia*. They would fix a *Dorimant*,
 ‘a Lord *Rocheſter*. You could not doubt it, if
 ‘you could see yourself with any Eyes but your
 ‘own.’ *Sophia* blushed, and half smiled; but
 forcing again her Brow into a Frown, ‘If I am
 ‘to judge,’ said she, ‘of the Future by the Past,
 ‘my Image will no more remain in your Heart
 ‘when I am out of your Sight, than it will
 ‘in this Glass when I am out of the Room.’

‘By

‘ By Heaven, by all that is sacred,’ said *Jones*,
‘ it never was out of my Heart. The Delicacy
‘ of your Sex cannot conceive the Grossness of
‘ ours, nor how little one Sort of Amour has to
‘ do with the Heart.’ ‘ I will never marry a
‘ Man,’ replied *Sophia*, very gravely, ‘ who shall
‘ not learn Refinement enough to be as incapable
‘ as I am myself of making such a Distinction.’
‘ I will learn it,’ said *Jones*. ‘ I have learnt it
‘ already. The first Moment of Hope that my
‘ *Sophia* might be my Wife, taught it me at
‘ once; and all the rest of her Sex from that
‘ Moment became as little the Objects of Desire
‘ to my Sense, as of Passion to my Heart.’——
‘ Well,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ the Proof of this must be
‘ from Time. Your Situation, Mr. *Jones*, is
‘ now altered, and I assure you I have great
‘ Satisfaction in the Alteration. You will now
‘ want no Opportunity of being near me, and
‘ convincing me that your Mind is altered too.’
‘ O! my Angel,’ cries *Jones*, ‘ how shall I thank
‘ thy Goodness? And are you so good to own,
‘ that you have a Satisfaction in my Prosperity?
‘ ——Believe me, believe me, Madam, it is
‘ you alone have given a Relish to that Prospe-
‘ rity, since I owe it to the dear Hope——O!
‘ my *Sophia*, let it not be a distant one.——
‘ I will be all Obedience to your Commands.
‘ I will not dare to press any Thing further
‘ than you permit me. Yet let me intreat
‘ you to appoint a short Trial. O! tell me,
‘ when I may expect you will be convinced of
‘ what is most solemnly true.’ ‘ When I have
‘ gone voluntarily thus far, Mr. *Jones*,’ said she,
‘ I expect not to be pressed. Nay, I will not.’——
‘ O do not look so unkindly thus, my *Sophia*,’
cries

cries he. ‘ I do not, I dare not press you.—Yet
 ‘ permit me at least once more to beg you would
 ‘ fix the Period. O! consider the Impatience
 ‘ of Love.’—‘ A Twelve-month, perhaps,’ said
 she.—‘ O! my *Sophia*,’ cries he, ‘ you have
 ‘ named an Eternity.’—‘ Perhaps it may be
 ‘ something sooner,’ says she: ‘ I will not be
 ‘ teased. If your Passion for me be what I
 ‘ would have it, I think you may now be easy.’
 —‘ Easy, *Sophia*! call not such exulting Happi-
 ‘ nefs as mine by so cold a Name.—O! trans-
 ‘ porting Thought! am I not assured that the
 ‘ blessed Day will come, when I shall call you
 ‘ mine; when Fears shall be no more; when
 ‘ I shall have that dear, that vast, that exquisite,
 ‘ ecstatic Delight of making my *Sophia* happy?’—
 ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said she, ‘ that Day is in your
 ‘ own Power.’—‘ O! my dear, my divine Angel,’
 cried he, ‘ these Words have made me mad with
 ‘ Joy. —But I must, I will thank those dear
 ‘ Lips which have so sweetly pronounced my
 ‘ Bliss.’ He then caught her in his Arms, and
 kissed her with an Ardour he had never ventured
 before.

At this Instant, *Western*, who had stood some
 Time listening, burst into the Room, and with
 his hunting Voice and Phrase, cried out, ‘ To
 ‘ her, Boy, to her, go to her.—That’s it, little
 ‘ Honeys, O! that’s it.—Well, what is it all
 ‘ over? Hath she appointed the Day, Boy?
 ‘ What shall it be To-morrow or next Day?
 ‘ It shan’t be put off a Minute longer than next
 ‘ Day, I am resolved.’ ‘ Let me beseech you,
 ‘ Sir,’ says *Jones*, ‘ don’t let me be the Occa-
 ‘ sion’—‘ Beseech mine A—,’ cries *Western*; ‘ I
 ‘ thought thou had’st been a Lad of higher
 ‘ Mettle,

‘ Mettle, than to give way to a Parcel of maid-
 enish Tricks—I tell thee it is all a Flimflam.
 ‘ Zoodikers! she’d have the Wedding to Night
 ‘ with all her Heart. Would’st not, *Sophy*?—
 ‘ Come, confess, and be an honest Girl for once.
 ‘ What, art dumb? Why dost not speak?’—
 ‘ Why should I confess, Sir?’ says *Sophia*, ‘ since
 ‘ it seems you are so well acquainted with my
 ‘ Thoughts.’—‘ That’s a good Girl,’ cries he,
 ‘ and dost consent then?’ ‘ No, indeed, Sir,’
 says *Sophia*, ‘ I have given no such Consent.’—
 ‘ And wunt nut ha un then To-morrow, nor
 ‘ next Day?’ says *Western*.—‘ Indeed, Sir,’
 says she, ‘ I have no such Intention.’ ‘ But I
 ‘ can tell thee,’ replied he, ‘ why hast nut, only
 ‘ because thou dost love to be disobedient, and to
 ‘ plague and vex thy Father.’—‘ Pray, Sir,’
 said *Jones* interfering—‘ I tell thee thou art a
 ‘ Puppy,’ cries he. ‘ When I forbid her, then
 ‘ it was all nothing but Sighing and Whining,
 ‘ and Languishing and Writing? now I am vor
 ‘ thee, she is against thee. All the Spirit of
 ‘ contrary, that’s all. She is above being guided
 ‘ and governed by her Father, that is the whole
 ‘ Truth on’t. It is only to disoblige and con-
 ‘ tradict me.’ ‘ What would my Papa have me
 ‘ do?’ cries *Sophia*. ‘ What would I ha thee
 ‘ do?’ says he, ‘ why gi un thy Hand this Mo-
 ‘ ment.’—‘ Well, Sir,’ said *Sophia*, ‘ I will
 ‘ obey you.—There is my Hand, Mr. *Jones*.’
 ‘ Well, and will you consent to ha un To-mor-
 ‘ row Morning?’ says *Western*.—‘ I will be
 ‘ obedient to you, Sir,’ cries she.—‘ Why then
 ‘ To-morrow Morning be the Day,’ cries he.—
 ‘ Why then To-morrow Morning shall be the
 ‘ Day, Papa, since you will have it so,’ says *Sophia*,
phia,

‘ Madam, you will give me Leave to congratulate you on this joyful Occasion: Indeed I am convinced you have bestowed yourself on one who will be sensible of your great Merit, and who will at least use his best Endeavours to deserve it.’ ‘ His best Endeavours!’ cries *Western*, ‘ that he will, I warrant un.—Harkee, *Allworthy*, I’ll bet thee five Pound to a Crown we have a Boy To-morrow nine Months: But prithee tell me what wut ha! Wut ha *Burgundy*, *Champaigne*, or what? for please *Jupiter*, we’ll make a Night on’t.’ ‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said *Allworthy*, ‘ you must excuse me; both my Nephew and I were engaged, before I suspected this near Approach of his Happiness.’—‘ Engaged!’ quoth the Squire, ‘ never tell me. I won’t part with thee To-night upon any Occasion. Shalt sup here, please the Lord *Harry*.’ ‘ You must pardon me, my dear Neighbour,’ answered *Allworthy*; ‘ I have given a solemn Promise, and that you know I never break.’ ‘ Why, prithee, who art engaged to?’ cries the Squire. *Allworthy* then informed him, as likewise of the Company.—‘ Odzookers!’ answered the Squire, ‘ I will go with thee, and so shall *Sophy*; for I won’t part with thee To-night; and it would be barbarous to part *Tom* and the Girl.’ This Offer was presently embraced by *Allworthy*; and *Sophia* consented, having first obtained a private Promise from her Father, that he would not mention a Syllable concerning her Marriage.

C H A P. *The last.*

In which the History is concluded.

YOUNG *Nightingale*, had been that Afternoon, by Appointment, to wait on his Father, who received him much more kindly than he expected. There likewise he met his Uncle, who was returned to Town in Quest of his new-married Daughter.

This Marriage was the luckiest Incident which could have happened to the young Gentleman: for these Brothers lived in a constant State of Contention about the Government of their Children, both heartily despising the Method which each other took. Each of them therefore now endeavoured as much as he could to palliate the Offence which his own Child had committed, and to aggravate the Match of the other. This Desire of triumphing over his Brother, added to the many Arguments which *Allworthy* had used, so strongly operated on the old Gentleman, that he met his Son with a smiling Countenance, and actually agreed to sup with him that Evening at Mrs. *Miller's*.

As for the other, who really loved his Daughter with the most immoderate Affection, there was little Difficulty in inclining him to a Reconciliation. He was no sooner informed by his Nephew, where his Daughter and her Husband were, than he declared he would instantly go to her. And when he arrived there, he scarce suffered her to fall upon her Knees, before he took

her up, and embraced her with a Tenderness which affected all who saw him; and in less than a Quarter of an Hour was as well reconciled to both her and her Husband, as if he had himself joined their Hands.

In this Situation were Affairs, when Mr. *Allworthy* and his Company arrived to complete the Happiness of Mrs. *Miller*, who no sooner saw *Sophia*, than she guessed every Thing that had happened; and so great was her Friendship to *Jones*, that it added not a few Transports to those she felt on the Happiness of her own Daughter.

There have not, I believe, been many Instances of a Number of People, met together, where every one was so perfectly happy, as in this Company. Amongst whom the Father of young *Nightingale* enjoyed the least perfect Content; for notwithstanding his Affection for his Son; notwithstanding the Authority and the Arguments of *Allworthy*, together with the other Motive mentioned before, he could not so entirely be satisfied with his Son's Choice; and perhaps the Presence of *Sophia* herself tended a little to aggravate and heighten his Concern, as a Thought now and then suggested itself, that his Son might have had that Lady, or some such other. Not that any of the Charms which adorned either the Person or Mind of *Sophia*, created the Uneasiness: It was the Contents of her Father's Coffers which set his Heart a longing. These were the Charms which he could not bear to think his Son had sacrificed to the Daughter of Mrs. *Miller*.

The

The Brides were both very pretty Women; but so totally were they eclipsed by the Beauty of *Sophia*, that had they not been two of the best tempered Girls in the World, it would have raised some Envy in their Breasts; for neither of their Husbands could long keep his Eyes from *Sophia*, who sat at the Table like a Queen receiving Homage, or rather like a superior Being receiving Adoration from all around her. But it was an Adoration which they gave, not which she exacted: For she was as much distinguished by her Modesty and Affability, as by all her other Perfections.

The Evening was spent in much true Mirth. All were happy, but those the most, who had been most unhappy before. Their former Sufferings and Fears gave such a Relish to their Felicity, as even Love and Fortune in their fullest Flow could not have given without the Advantage of such a Comparison. Yet as great Joy, especially after a sudden Change and Revolution of Circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the Heart than on the Tongue, *Jones* and *Sophia* appeared the least merry of the whole Company. Which *Western* observed with great Impatience, often crying out to them, 'Why do'st not talk, Boy! Why do'st look so grave! Hast lost thy Tongue, Girl! Drink another Glass of Wine, sha't drink another Glass.' And the more to enliven her, he would sometimes sing a merry Song, which bore some Relation to Matrimony, and the Loss of a Maiden-head. Nay, he would have proceeded so far on that Topic, as to have driven her out of the Room, if Mr. *Allworthy* had not checkt him

sometimes by Looks, and once or twice by a *Fie!* Mr. *Western*. He began indeed once to debate the Matter, and assert his Right to talk to his own Daughter as he thought fit; but as no Body seconded him, he was soon reduced to Order.

Notwithstanding this little Restraint, he was so pleased with the Chearfulness and Good-Humour of the Company, that he insisted on their meeting the next Day at his Lodgings. They all did so; and the lovely *Sophia*, who was now in private become a Bride too, officiated as the Mistress of the Ceremonies, or, in the polite Phrase, did the Honours of the Table. She had that Morning given her hand to *Jones*, in the Chapel at *Doctors Commons*, where Mr. *Allworthy*, Mr. *Western*, and Mrs. *Miller*, were the only Persons present.

Sophia had earnestly desired her Father, that no others of the Company, who were that Day to dine with him, should be acquainted with her Marriage. The same Secrecy was enjoined to Mrs. *Miller*, and *Jones* undertook for *Allworthy*. This somewhat reconciled the Delicacy of *Sophia* to the public Entertainment, which, in Compliance with her Father's Will, she was obliged to go to, greatly against her own Inclinations. In Confidence of this Secrecy, she went through the Day pretty well, till the Squire, who was now advanced into the second Bottle, could contain his Joy no longer, but, filling out a Bumper, drank a Health to the Bride. The Health was immediately pledged by all present, to the great Confusion of our poor blushing *Sophia*, and the great Concern of *Jones* upon her Account.

To

To say Truth, there was not a Person present made wiser by this Discovery; for Mrs. *Miller* had whispered it to her Daughter, her Daughter to her Husband, her Husband to his Sister, and she to all the rest.

Sophia now took the first Opportunity of withdrawing with the Ladies, and the Squire sat in to his Cups, in which he was, by Degrees, deserted by all the Company, except the Uncle of young *Nightingale*, who loved his Bottle as well as *Western* himself. These two therefore sat stoutly to it, during the whole Evening, and long after that happy Hour which had surrendered the charming *Sophia* to the eager Arms of her enraptured *Jones*.

Thus Reader, we have at length brought our History to a Conclusion, in which, to our great Pleasure, though contrary perhaps to thy Expectation, Mr. *Jones* appears to be the happiest of all human Kind: For what Happiness this World affords equal to the Possession of such a Woman as *Sophia*, I sincerely own I have never yet discovered.

As to the other Persons who have made any considerable Figure in this History, as some may desire to know a little more concerning them, we will proceed, in as few Words as possible, to satisfy their Curiosity.

Allworthy hath never yet been prevailed upon to see *Blifil*, but he hath yielded to the Importunity of *Jones*, backed by *Sophia*, to settle 200*l.* a Year upon him; to which *Jones* hath privately added a third. Upon this Income he lives in one of the northern Counties, about 200 Miles distant from *London*, and lays up 200*l.* a Year

out of it, in order to purchase a Seat in the next Parliament from a neighbouring Borough, which he has bargained for with an Attorney there. He is also lately turned Methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich Widow of that Sect, whose Estate lies in that Part of the Kingdom.

Square died soon after he writ the before-mentioned Letter; and as to *Thwackum*, he continues at his Vicarage. He hath made many fruitless Attempts to regain the Confidence of *Allworthy*, or to ingratiate himself with *Jones*, both of whom he flatters to their Faces, and abuses behind their Backs. But in his Stead, Mr. *Allworthy* hath lately taken Mr. *Abraham Adams* into his House, of whom *Sophia* is grown immoderately fond, and declares he shall have the Tuition of her Children.

Mrs. *Fitzpatrick* is separated from her Husband, and retains the little Remains of her Fortune. She lives in Reputation at the polite End of the Town, and is so good an Oeconomist, that she spends three Times the Income of her Fortune, without running in Debt. She maintains a perfect Intimacy with the Lady of the *Irish* Peer; and in Acts of Friendship to her repays all the Obligations she owes to her Husband.

Mrs. *Western* was soon reconciled to her Niece *Sophia*, and had spent two Months together with her in the Country. Lady *Bellaston* made the latter a formal Visit at her Return to Town, where she behaved to *Jones* as to a perfect Stranger, and with great Civility wished him Joy on his Marriage.

Mr. *Nightingale* hath purchased an Estate for his Son in the Neighbourhood of *Jones*, where

the young Gentleman, his Lady, Mrs. *Miller*, and her little Daughter reside, and the most agreeable Intercourse subsists between the two Families.

As to those of lower Account, Mrs. *Waters* returned into the Country, had a Pension of 60 *l.* a Year settled upon her by Mr. *Allworthy*, and is married to Parson *Supple*, on whom, at the Instance of *Sophia*, *Western* hath bestowed a considerable Living.

Black George hearing the Discovery that had been made, run away, and was never since heard of; and *Jones* bestowed the Money on his Family, but not in equal Proportions, for *Molly* had much the greatest Share.

As for *Partridge*, *Jones* hath settled 50 *l.* a Year on him; and he hath again set up a School, in which he meets with much better Encouragement than formerly; and there is now a Treaty of Marriage on Foot, between him and Miss *Molly Seagrim*, which, through the Mediation of *Sophia*, is likely to take Effect.

We now return to take Leave of Mr. *Jones* and *Sophia*, who, within two Days after their Marriage, attended Mr. *Western* and Mr. *Allworthy* into the Country. *Western* hath resigned his Family Seat, and the greater Part of his Estate to his Son-in-law, and hath retired to a lesser House of his, in another Part of the Country, which is better for Hunting. Indeed he is often as a Visitant with Mr. *Jones*, who, as well as his Daughter, hath an infinite Delight in doing every Thing in their Power to please him. And this Desire of theirs is attended with such Success, that the old Gentleman declares he was never

ver happy in his Life till now. He hath here a Parlour and Anti-chamber to himself, where he gets drunk with whom he pleases; and his Daughter is still as ready as formerly to play to him whenever he desires it; for *Jones* hath assured her, that as next to pleasing her, one of his highest Satisfaction is to contribute to the Happiness of the old Man; so the great Duty which she expresses and performs to her Father renders her almost equally dear to him, with the Love which she bestows on himself.

Sophia hath already produced him two fine Children, a Boy and a Girl, of whom the old Gentleman is so fond, that he spends much of his Time in the Nursery, where he declares the tattling of his little Grand-Daughter, who is above a Year and half old, is sweeter Music than the finest Cry of Dogs in *England*.

Allworthy was likewise greatly liberal to *Jones* on the Marriage, and hath omitted no Instance of shewing his Affection to him and his Lady, who loves him as a Father. Whatever in the Nature of *Jones* had a Tendency to Vice, has been corrected by continual Conversation with this good Man, and by his Union with the lovely and virtuous *Sophia*. He hath also, by Reflexion on his past Follies, acquired a Discretion and Prudence very uncommon in one of his lively Parts.

To conclude; as there are not to be found a worthier Man and Woman than this fond Couple, so neither can any be imagined more happy. They preserve the purest and tenderest Affection for each other, an Affection daily increased and confirmed by mutual Endearments, and mutual
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Esteem. Nor is their Conduct towards their Relations and Friends less amiable; than towards one another. And such is their Condescension, their Indulgence, and their Beneficence to those below them, that there is not a Neighbour, a Tenant, or a Servant, who doth not most gratefully bless the Day when Mr. *Jones* was married to his *Sophia*.

F I N I S.



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